

THE
"QUINCY METHODS"
ILLUSTRATED.

PEN PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE
QUINCY SCHOOLS.

BY
LELIA E. PATRIDGE.

"The methods of the Quincy Schools are the methods which have been used and are being adopted wherever they are known and understood, and wherever the teachers have the skill and the permission to employ them."

GEORGE A. WALTON,
Agent Mass. Board of Education,

NEW YORK:
E. L. KELLOGG & CO.,
1885.

PREFACE.

THIS volume has been prepared to help the earnest teachers of children. No better plan than the presentation of actual lessons which show the application of the principles of education could be devised. It is an admitted fact that the teaching in Quincy reached a point of general excellence hitherto unattained. These lessons are with few exceptions pen photographs of ordinary school-room work; many were sketched while the teacher was unconscious that anything more than the usual notes of a visitor were being taken. They are not presented as models to be copied, but rather as types to be studied. The principle guiding the selection was briefly this—the best whenever and wherever found. The book is not a manual of the Quincy course of study; the material having been gathered, the author arranged it in accordance with the latest and best educational thought. To have reported merely the verbal colloquy between teacher and pupils would have been of little service; hence the descriptions which accompany and form part of every lesson. It has been the aim of the author to make the scene live again in the mind of the reader.

In the preparation of this volume aid has been obtained from many sources. No words can express the value of the inspiration and instruction derived from many years' study of Col Parker's matchless work. He has ever seemed the greatest of living teachers. The superintendent and teachers of Quincy* have rendered the author indispensable aid, and to them grateful thanks are rendered. The advice and suggestions of Prof. Thomas W. Balliet and Miss Mary A. Spear, of the Cook County Normal School—the latter formerly of Quincy—have been invaluable.

The writer has had before her continually that vast number of teachers who believe that education is the realization of the highest possibilities of the child, and who are working unceasingly to make it such; to them she dedicates this book.

* Only five of those whose lessons are reported in this book are left in Quincy.

"Go, to-day, into the Quincy schools, and in a few moments two or three young children, standing about an earth board, and handling a little heap of moistened clay, will shape out for you a continent, with its mountains, rivers, depressions, and coast indentations, designating upon it the principal cities, and giving a general idea of its geographical peculiarities . . . The children then (under the old system) could glibly tell what a peninsula was, but they did not know one when they lived on it.

"In the upper grammar as well as in the lowest primary there was an entire change of spirit. It was certainly most pleasant to go into the rooms and feel the atmosphere of cheerfulness, activity, and interest which pervaded them."—*Charles Francis Adams, Jr., in "The New Departure"*

"The schools of this town (Quincy) have suddenly become celebrated to a degree unprecedented in the history of any town of its size in America. They have been so numerously visited by school superintendents, teachers, and newspaper reporters, even from distant cities and States, that restrictions were required to prevent the overcrowding of certain rooms, or interference with school-work. A surplus of volunteers from abroad have tendered their services gratuitously as assistant teachers, that they might thus thoroughly learn the Quincy methods.

"The children write English earlier, write more, and write it better *throughout all the schools of the town* than is the case in *all* the schools of any other town within my knowledge in our country . . . The training in expression is remarkable."—*Hon. B. G. Northrop, Secretary of the Connecticut Board of Education, in "Education."*

"The work itself was a prodigious success, and the reconstructed schools of Quincy were visited by thousands of eager observers. Superior teachers came to study and work in them, often without compensation, and went forth to bear the new flame to other communities. The result has been that elementary instruction has received a mighty impulse toward the methods and freedom of nature from the Quincy experiment."—*Rev. A. D. Mayo. See article in Journal of Education, "The New Education and Colonel Parker."*

"An examination of the schools of Quincy in connection with the other schools of Norfolk County, which was made in 1879, after the improvements had been some time inaugurated, showed that the schools of Quincy ranked from twelve to twenty-five per cent above the average of the towns of Norfolk County. The appreciation of the Quincy work is proved by the number of teachers drawn from Quincy to take more lucrative positions elsewhere; and especially by the number of grammar-school principals taken to fill the office of school superintendent, an office which each principal thus taken is filling with success."

"While the critics are condemning, (the Quincy methods) they are found to be diligent in applying them, and when well incorporated into their own work, the same persons, unconsciously to themselves perhaps, will be bold to claim the methods as of their own originating . . . *The methods of the Quincy schools are the methods which have been used and are being adopted wherever they are known and understood, and wherever the teachers have the skill and the permission to employ them.*"—*George A. Walton, of Massachusetts Board of Education, in "Methods of the Schools of Quincy, Mass." ("Education," September, October, 1883).*

CONTENTS.

PREFACE,	PAGE iii
INTRODUCTION,	xi

SECTION I.

THE FIRST YEAR'S WORK BEGUN.

CHAPTER

I.—PRELIMINARY: THE FIRST WORK OF THE TEACHER,	1
Development of Thought and Expression.—The Unity of School-work — Grouping.—The Training of Attention. — Busy-Work.—Physical Education.—Technical Skill —Moral Training.	
II.—THE FIRST DAY IN SCHOOL [IN DETAIL],	11
Contrast between the Old Ways and the New —The Gathering of the Children.—Taking the Names.—The Opening Exercise.—A Language Lesson —Going Out to Recess and Returning — Busy-Work.—Assigning Seats.—A March —Busy-Work.—The First Lesson; Conversation —Dismissing —Opening Exercises of the Afternoon —Writing —Drawing —Busy-Work —The First Picture Lesson.—Singing —A General Exercise in Number.—An Object Lesson — A Conversation.—Dismissal.—Notes and Comments.—Programs.	

SECTION II.

THE FIRST YEAR'S WORK CONTINUED. A SERIES OF OBJECT LESSONS.

I.—A BODY LESSON: PREPARATORY TO PHYSIOLOGY.	
A GENERAL EXERCISE,	49
II.—A TEST LESSON IN NUMBER,	54

CHAPTER	PAGE
III.—A SERIES OF PLANT LESSONS: BOTANY, . . .	336
Making Plant Diaries —A Lesson on the Bean-plant.—Another Lesson, the Leaf.	
IV.—SEVERAL LESSONS IN GEOGRAPHY,	355
A First Lesson in Civil Geography.—Three Lessons in Structural Geography.	
V.—READING: A LESSON INVOLVING A CASE OF DISCIPLINE. AN EXERCISE IN IMITATION, . . .	371
The Lesson in Reading —The Case of Discipline.—"Stories" Written by the Children.—An Imitative Exercise.	
VI.—LANGUAGE WORK,	397
(1) A Lesson with a Moral —(2) Letter-writing —(3) "Talking with the Pencil"—(4) Object Lessons —(5) Juvenile Weather Reports —(6) A Child's Story Specimen of Drawing by pupil.	
VII.—TWO LESSONS IN NUMBER,	428
An Early Lesson with Figures —Picture Number Work.—One More Lesson with Figures	
VIII.—PENMANSHIP: A LESSON IN TRACING,	449
Preliminary: The Purpose of Tracing —Samples of Penmanship and specimens of blackboard sketching.	
IX.—A LESSON IN SPELLING,	462
X.—DRAWING: A LESSON IN FORM, ILLUSTRATED BY DESIGNS AND DRAWINGS MADE BY THE PUPILS, 468	
Preliminary: The Motive and Plan of the Work	
XI.—AN EXERCISE IN CLAY MODELLING, WITH COPIES OF THE CHILDREN'S WORK,	477
Preliminary: The Use of Modelling in Clay.	

SECTION VII.

THE THIRD YEAR'S WORK COMPLETE.

I.—PRELIMINARY,	485
The Beginning of Arithmetic.—Supplementary Geography.	
II.—ELEMENTARY ZOOLOGY: A STUDY OF THE DOG, . 488	
Preliminary.—Three Descriptions of a Dog, written by the Pupils.	
III.—A LESSON IN BOTANY: THE BLACKBERRY, . . .	501
Preliminary —Three Descriptions of the Blackberry-plant, written by the Pupils.	
IV.—SUPPLEMENTARY GEOGRAPHY: ROBINSON CRUSOE, 519	
V.—AN EXERCISE IN SIGHT READING: A RECITATION, 534	
Preliminary.—The Exercise in Reading —The Recitation.	

CHAPTER	PAGE
VI.—LANGUAGE LESSONS AND PAPERS,	560

Preliminary.—(1) A Thinking Game —(2) A Conversation Lesson.—(3) Children's Talk with the Pencil —“What I Did at Recess”, “What I Did this Noon”; “The Pig's Party.”—(4) An Action Lesson —(5) Three Picture “Stories,” written by the Pupils.—(6) “Little Red Riding Hood ”—(7) A Letter —(8) Three Descriptions of the Loon —Preliminary to Fourth Year's Work. —Papers written by Pupils —(1) Description of a Duck —(2) Description of the Horse.—(3) Description of “The Chair and The Lady ”—(4) “The Battle ”—(5) “The Bear and the Man.”—(6) “What I am Thinking About ”

VII.—A LESSON IN ARITHMETIC, AND A CASE OF DISCIPLINE,	593
---	------------

VIII.—SOME SPELLING AND ITS EXAMINATION,	609
---	------------

Preliminary —Giving out the Lesson —Studying the Lesson.—Spelling the Lesson —The Examination —The Next Lesson.—Another Lesson in Spelling

SECTION VIII.

THE FOURTH YEAR'S WORK COMPLETE.

I.—PRELIMINARY,	625
The Teaching of Arithmetic —The Course in Geography.	
II.—ARITHMETIC: PRACTICE WORK,	631
III.—GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY: A COMBINATION LESSON,	641
IV.—CONCLUSION,	657

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INTRODUCTION.

THE two words "Quincy Methods" have stirred up a most remarkable discussion among American teachers. Quincy, a suburb of Boston, only known before as the home of the Adamses, the Quincys, and for the production of a superior kind of granite, rose to fame solely through its schools. The School Committee of Quincy, of which Charles Francis Adams, Jr., was a member, it appears, had arrived at the conclusion that they needed as superintendent some one who comprehended the problem of rightly ministering to the mental and moral growth of childhood, and appointed to that post Col. Francis W. Parker, who had just returned from a two-years course in pedagogics and philosophy in Germany.

Under the direction of Col. Parker the schools underwent a remarkable transformation. In the words of Hon. J. W. Dickinson, Secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Education, "In less than a year after they were placed under the charge of Col. F. W. Parker the teachers had become indoctrinated with his ideas and methods, and in consequence the schools were wonderfully transformed. The primary schools deserve especial mention. I made a careful comparison of their methods, and the results obtained with those of the best primary-schools I knew in town or city, and was surprised at the great superiority of the Quincy work."

The reconstruction of the Quincy schools caused them to be visited by thousands of earnest teachers; leading journals sent correspondents to describe the work at length. In 1879 a series of "Quincy Letters," from the pen of Mrs. S. C. F. Hallowell, appeared in the *Philadelphia Ledger*, and attracted wide-spread attention. Especially upon me these graphic sketches produced a profound impression. A graduate of a Massachusetts Normal School; a teacher of teachers for years, first in the Philadelphia Normal School, and later in the Teachers' Institutes of Pennsylvania, I had been forced to the conclusion that the results of the methods employed in our schools were ex-

ceedingly barren, to say the least. I turned for light to the writings of that greatest of modern educators, Froebel, and through a course of Kindergarten training began to obtain an insight into the possibilities and necessities of child-nature. The address made by Col. Parker before the National Educational Association at Chautauqua marked him in my mind and that of many others, not merely as the "coming educator," but as the educator who had come, and was already doing his work among us. In the following September (1880) I went to Quincy to see what that work was.

There I found the ordinary Primary schoolroom—the common aperturances, the usual number of pupils under the charge of a teacher, but teaching of a remarkable character. It was development, not acquisition, growth, instead of accretion. It was the gaining of strength, mental, moral, and physical, through self-activity. It was education by work, using work as a distinct moral agent; not for its own sake, but for the sake of the children doing it. In fact the teaching was the teaching of the Kindergarten. A few weeks' observation of the schools decided me to study this new and attractive phase of education. After filling my Institute engagements I became the following year a member of Col. Parker's class in Didactics at Martha's Vineyard. The insight into the theory thus gained, made me still more desirous to watch the practice, and at the opening of the school year of 1881 I was again in Quincy, and through the kindness of Superintendent Brown (Col. Parker having been appointed a supervisor of the Boston schools), I was permitted to attend the sessions of the Training Class, also the weekly meetings of the teachers. These advantages, added to assiduous visiting of the schools themselves, gave me materials for copious notes, and at the end of my stay I was rich in sketches of the Quincy work.

Returning to my Institute work, I was called upon to tell what I had seen and heard in Quincy. I found that there were multitudes of teachers who were disappointed with the results of their hard but unsatisfactory labors, and were anxious to know of better ways.

To them I presented the distinguishing features of the Quincy work:

1. The joyous life of the schools and the comradeship of teacher and pupils
2. By grouping their pupils (in the lower grades) they obtained many of the benefits of individual teaching.
3. The skillful use of a great amount and variety of "Busy-Work"
4. Lessons in subjects not usually taught—Drawing, Modeling, Form, Color, Natural History, etc

5. The constant use of Drawing as a means of expression.
6. Use of text-books as repositories of knowledge.
7. Amount and variety of Supplementary Reading.
8. Substitution of the expression of original thought on the part of the pupils for the old-fashioned memoriter recitation
9. Carefully varied programme, *whose order was known only to the teacher.*
10. The atmosphere of happy work which encompassed teachers and pupils.
11. Disorder not worrying the teacher and wasting her time.
12. The confidence, courtesy, and respect characterizing the attitude not only of pupils to teacher, but teacher to pupils
13. The absence of scolding, snubbing, or spying.
14. The dignity, self-possession, and lack of self-consciousness of pupils.
15. The making of the child the objective point, and not Courses of Study, examinations, or promotions
16. The great economy, naturalness, and practicability of the devices employed
17. The marked attention paid to the so-called dull pupils.
18. The evident growth of moral power
19. The remarkable skill of the teachers evidencing their comprehension of underlying principles
20. The wonderful originality and individuality of the teachers—none being imitators; the devices used varying from day to day.
21. The high ideal set before the teachers by the Superintendent, and their hearty co-operation with him in striving to attain it.
22. The absence of machinery, and the absolute freedom from any fixed or prescribed mode of work, each teacher being encouraged to invent and try any device not violating fundamental laws
23. Examinations aimed to test the teacher's power to teach
24. Examinations such as to test the children's power to do, not their power to memorize

It was harmonious education;—the moral and physical natures were recognized and trained along with the mental. There was that alternation of action which results in pleasing and useful variety of work and play. There, too, was the unceasing training in good habits, the unremitting exercise of the better nature and the noblest impulses. It was, in brief, child-gardening. Set to tend the human plants placed in the sunshine of their school-rooms, these teachers sought to learn the divine laws which governed their development, and watched each mind to see what helped or hindered growth. Hence the dull children, like backward plants, received most care and pains. It is true that the pupils were taught to read and write, and ultimately to cipher; that is, the form of the work done belonged to the old education, but the ideal being no longer the gaining of skill and knowledge, but the higher one of growth, the spirit in which it was done was of the new. The old order seemed literally to have passed away, and a new atmosphere of

enthusiastic but normal activity filled these schools; a new attraction held these happy pupils, self-poised, self controlled, all in their places without jar or effort.

The interest manifested by my audiences was both encouraging and significant; but I doubted if my listeners could improve their schools from the outlines I had given them. To aid them practically I felt that I must know more of Quincy myself. So I decided to return to Quincy at the close of the Institute season for further study. In February, 1882, Mr. Amos M. Kellogg, editor of the *New York School Journal*, proposed the preparation of a book which should consist of sketches of actual lessons taken directly from the school-rooms of Quincy. Had the requirement been for a book on the philosophy of teaching I should never have entertained the proposal; but I thought I could be eyes and ears for such as could not go to Quincy to see and hear for themselves, and consented to try to prepare a book. To accumulate the needed materials I spent the ensuing spring in Quincy, taking reports of lessons, and the summer following I attended Col. Parker's second course of lectures on Didactics at Martha's Vineyard.

Listening day after day, note-book in hand, to those wonderful "Talks on Teaching," the highest expression of pedagogical truth ever uttered in this country, it occurred to me that the publication of my notes of these lectures (the principles of the Quincy teaching) would fitly precede the coming book of practice.

To this suggestion Col. Parker generously replied: "The notes are yours—do with them what you will; but I must first revise before I can endorse." Though laboring like a giant in his new field of work—the principalship of the Cook County Normal School, Chicago—the proposed revision became really a re-writing, and the book proved to be more his "Talks" than any "Notes" of mine. But he chose that the title should be what it is. "Talks on Teaching" being finished, I spent the remainder of the school year taking reports of lessons in Quincy. During the summer I attended Col. Parker's third and last course of lectures upon Didactics. In September, 1883, I went to Normal Park, where I had been appointed a member of the Faculty of the Normal School. Here I knew I could best arrange the immense mass of material gathered in my five visits to Quincy, because I should be surrounded with the Quincy atmosphere, and could watch the Quincy work in its latest phase of development.

The great labor of selecting, arranging, and writing out my

voluminous reports of lessons resulted in over-work and ill-health; hence the delay in the appearance of the book. It was planned at first to include the teaching of the whole eight years in one volume, but this was found to be impossible, and the four primary years only are given. The remaining material, illustrating the work of the grammar grades, may form another volume, should health and the pressure of other duties permit.

LELIA E. PATRIDGE.

COOK COUNTY NORMAL SCHOOL,
NORMAL PARK, ILL.

EXPLANATORY.

1. These lessons should not be copied. "Imitation never leads to creation."—*Col. Parker*. The teachers of Quincy achieved remarkable results because they studied how mind grows and invented their own "methods," instead of copying those of others. Do not COPY.

2. The "Purpose of the Lessons" is given to enable inexperienced teachers to discern the steady leading toward the main thought, and the skilful introduction of minor points.

3. Special preparation for daily lessons by the teacher is an indispensable element of success. For the purpose of calling attention to this important part of teaching, detailed mention is made of the work done previous to each lesson.

4. By "Preparation of Lessons" by children too young to study books, is meant what is already in the mind of the pupils. The teacher must know the pupils' previous knowledge of the subject. The teachers must begin *where the children are*, in order to take the right length of step to connect the known with the unknown.

5. As the making out of plans of lessons is a most difficult thing, the teacher's statement of what she proposes to do step by step, is placed before every lesson. It will be observed that while the general arrangement is always carried out, unimportant details are often changed; because *the true teacher follows her pupils while she leads them*.

6. The "Notes and Comments" are generally intended to lead the reader to observe what might otherwise be overlooked.

7. To avoid embarrassing personalities no real names or true initials are given in the book. Even the names of the different schools are changed. All teachers of the First Grade are designated either as Miss B. or Mrs. C.; those of the Second Grade as Miss D.; of the Third Grade as Miss E., and of the Fourth Grade as Miss F.

8. Let no teacher who tries these new ways and finds her first work unsatisfactory be discouraged. All beginnings will be crude. If the *tendency* of the teaching be right, success must eventually crown her efforts; for the teacher who teaches from the stand-point of rightly ministering to child-growth works with the Creator.

THE "QUINCY METHODS" ILLUSTRATED.

CHAPTER I.

Preliminary.

The First Work of the Teacher.

IN the old days it was taken for granted that children knew nothing when they entered the schoolroom, had no power of gaining facts until they were taught how, and that the first thing they should learn was to read; while the thought of the generation of power, as a motive, did not enter the teacher's mind. The New Education changes all this. Now the teacher regards her pupils as bundles of possibilities, and knows that these little men and women have already begun the accumulation of facts. Accordingly she spends several weeks after they first come under her charge in taking account of their small stock in trade; and then, having ascertained the amount stored up, begins her work of helping them to add thereto, following closely the methods they have already pursued under Nature's teaching.

Development of Thought and Expression.

During the time which the teacher gives to this preparation for regular school-work, there are two things in her beginning of the building of the character of the child which she seeks constantly to develop—thought and its expression. But in order to do this she must study the children, to know their minds and understand their ways; for, says Colonel Parker, "To force expression before the child is ready, or to

repress it afterward, are two of the greatest sins a teacher can commit." Thoughts, it is true they have already, vague, half-formed; nor are they wanting in expression: but it lacks clearness, definiteness, and often, from want of good home-training, proper construction. That she may know the value of ideas previously gained, she is continually giving them test lessons, ranging from three to ten minutes in length, upon any and every important subject with which they are already acquainted. That she may furnish material for thought (that is, lead them to see facts in new relations), and also in order to train the senses (that they may discover facts for themselves), she has a great number of lessons upon objects of all sorts; also upon limitations, such as color, form, number, dimension, direction etc. All this involves, of course, training in language, but the power of expression needs a closer and more persistent training. This is accomplished by means of language lessons upon the body, upon animals, plants, stones, natural objects, such as hills, rivers, and natural phenomena like rain and hail, or snow.

The Unity of School-Work.

It must never be forgotten that all this work is a unit, many-sided it is true, but an organic whole, not to be dismembered, whose aim is harmonious development. That is, a lesson upon color, for instance, implies form; upon number, may take in both form and color; while dimension may unite color, form, and number. Again, each language lesson can be made the small beginning of scientific study in any direction, while every lesson *should* be a lesson in language, a lesson in attention, and a lesson in morals. The great difficulty, especially with inexperienced or careless teachers, is that, while bearing in mind the close connection of all subjects, they do not remember that some one must be the controlling subject, and that one kept prominently in view

To illustrate: If the teacher be giving a reading lesson, though she may introduce, and wisely too, ideas of number or natural objects, physical exercises, references to everyday occurrences in which the children are interested, or any of the countless things which would add to the life of the lesson, she must not lose herself in these, but teach as she had planned, reading, from the beginning to the end of the lesson.

Grouping.

Probably the greatest evils that exist to-day in our public schools (excepting always the poor teachers) are the overcrowding of our graded schools, especially in the lower rooms, and the multiplicity of classes in the country districts. Because of this the average teacher finds it simply impossible to do anything like individual teaching. This is very bad, and yet there are ways by means of which the skilful teacher will be able to watch in some degree the mind-growth of each child under her care. Grouping is one of the best of these devices. This means the classification of the pupils according to their manner of mental work. For instance, grouping together the bright, quick children of a class—those who always answer first, and putting in another group those whose minds work more slowly and heavily. This accomplishes three things: First, Having thus the whole group of nearly one calibre, the teacher has far better opportunity to watch the development of each pupil, and to give special attention to the so-called dull children. Second, The pupils work together without that friction (and friction always means loss of power) which is inevitable under the usual classification. Third, It implies smaller classes, and thus an approximation toward individual teaching—a consummation devoutly to be wished. But this in turn necessitates less time for each recitation, which is also in many instances a gain rather than a loss, for often teachers go on

and on with a recitation, long after the attention of the pupils has gone on and on, far beyond the sound of the teacher's voice. Such things are worse than demoralizing: they are absolutely immoral; they are lessons in disgust and deceit.

The Training of Attention.

"The great object of all primary work," to quote Colonel Parker again, "is training in the power of attention;" and since the little child has but limited capacity to attend, the groups should be small at first (numbering from five to ten according to the teacher's power to hold the children) and the lessons short (never over fifteen minutes and seldom over ten). Indeed, the whole matter rests with the teacher's ability to absorb the pupil with the work in hand. When she can no longer interest her class in the subject she is trying to teach, the lesson as far as the learner is concerned is ended, and the recitation should cease also; for every time the child should attend and does not, he has not only lost so much training in attention, but he has had that much training in inattention. The utter absorption of the pupils of the Quincy schools in their work is one of the many things that no pen photograph can portray, while the results, as seen in the higher grades, are the best proofs of the skill and persistence with which they are trained.

Busy-Work.

A series of most effective devices for aiding the teacher of crowded school-rooms is termed in Quincy "Busy-Work." This means anything and everything the child can do, which he loves to do, that is not out of place in the school-room; such as sorting colored bits of paper of different lengths, or leaves of several kinds; making shapes of splints, and designs with kindergarten sticks, lentils, bits of colored paper,

shoe-pegs, or toothpicks; looking at pictures, drawing on slate or blackboard; stringing seeds, beads, beans, or buttons; building with blocks or cards, copying words or drawing from the blackboard, weaving, paper-cutting, sowing, peas-work, etc., etc. The number is almost endless. Skill is needed, of course, in the use of this aid (Busy-Work) as it is in every other thing the teacher does, and as much time and attention given to its preparation. Variety is an element of success; but if there be too great variety the children become spoiled, and the effect desired is lost, the object being, as the name indicates, twofold: first, to keep the children busy; and, second, to begin that training which (in the words of the man who made the "Quincy methods" possible) "Will lead them to work, to love to work, and to work systematically." Here follow some suggestive queries given to the members of the Quincy Training Class to set them to thinking on this subject:

Have pupils enough to do?

Does the teacher devote as much thought in preparing for the time the pupils spend in their seats as for the time of recitation?

Is the work carefully chosen with regard to the taste of the pupils?

Is the work too difficult or too easy for them?

Is the work given them so that they distinctly understand what they are to do?

Do they perform the work?

Does the teacher examine the work after it is done?

Physical Education.

The harmonious development of the whole being is the guiding principle of the New Education, and this implies not only physical exercise, but physical training as well. It means the systematic education of the body, not merely for

ing gives even to the youngest pupils, would be worth working for, aside from their happiness in these new means of expression. But beyond all this, and higher, stands the motive for this work—the development of thought and the generation of power.

Moral Training.

It was not only a great extravagance in the way of time and effort in the old plan of education, to isolate the different subjects, to teach reading by itself, and writing by itself, and so on, but it was also a pedagogical blunder, for it prevented the pupils from comprehending the scope of the studies they were pursuing, and filled their minds with a series of incomplete and disconnected mental pictures. That was bad enough, but not the worst; for this fragmentary view of education encouraged the teacher to believe that mental training was a thing apart from moral training, and that therefore she had no responsibility in the latter direction—an almost fatal error. It is as impossible to draw the line between mental and moral education, to tell where one leaves off and the other begins, in the work of the teacher, as it is to determine which is mind and which is matter in the brain of the pupil. Every exercise of the schoolroom, every particle of teaching, involves on the part of the child one or more of the three divisions of a moral action,—viz., comprehending, choosing, doing,—and is therefore generating power. This power may be used either morally or immorally, and the greater the amount generated the greater the responsibility of the teacher, for the clearer the comprehension (if divorced from right choice and moral action) the greater the capacity for wrong-doing.

The teacher, then, is under at least the same obligation to train the pupil to love the good and do the right, that she is to teach him to think clearly and work well. In order to do this, the intellect of the little one must be developed till

he can see his duty plainly, and the will exercised till he can do it cheerfully and unhesitatingly. This means persistent training in self-dependence and self-control, and an education in all the virtues by means of their unremitting exercise. In this, as in every other thing, the child can only learn to do by doing, and all reform must be a matter of growth.

The baby, conscious only of himself at first, loves only himself. As his world widens, his affections should enlarge. If they do not, it is the fault of his education. When he first enters school he has had, in most cases, little or no training—either in obedience, the foundation of religion, or in self-sacrifice, the cardinal virtue; while his desires are strong and his reasoning powers mostly latent. The little one's morals and manners (the outgrowth of his understanding of his relations to the world in which he finds himself) are, like all other phases of his thought and expression, undeveloped.

Now, it is the nature of this small human being to do again whatever he has done before; in other words, the tendency of action is to become habitual. It follows then, that every time he commits a wrong act he is in training for worse things. On the other hand, every time the teacher, *by keeping him out of temptation or making good attractive*, has led him to do right, he has gained that much of moral stamina.

Again, every explanation, every particle of showing, every bit of *the pupil's* work that the teacher does—whenever, in brief, she does anything for him that he can do for himself, she has not only robbed him of an opportunity to discover, to think, or to do, but she is building up a habit that will result in making him that drone in the world's hive, and that unhappy nuisance in society—a helpless, dependent man or woman. If, on the contrary, she takes every occasion to withdraw her assistance (when it can be done without dis-

couraging the child), and has the power so to inspire him, that he will insist upon thinking for himself and desire to do for himself, she has in training one who can never become either a mere imitator, or a blind follower; but, instead, one who will inevitably lead his fellows, if placed among those less fortunate than himself in this matter of education.

Then too, every fit of temper in which he is allowed to indulge leaves him with an impetus toward the habitual giving way to bad passions that, if not checked, will render his life tempestuous and miserable; while every happy day, filled with kind acts and pleasant words, spent in the school-room, is a sunshiny time of growth for those gentler emotions which bid fair to develop into the strong serenity of noble manhood and womanhood.

Not this alone, for every time the imperious little creature finds himself overpowered by a sway as gentle and loving as it is firm and strong, he is being disciplined into that submission which by and by will be transferred from the teacher, to that Higher Power which rules his life.

Finally, and most important of all, whenever the little one, conscious only of his own overmastering desire to do that which he should not do, is led to conquer himself, and refrain, he has taken a step in the upward path which leads to the City Eternal.

"Sow an act," says a modern writer, "and you reap a habit; sow a habit, and you reap character; sow character, and you reap destiny." The destiny of these immortal beings lies in the hands of those who build the character. What responsibility can be greater, what work grander, than that of the school-teacher, the great character-builder of the next generation?

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST DAY IN SCHOOL.

Do teachers ever look back, down the long vista of years, and recall the lost, forlorn feeling that came over them when they stood for the first time upon the threshold of the cheerless school-room, with its bare, dilapidated walls, rough, ugly seats, and unsightly blackboard leaning tipsily against the side of the room? Have they forgotten the dreadful homesickness that overwhelmed them when, strangers in a strange land, they were separated from the older brother or sister to whom they had clung, and placed upon a high, uncomfortable seat, where, like Mahomet's coffin, they hung suspended between heaven and earth? Have they no memory of the dazed, bewildered state in which they sat there, staring through slowly gathering tears at the confused mass of crooked black things straggling down the first page of Webster's Spelling-Book, which they were told to study?

What teacher, so remembering, can ever underestimate the value of first impressions, or doubt the importance of that first day in school. Cæsar's crossing of the Rubicon did not mark a more eventful era in the history of Rome, than does this first experience of school life, in the development of the little child. Slowly the world of educators is coming to recognize this, and slowly the old order of things is passing away, giving place to that which is better. Let us see how this great event is provided for, under the new *regime*.

It is Quincy, at half-past eight o'clock on the morning of

the first Monday in September. The school-yard is already half full of boys and girls, of all ages, from five to fifteen. Down the long village street—for this school district is like a little village—the children come sauntering singly and in groups; and just entering the gateway, with a cluster of little people around her, is the well-known teacher of the Primary School. As she comes up the walk the children all start with smiling faces to meet and greet her. The older pupils come with outstretched hand and quiet but hearty "How d'ye do, teacher?" often adding, "I'm glad vacation's over," or, "It's nice to have school begin again." But the little ones, more demonstrative in their gladness, come running toward her like young lambs, with a hop, skip, and jump; when, having reached her side, shyness suddenly comes over them, and they stand with finger in mouth and downcast eyes, hardly able to bring themselves to look into her face or answer her cordial welcome.

After a few pleasant words and kindly inquiries regarding their manner of spending the long vacation just passed, the teacher goes into the school-house, and the children remain outside to wait for the ringing of the first bell.

At a quarter of nine this is heard, and those who choose pass in to their different rooms, but many still remain outside—some to meet their mates, who have not yet come, and some to watch for the small strangers, who are just beginning to arrive.

The little new-comers are always accompanied by an older person; often a big brother or sister, sometimes by the mother, and now and then one is seen clinging to the dress of a white-haired woman, evidently the grandmother. At five minutes of nine the last bell rings, and all enter the building, quietly make their way to their respective rooms, and take their seats. When the hands of the clock point to nine the gong strikes for the morning

Main

exercises to begin; but in the lowest grade this is omitted, for filling the hall, the doorway, and the front part of the school-room, is a motley group, made up for the most part of women and small boys and girls. Apparently the larger portion are foreigners and belong to the laboring class, many being wives and children of the quarrymen who work in the granite district.

The first room of the primary grade is long and narrow, with all the windows on one side and end. Low blackboards fill the spaces between, and line the other walls, excepting where sliding doors open into the next room. There is no platform, and no teacher's desk; only a table with drawers, at the end of the room nearest the door; while back of the six long rows of desks is another table, long, unpainted, and furnished also with drawers that are deep and wide—for blocks, etc. The walls are decorated with two or three cheap pictures and a variety of ornaments, the latter being entirely of home manufacture. Growing plants hang in the windows, and a few bunches of flowers are withering on the teacher's table.

There are seventy-eight of the tiny seats and desks, and the three rows next the windows are filled with pupils left over from the last class, whose seats were assigned the closing day of the previous term. Most of these having entered the preceding April were consequently not ready for promotion. They are now sitting quietly, watching with wide eyes the proceedings going on in front.

The teacher having taken her position at the table, has begun her work of taking the names and assigning seats for the small strangers.* Every moment the crowd is increasing. By this time it has surrounded the teacher's

* It is a law of the town that every child who attends school that term must be registered during the first week, except in special cases.

chair and filled all the vacant space before the children's desks. As fast as the teacher takes the names and ages* of the new pupils, the trainer,† who is assisting her, puts the child into the nearest of the vacant seats.

In most cases this is done without more talking than is absolutely necessary—just the questions and their replies. Now and then some young mother will say, "Why, don't you know me, Miss B.? I used to go to school to you. My name was Mary C., and this is my little girl," with a proud, fond look at the child. "You will find her a nice little thing; she isn't naughty very often, and she's going to be good in school, I know." Or some other one says, with the unmistakable brogue of Erin, "Och! but he's a swate little fellow!" and then turning to her son, "Now, Mikie, ye are to be good and not throuble the teacher; mind that, me boy!" Or this: "Be a good girl, and do what the teacher tells you."

It is noticeable that from the first to the last none of the parents show the least lack of confidence in the teacher, and not a youngster betrays the slightest particle of fear. The former may be owing to a knowledge of Miss B.'s many years of good work in this district, but the latter must be due to the fact that her personal presence inspires them with trust.

One by one the names are taken, the children placed, and the crowd slowly disperses. As soon as they are rid of their young charges the older brothers and sisters pass to their own schoolrooms, and most of the mothers go their ways; often without a parting look toward the little man or woman whom they are leaving in a new world. But two or three, who are near neighbors and former pupils of the

* They are not admitted under five.

† So called because a member of the last training class, and a candidate for a teacher's position.

school, gather in a little knot in the corner to recall old days and discuss the new.

At fifteen minutes of ten the last name has been taken and the last child seated. The teacher rises and comes close to the front of the first row of desks, standing silent a moment, while she takes a long look at her pupils. Not an inspiring sight—the new lot—certainly. Swarthy Canadian French, fair-haired Swedes and Norwegians, the children of Great Britain—Irish, Scotch, and Welsh—and a few Americans, make up this mixture of nationalities. Upon these descendants of the “children of toil” successive generations of ignorance, poverty, and hard labor have made their impress. It shows already in the stolid faces, misshapen figures, and heavy, awkward movements; while timidity has robbed them of the last grace of childhood—unconsciousness.

The older ones are an improvement, surely. Dressed in clean, light clothes, starched and ironed to the last degree, sitting erect, with hands folded on their desks, and a sort of a “We-know-all-about-it” air, their shining faces, from which all shyness has vanished, smiling up at the teacher to see what is coming next. During this three-quarters of an hour they have been left to take care of themselves, with only a small admonitory speech from the teacher at the beginning, running thus: “I expect my big boys and girls who have been in school a long time to help me take care of the little ones that have just come in;” and a reminder later on of this style: “You know we wish to show the new children how to behave, and you must do it, because I am too busy;” and it must be admitted that though so young they have done it well. Generally they have been interested in looking on; some few, having found slate and pencil (nothing else) in their desks, quietly took them out and amused themselves by drawing whatever they chose, yet there has been no actual disorder and but little whispering.

At last, in a low, pleasant voice, the teacher says, "Let us sing a little song that some of us know. Those that do not know it may listen, and see how they like it. When we are all ready to sing we will fold our hands on our desks." Here the teacher folds her hands on the child's desk just in front of her, to show the new ones how it is done, and leads off with "Birdie in the Tree-top." The older children join in promptly, and sing with a vim that would bring down the house, if the house wasn't so very young; but as it is, it takes it all in, if open mouths are any indication. As soon as this song is finished, a hand goes up, and some one says, "Can't we sing about 'Little Stars that Shine so Bright'?" The teacher says "Yes," and the children begin.

By the time this is through, the airs of age and superiority which the small veterans are assuming become oppressive. Several suggestions are made to the teacher, such as, "Let's sing 'I Wish I were a Sunbeam,'" "I know a nice song!" "They haven't heard us sing 'Down in the Meadows'!" But the teacher quietly nips the bud of their growing assumption by serenely saying, "I don't care to sing any more; we have something better to do. I want to ask some of the boys and girls who have been here a long time if they can tell me something that has wings." Instantly every hand in the first three rows is in the air, and as the teacher calls their names the children rise, stand erect, with arms at the sides, and answer thus:

"A bird has wings!"

"A butterfly has wings!"

"A mosquito has wings!"

"A bumble-bee has wings!"

"A robin has wings!"

"A fly has wings!"

"An angel has wings!"

"A humming-bird has wings!"

"A darning-needle has wings!"

"You mean a dragon-fly," corrects the teacher.

"A wasp has wings!"

"A duck has wings!"

"A bat has wings!"

"A goose has wings!"

"A chicken has wings!"

Here the teacher interposes: "We will all have wings! Sit up and spread out your arms, so (suited the action to the word), for wings, and show me how you would use them if you were going to fly." At this the older ones flap their arms vigorously. Some of the new ones have gone so far as to put their arms out a little way at the side, but when they see the others flying they drop them helplessly. The action gets beyond their power to grasp, and they can no more do it than the young birds can fly the first time the mother-bird tries to have them. When the flying is in full force, "That will do," says the teacher. "We will all fold our arms, like this (folding hers in front). Now, who can think fast and tell me something that can—run?" The little ones begin to show some faint signs of thought. A few of the faces are lighting up a trifle, but they are not yet ready for expression; no one shows any indication of a desire to speak. Of course the older ones carry on the lesson. The first one called up, naturally says, "I can run!" Then follows:

"A man can run!"

"A dog can run!"

"A horse can run!"

"A cow can run!"

"A donkey can run!"

"A cat can run!"

"A mouse can run!"

"A rat can run!"

"A goat can run!"

"A hen can run!"

"A pigeon can run!"

"A bird can run!"

"No, a bird hops," corrects a child.

"Come out and show me how they hop," says the teacher, smiling encouragingly.

The child hangs back for a moment, slightly daunted by this sudden turn of affairs; but his pride at being thus called upon coming to the rescue, he marches out sturdily, and hops around, first on one foot and then on the other, greatly to the delight of the new pupils.

"That is enough," and the teacher—as the child returns to his seat—resumes the lesson by asking, "What else can run?"

"A fox can run!"

"A kitten can run!"

"A pony can run!"

"Yes," says the teacher, "and I think you would like to play pony a while; so you may all go out and have a little run in the yard. But before you go, let me see how straight you can sit, touching your back against the back of the chair, and folding your hands on the desk." The new ones nearly all make an effort to sit up. The teacher and trainer go through the aisles, and place those in good position who are sitting very much out of line. Then the teacher comes back to the front and says, "This first line of older children may show the new ones how to get up,—and go out,—and get their hats,—and come in,—and take their seats again." (To the older pupils) "Turn!" (they turn to the right). "Stand! pass out." They do this with considerable precision, returning with their hats, and taking their seats again.

The second and third rows do the same; now come the new ones. Standing in front of the first row of desks, the teacher says, "Turn—that way," indicating with her hand the right. Part do; the rest sit and look at her as if she had spoken in

an unknown tongue. The teacher and trainer pass down the aisle, and turn these around bodily. Going back to her place in front, the teacher says, "Stand! all of you." One after another they straggle up, several being picked up out of their seats and stood on their feet by the trainer.

Then the teacher says, "Go out into the hall and find your own hat, bring it in, and sit down in your seat." This command seems to be comprehended by nearly all, as they start off at once for the door, preceded by the trainer, who helps them to find their hats and gets them back to the doorway again. Reaching this, and looking into the large, unfamiliar room, filled with strange faces, they become bewildered, and stand like a flock of frightened sheep, hopelessly dazed and lost. "Come in and take your seats again," urges the teacher pleasantly. Upon this the quicker-witted of the group strike a bee-line for the first empty seats, and the rest are gently half pulled, half pushed into the remaining places.

This performance is repeated with each succeeding row, until all have been out and back, and the whole roomful sit with their hats on, ready for recess. The teacher announces, "We are ready to go out. You may all turn to the right" (indicating as before with her hand). The older ones turn promptly, and the new ones come around, or are helped, slowly. "Stand!" They are all up, after a little. Some of the other children in the row try to help the little learners by reaching over and giving the slow ones a slight push, which helps them to their understanding in more ways than one. The teacher continues, "I want all my big boys and girls to look after the little ones, and not let them go out of the yard; and when the bell rings, to see that they come back into the schoolroom. The first line may walk out quietly." The second and third follow in like manner; some of the strangers start, but are told to wait till their turn comes. Then the fourth row is called. They rush, crowd

and straggle out, in a line that resembles the walls of Troy. The rest of the rows get out of the house in about the same style, where some of the older children are waiting to take them in charge during the recess.

The care-takers seem to find great pleasure in this, and faithfully fulfil their duty, watching the little ones in true fatherly and motherly fashion. If any happen to stray outside the gate, some older pupil chancing to catch sight of the small wanderers, leaves his play at once, and goes to coax the youngsters back.

In fifteen minutes the bell rings, and the merry crowd, surging in at the four doors, falls into long processions, winding up the stairs or through the halls to their different rooms. The babies are met at the threshold by the trainer, who unties all the hard knots, shows them where to hang up their hats, and directs them toward the right door. Arriving there, they stand all huddled up in a bunch, blocking the doorway, and completely lost, as far as any idea of their seats is concerned. The teacher toward whom they look for help only stands and smiles, and makes no move to assist; but she is watching, with the eye of the skilled reader of character, every motion of these tiny men and women with whom she has hereafter to deal. Presently, some being pushed inside by those in the rear, the more enterprising make a dash for the nearest vacant desks, followed by the rest. These, beginning to understand by this time that they are expected to be seated, slowly manage, after several mishaps, such as getting into an aisle where the seats are full or trying to sit in a chair already occupied, to get themselves distributed. This they do without other aid than that afforded by the older pupils, who are intensely interested in the proceedings.

Those who are so fortunate as to sit next to the strangers demonstrate their good-will by various and sundry pokes, pushes, and pulls, while the veterans who are too far off to

reach, content themselves with considerable expressive gesturing. Now the teacher, folding her hands upon one of the front desks, begins to sing, "I Wish I were a Sunbeam." The older children catch up the strain and sing out full and clear, while the younger listen with evident appreciation.

At the close of the song, the trainer having been previously instructed, takes charge of the three rows of older pupils. She sets the first row to copying from the blackboard this sentence, "I met a man," written between lines, in her very best handwriting. To each one in the second row she gives a handful of shoe-pegs, and says, "Make something for me on your desk, and then draw it on your slate."* The third division she takes to the table (the one back of the desks) for a lesson in number. Meanwhile the teacher begins to arrange the new-comers, assigning to each this time, the seat which is to be his home in the schoolroom—the chair and desk which he is to have for his own (by right of possession) during the term.

While aiming, as a general thing, to place the shorter in front and the taller in the back seats, there are other points to be considered, in which her power to read character must be the guide. For instance, the shy little tots are placed as near to where the teacher will stand, as circumstances will allow (this with a view to getting acquainted), while one with mischief in his face is also given a front seat that he may be within reach of hand or eye.

After all are placed, she takes paper and pencil, and, beginning at the head of the first row of those just seated, she asks each child his name: this she writes opposite the number of his desk. Two things she here seeks to accomplish: first, to get the children to speak to her; second, to learn, herself, to associate each pupil with his place in the schoolroom. Sometimes she gets no re-

* They make trees, houses, fences, ladders, pumps, stairs, hats, chairs, etc.

sponse, try as she will; then she has to refer to her book. Occasionally it comes in an unknown dialect, and she asks some of the older children to translate; but usually she is successful in learning at least the first name from the owner himself. This done, she goes to the first child who sits in a front seat, and tells him that this is his seat every time he comes in, and bids him look around, and see who sits on each side of him, so as to know where to go. Then the child behind him is told to remember that he is always to sit just back of this one (taking hold of the first, and turning him around so that the second can see his face), and to see who is on each side of him.

And so she goes on, down the three rows. When in the course of this the teacher comes to any small foreigner who has not yet learned to speak English, she calls as before upon one of her young interpreters to translate. Meantime the trainer gave the number lesson to the third division, and examined the slate-work of the first and second. After this she told the children who had the pegs, to pass them across the aisle to the right (the first row), set the third to writing the copy on the board, and gave the second division a lesson in number. Now she is examining the work done by those in their seats during the last ten minutes, while two children, appointed by her, start from either end of the first row to collect the pegs.

In two or three minutes all are in their seats, and the teacher standing in front says, "Listen to me. I have given these little folks a seat of their own; now I am going to let them go away from it, and see if they can find it, while the rest of us watch them. Then, speaking to the new-comers straight in front of her, she says, "This row may turn to the right!" indicating with her hand the way she means, as all of them may not,—probably do not,—know right and left. Some turn at once, others hesitate, and the trainer helps the laggards at the rear of the row while the

teacher manages those in front. Returning to her place, she commands, "Stand! face me!"

They come up pretty well, and in time get their faces toward the front. "You may all come up here to the desk," says the teacher, stepping back to the table as she speaks. Nearly all go forward, but a few still stand by their seats, while some get part way up the aisle, and stop. But the trainer is equal to the emergency: she comes up the rear of the aisle, and serenely drives them before her to the front, where they stand like a lot of little lambs clustering around the person who feeds them. "Do you think you can find the seats you just came from?" the teacher asks, with her winning smile. One or two say, "I can," or "Yes'm." "Well, you may try it;" and as a few only look as if they had any idea of moving, adds immediately, "All of you!" Then nearly all start; the brighter ones and those who sit on the front seats leading.

As fast as one sits, others who recognize him as a neighbor are thus enabled to reckon their latitude and longitude, and slip into their seats with a look of decided relief. Occasionally one who is sitting looks around and, seeing familiar faces farther back, changes his place for the right one; now and then two make for the same seat on different sides, but the one who is in place holds his own till the other sees his mistake. All this time three children, two girls and a boy, remain at the teacher's side, lacking courage to move. To them she says gently, "Can't you find your seats?" One, suddenly discovering a face she remembers, now starts for an empty seat, but the other two remain silent and stationary. Then the teacher asks them their names, and referring to the paper, finds their seats, and sends them to their places under the care of the trainer.

This same proceeding is gone through with, down the other two lines, the older pupils being all this time interested spectators. "I think you've done pretty well," pronounces the

teacher, at the close; "and now these big boys and girls may show you how well they can find their seats. The first three rows may face;" all turn like automatons, but with much scuffling of feet on the floor. "A little too much noise, children: let us try it again. Face! That is better: stand!" They spring into line, turning to face the front as they do so. "You may march once round the room the first line leading. Hold up your heads, put your shoulders back, and stand as tall as you can. Have your hands hang easily at your sides, rest on the right foot and start with the left." As she gives each direction, the children obey it, and now look as if they were made mostly of backbone.

The teacher begins to clap her hands as she calls, "Left—right—left—right;" and they march off in good style, with heads held high, necks very stiff, and eyes rolling to right and left, to see if the strangers are duly impressed. When the circuit of the room is completed, the command comes, "Sit when you come to your seats!" Now the trainer distributes the pegs to the third row of veterans, sets the second line to writing the sentence on the board, and takes the first, back for their number lesson. These being happily at work, the teacher standing in front, and smiling down at the three lines of babies, begins, "Have any of you a little kitty at home?" "I has," sings out a chubby little girl, who is to all appearance more fortunate in her home and parentage than most of the lot. "Anybody else?" "Me!" says a sturdy Scotch lad. "Anybody else?" Two interrogation-marks in her question this time, but it gets no answer.

Looking directly at a wide-awake little girl, she queries, "Haven't you?" Negatived by an emphatic shake of the head. Seemingly not daunted by this, the teacher fixes her eyes on another child, who appears to be following her colloquy, and he remarks, as if bringing forth the nearest idea to the subject under discussion he could think of, "I got a black and white cat!" "My cat's black and white too!"

comes a voice from the back. This seems too good a cue to be dropped, so the teacher catches it up and asks, "Hasn't anybody else a black-and-white cat?" Not a sound (that wasn't the cue after all); and she hastens to cover her blunder by taking another tack. "I'd like to have you tell me something your cat can do?" But this question is a little too hard, consequently gets no answer. The teacher appreciates this fact, and tries to simplify by making it personal. Addressing herself directly to the little boy who spoke out, she asks, "What does your cat do?" "My cat don't do anything," is the instant response.

"Doesn't she walk?"

"Yes."

"Doesn't she eat?"

"Yes."

"Now" (assuringly), "I think you can tell me something else she does."

After a moment's thought, "She runs sometimes." Here another boy comes to the front with the remark, very deliberately delivered, "My cat run up a tree once." Quick as thought came the query, "What made her run up a tree?" No response except a dull stare. Then, suggestingly, "Did anything chase her?" "I'd dun know," drawls out the child without a particle of either interest or animation. "Did you ever see a dog chase a cat?" is the next interrogatory, pointed at a boy obviously older than the rest, whose face has just begun to light up. "My dog chased a cat once, and you'd just better guess she run," he says, quite losing himself in his story:

This the teacher realizes, and prompt to seize any advantage offered, she follows with the question, "Where did she run?" but his attention has flagged, his interest is lost, and he replies indifferently, "Oh, she runned way off." So there is the end of that lead; another must be tried. "What's your dog's name?" addressing her query to a small boy close

by,—who has been sitting with his back toward her watching the class at the number table,—deftly turning him around as she speaks. He seems to regard this as a part of the regular program, and answers composedly, "His name's Jack; we calls him doggie."

"And what is *your* dog's name?" this to a quiet child who sits with wide eyes and open mouth, and hasn't spoken all the morning. This direct question throws him off his guard, and he answers before he thinks to be shy, "I hain't got any." "You have!" to another. A slow shake of the head. "Well, you have, I'm *sure*!" to a small Scotch boy, with a real baby face, who doesn't look to be over four years old. "No, I hain't, but mine uncle Jimmie has,—a dreat big one!" The teacher looks as if she had struck gold at last, and hastily adds, "What's his name?"

"Oh, his name's Watch, an' he sleeps in the barn, an' " (with great impressiveness) "he drowls dreffully!"

This is inspiring; the teacher's face brightens, and she goes on: "I should think you'd be afraid of him." Thought is infectious, and before the child gets quite ready to answer, another small boy, with a big head surmounted by a flaxen top-knot, drawls out, "When—I's—in—Bossn" (Boston)—"I—see—a—dog—drawin—a—wagg'n." "Who was in the wagon?" is the next demand from the teacher.

"I'd—dun—know;" all the interest dying out.

The teacher getting desperate,—*"Was it a boy or a girl?"*

"A boy," with a real Dundreary drawl.

"Was he as large as you are, or larger?"

"He—was—an—awful—big—boy."

It takes a long time to get this off, and it being a part of the teacher's plan to stop while in the full tide of success, she now skilfully brings this, their first lesson, to a close, by casually remarking,

"I think I should like to ride in a wagon like that, and have the wheels go round and round;" revolving her fore-

arms, held horizontally, around each other as she says it. "Let's all play we are riding, and we will make the wheels go round and round, like this." As they only sit and stare, she adds, "I want you—all, to try to do it." Ten or twelve try it; the rest look on. Some, who act as if they would like to do it, the teacher helps, by taking hold of their arms and starting the motion, and they go on after this. The remainder she lets alone, as being too timid to be touched. Soon after they get well agoing she says, "Now we will all stop and put our arms this way" (folding hers in front). "Now you may fold your hands on the desk." Every one manages to accomplish this, it being the third time they have attempted it to-day. The teacher says pleasantly, "I wonder if you have forgotten how to stand nicely. We will try and see. All face the right" (moving her hand in that direction). More turn than at any previous time; the rest are helped as before. "Stand, and face me!" They rise and turn; encouragingly, "That was done very well. You may sit down quietly and fold your hands. Pretty soon I shall want you to show me again how well you can stand." The older ones, who have been going on with their work, have finished it. The trainer has examined the Busy-Work, collected the pegs, and all are now sitting with folded hands.

Coming to the front the trainer begins to sing "Little Jack Horner," the veterans joining in heartily; then follows "Little Boy Blue," and they close with a song about "Tommy and the Robins who Steal his Cherries," which delights all the children. It is now fifteen minutes of twelve, and the trainer gives each new little one a slip of paper, on which is written, "Please send me six cents for a slate. A—B—, Teacher."

These the teacher tells them to take home to their mothers. They regard the papers with unspeakable awe, some solemnly laying them away (till they are ready to go) upon the top

of their desks, picking them up every minute or two, and waving them back and forth between their eyes and the window, as if they thought to see something more upon them than was visible to the unassisted vision. Some vary their examination of these mysterious objects by bringing another sense into service. They put the corners of them in their mouths and fall to biting them. A few of the boys put them proudly away in the depths of their pockets, bringing them forth every little while to see if they are really there. Several of the girls cherish them carefully in their aprons, and others who have neither pockets nor aprons roll them into small wads, which they carry in their grimy hands.

Presently the teacher commands,—“First row! Face! Stand! Pass!” and so the dismissal goes on. The new pupils go out better and find their seats more readily, and leave the building less like a drove and more like a procession. They have begun already to show the effects of education, though they have been in school but one half-day.

At fifteen minutes of two the school-yard is full, while up and down the streets the children are coming in pretty groups of three or four. Often an older child leads by the hand a little brother or sister, and now and then a big boy or girl is seen with a tiny neighbor under his or her protecting care. Once in a while a number of little girls come in sight, escorting, with many matronly airs, a small stranger nearly or quite as old as themselves. Now the bell rings,* and the stragglers hasten their steps. Several of the larger children, with that parental care which is so noticeable in the pupils of the Quincy schools, look around to see how the little ones are coming on—perhaps hasten their steps by a call or a warning word. Occasionally some little fellow is taken by

*This is the signal for those who are within sound, to leave the street and pass into the yard; they may go into the schoolhouse if they choose, but are not required to do so till the ringing of the last bell, at five minutes of the hour,

the hand between two big boys and hurried on, or a tiny youngster is caught up in the arms of a senior, to be set gently down inside the gate.

The last bell rings, and a general move is made toward the four doors, but no pushing or crowding. The older pupils stand back and let the smaller ones go first, often giving a friendly lift to some short-legged youngster who finds the door-step too high. Quietly they pass through the halls, hang up their hats on nails near the doors of their respective rooms, and pass in.

The trainer stands ready just outside the primary-room to help the little strangers dispose of their head-covering, which is accomplished with considerable difficulty, they being encumbered with a small package, which they will not under any circumstances let go out of their hands. So they patiently stand and wait, with chin in air, for the trainer to untie the strings or lift up the elastic that holds the hat, which being done they trot off into the schoolroom, still holding tightly the precious package. Two or three have slates under their arms, which they proudly display to their mates, and then bear away in triumph to their seats.

The majority, however, have not taken their seats, but surround the teacher's chair to give her what they have brought. This proves to be the required six cents, carefully wrapped in a piece of paper. Most of them hand the money at once to the teacher, but a few of the youngest girls begin to hunt under white aprons and through the gathers of dress-skirts for their pockets (where the money was probably placed for safer keeping by the mother). This being found, it takes at least three minutes to bring up the pennies from its depths, sometimes it being necessary to turn the pocket inside out to get at its contents. They have found their seats this time with but little difficulty, the two or three who did not remember, being assisted by the trainer.

Just before two o'clock the last empty chair is filled, and when the gong strikes, every child is sitting with folded hands waiting for school to begin. Now the teacher, taking her stand in front of the desks, begins to sing,

"Spring once said to the nightingale,
I mean to give the birds a ball,"

and the children join as before. Then follows "Trip it Lightly Along." When this is sung, the teacher says to the veterans, "Take your slates and pencils, ready to write." There is a little rattling of slates, and two or three pencils roll noisily down the desk, dropping upon the floor; but in a moment these are recovered, and the room is still again.

"Turn to face the blackboard!" *

"Who can read me the sentence that we are to write?"

The hands fly up, a perfect forest, in the first three rows.

"Peter may read."

He rises promptly, stands by his chair, holds up his head, and reads, "The corn is in the dish." The sentence, taken from their reading lesson, is beautifully written, and he reads it distinctly and intelligently.

"You may all raise the right hand, and point with the first finger to the place where we begin."

The teacher stands by the board, and the pupils point to the top of the stem of the "T." The teacher points to the same place, with her forefinger about three inches from the board. Together they trace in the air the words, "The corn." When the new word (corn) has been written she drops her hand, and turns to watch the motion of theirs. At "dish," a difficult word, she begins again to write with them, and the sentence is carefully finished with the period.

"Take your pencils and write."

* This side position has been criticised, and justly, as raising the right shoulder higher than the left, and preventing the free movement of the arm. It was probably used in this school because of the narrowness of the desks.

Thus they are provided with work for the next ten minutes. All this time the new-comers are looking on and taking it all in, while the trainer has been distributing the new slates and pencils.

The teacher now turns to them and says, in her gentle fashion:

"These little folks may take their slates and pencils too."

This means considerable noise, for of course they manage to knock every corner against the desk, and set the pencils to rolling, while five or six drop and break the very first thing, but by and by they get into position, and look up to see what next.

"All of you may make on your slates what I make here," slowly drawing a vertical line, eight or nine inches long, on the blackboard. Some begin marking at once; others simply sit and stare—first at her and then at the board.

The teacher now leaves the board, and goes down and up the aisles, looking at the slates. She finds that they have drawn lines ranging from half an inch to six inches in length, at all angles, and of every degree of crookedness. Then she goes again to the board, and draws a horizontal line about the same length as the other, bisecting it, saying as she does so, "Now do this on your slate." Another examination of the slates, with just about as satisfactory results, but she gives the small artists no reason to suppose for a moment that she isn't perfectly charmed with their drawings. Smiling benignantly upon them, she says: "Make me just as many of these on your slates as you like," and goes over to examine the writing of the older pupils, leaving most of the little people quite happy and very busy. Two or three, it is true, put the ends of their pencils in their mouths, and composedly survey the rest. While the teacher is examining the writing, the trainer is passing through the first two aisles with a box of wooden toothpicks, laying a handful on each desk in the first three rows. Now the

teacher says to the third line of last year's pupils, "Make me as many things as you can out of two sticks;" to the second, "Make me everything you can think of, and use only three sticks;" and the trainer walks off with the third line, to give them a reading lesson at a blackboard in the rear of the room.

By this time the babies have begun to tire of making crosses and are ready for something else. Two lines of these are given splints, eight or ten apiece, with the pleasant direction, "Make something nice for me."

As they have no idea how to do this, the teacher sends to each of the new children, who act as if they were going to try, a helper from among her last term's pupils, selecting with great care such as can be relied upon for steadiness and patience. The young instructors, proud to be thus chosen, leave their stick-laying, and sitting beside the little new-comers designated, show them how to weave the splints into forms, with a tact and skill that many an experienced teacher would be fortunate in possessing. Leaving them provided with something to look at, and work to do (if they will), she stands in front of the other row of little ones and says, "Turn!" waving her hand toward the right. "Stand! Come to me." They cluster around her in an irregular group as she moves back with them to her table, from which she takes a chromo, about fourteen inches long by ten inches wide, entitled "The Little Mother." She stands holding this down in front of her within easy range of their eyes. The little people press forward and look at it.

"What have I here?" is her first query.

"A picture," decides the boldest of the group.

"A picture of what?"

"A little gurl," says a small boy with a decided brogue.

"What else?" pursues the teacher. This is too general, and she gets no response. "Some of the little girls must look sharply, and they'll find out what it is."

"She's got a dolly!" pipes out the tiniest woman of the group.

"Who can see something else?"

"A kittle?"—this from a boy with an old face and unhappy expression.

"Yes," says the teacher, who is now waiting to see if they will go on by themselves.

"Some fire," adds a girl.

"I see a cover on it," irrelevantly remarks a little fellow, who has had his curly head close to the picture.

There the talk stops. After a moment's waiting the teacher tries to start the ball again by asking, "Where has she put the dolly?"

"She's set her down," offers a boy, who seems to be looking everywhere but at the picture.

"Down where?" steadily persists the teacher.

"Right there; can't you see?" with great earnestness, pointing his dirty, chubby finger at the doll in the chromo.

"Yes, I see; but what is she sitting on?" No answer. All look up at the teacher wonderingly, and then back at the picture. She tries again.

"Is she sitting on the floor?"

"No, she's settin' on a stool jest like one my grandma has," announces a serious little fellow who has been intent on the scene from the first.

"You mean she is sitting on the stool."

There is another general uplifting of heads at this, but nothing is said, and they drop their eyes again upon the chromo. This is enough for a beginning in thought and its expression, and the teacher breaks in upon their study by saying, "I can't let you see the picture any more to-day, but we will have it to look at to-morrow. I shall let you find your seats now, and you may try to make me a fan with some splints which I will give you."

She gives out splints to those who have come to their

seats, transfers the small teachers from the second division to this, and then takes that row out for a lesson on the picture. Meantime the trainer has brought back the first division of older pupils and now takes the second line to read, while those who have just returned to their seats lay sticks by fours. When all this has been done the helpers are told to leave the splint-work and go to their own seats, and the teacher, standing in front, begins to sing, accompanied by the children:

" Wandering up and down one day,
 I peeped in the window over the way;
 [They point toward the window.]
 And drawing his waxed-ends through and through,
 [Imitating the motion of sewing shoes.]
 There sat a cobbler making a shoe."

At the close of this, each stanza of which is accompanied by appropriate gestures, they sing another exercise song, called "The Farmer." Then the third line of last year's pupils have a reading-lesson with the trainer, while the first and second, work at their stick-laying.*

The teacher takes the remainder of the babies out to the front for their picture-lesson, leaving the others in their seats with the splints and their small assistants. When this is done the teacher passes up and down the aisles, looking at and praising the splint-work and the stick-laying, while the small workers sit with folded hands watching and listening. Behind her comes the trainer with her boxes, gathering up the splints and sticks. Then the teacher, standing before the whole class and holding up two blocks, says, "Tell me what I show you." The older children answer, "Two blocks!"

*The children are not satisfied with less than two periods with the stick-laying; and the splint-work being so complete a novelty to the new pupils, it would not be wise to give them less than twenty minutes to play with the splints.

"I want you to raise your hands before you speak again," admonishes the teacher, with gentle firmness. "I'll call upon some one."

Picking up another block from the table, and holding it beside the two she had, "Who wants to tell me what I have done now?"

The hands go up before her question is finished. "Mary."

Mary rises, and says glibly: "You had two blocks, and you put one with it, and that made three blocks."

"You may tell me now what I show you," holding up three splints. "Jimmie."

"You have three splints."

"Now what? Nellie."

"You had three splints, and you put two behind you, and now you have one."

"Tell me now. Maggie."

"One," as the teacher holds up a splint, "and two," as the teacher takes them from behind her, "are three."

"Harry may clap so many times," holding up two splints. He does it.

"Jimmie, so many times," catching up three blocks, "less two," still holding the three blocks. Jimmie claps twice. Then the hands fly up in a great flutter.

"Was that right, Susie?"

"No'm."

"Can you do it right?"

Susie gives a big clap.

"Was that right, Richard?"

The boy nods his head. Not sure that he understands, the teacher says, "You may come up here and tell me what I asked Jimmie to do." Richard comes, takes up three blocks, and explains: "You told him to clap so many times, less so many," laying down two of the blocks.

"How many claps should you have given, Jimmie?"

"One."

"Yes. I am going to tell you a story. If an old hen had three chickens, and one was drowned, how many would she have left. Patrick may tell me."

"Two."

"Yes. Now Patrick may come out here and tell us a story about anything he likes."

Patrick hesitates a little, then marches out, red-faced but smiling, and after standing a moment to collect his thoughts says, with that inimitable Irish inflection, "If I had two ponies, and my fayther bought me another one, how many would I have thin?" The older children put up their hands, and he calls out, "Ellen."

"Three ponies!"

"Very well!" pronounces the teacher. "Now Ellen may tell us one."

Ellen blushes, but comes out promptly and says, "I had two doll carriages, and my auntie gave me another; how many had I?"

Again the hands are all up. She looks at them gravely for an instant, then calls up Mikie to answer. He replies, "Three!"

"Well, Mikie, what is your story?" asks the teacher.

Mikie has a mischievous twinkle in his eye and begins, "My-father-had-three-goats-and-one-run-away-how-many-had-he-then-Sammy?"

All this in a breath, pouncing down upon Sammy before he had time to get his ideas together, much less get his hand up. But Sammy springs to his feet instantly with a broad grin on his face, and presently answers, "Three!"

"Well, Sammy," remarks the teacher, "we will hear your story another day; we haven't time this afternoon, for I am going to show you something. I want you to look at it, and when you see anything to tell me, you may raise your hand."

She takes from a box on her table a stuffed dove and

holds it up before the class. The moment their eyes fall upon it the older ones are ready, and their hands are in the air instantly.

"John, what do you say?"

"I see a dove!"

"Nellie."

"I see two eyes!"

"Harry."

"I see two wings!"

The teacher points to a child, who affirms "The dove has two feet," and then in rapid succession follow, as fast as she can call upon the children:

"The dove has feathers."

"The dove has a breast."

"The dove has a tail."

"The dove has a head."

"The dove has a neck."

"It has a mouth."

Like lightning comes the question, "What about its mouth—is it like yours?"

Johnnie, venturing, "It is a hard mouth."

"Yes, you may come and show me its mouth."

Johnnie goes and takes hold of the beak.

"Is that its mouth?"

"I can open it and make its mouth."

"What is that you had hold of?"

A little girl raises her hand and says, "It's the bill." The teacher looks at the bird, and remarks slowly, "It isn't quite like the duck's bill."

Johnnie answers briskly, "No, the duck's bill is flat."

"And how is this, Mikie?"

Johnnie retires and Mikie remarks critically, "It's kinder round and kinder pointed."

"Then we will call this a beak," announces the teacher. After a pause (to let the idea sink), she continues: "I am

going to call upon somebody to tell me the parts of the dove to which I point."

There is great fluttering of hands at this, which the teacher silently rebukes by calling upon the one child whose upraised hand is quiet. "Carrie!" The child rises, stands by her seat, and watching intently the teacher's finger, calls out as it moves over the dove, "Beak, head, neck, back, tail, breast, legs, feet."

"That will do." The child sits. "There is something more that nobody has told me about"—dead silence, during which every eye is travelling over the dove, trying to think what it can be.

"This is what?" queries the teacher.

"The beak!" in a chorus.

"And what did you say this was?"

"The head!"

"You may put your hands on your head." It is done. Some of the babies, who have all this time been listening with very open countenances, put their hands on their heads too. The teacher goes on, "You may put your hands on the top of your head. We will call that the crown. Who wants to find the crown of the dove's head?" Obviously all do, for the air is full of hands. "Jimmie," picking again for a steady member.

Jimmie places his hand softly on the dove's head.

"Tell me what you have found."

"I've found the crown of the dove's head."

"You may all put your hand on the back of your head. Nellie may find the back of the dove's head." When the little girl has done this, the teacher says deliberately, "Between your mouth and the crown of your head, just below the crown, what is there?"

"The forehead!" again in a chorus.

"Find the dove's forehead, Maggie."

The girl is a little doubtful, and placing her forefinger

near the beak, she moves it slowly upward, with half an eye on the class to see when they think it is right. As for them, every eye is attentive, every child alert.

"Now all put your hand on your throat." It is done with alacrity. "Find for me the dove's throat, Willie."

After this the teacher resumes, "That will do for to-day; but to-morrow I will let some one of you take the dove, and beginning at the point of the beak, you may put your finger the same as I did, and tell the parts as you touch them." The teacher makes this announcement a little slowly, and quite deliberately puts the bird away, knowing very well that every child in the older class is mentally enumerating the parts of the dove just at that moment.

"Now" (briskly), "let us get ready to go home; and before we go I want you to think hard of something you saw when you were coming to school this afternoon."

This gives them a fresh start, and pretty much everybody (among the older pupils) is ready with a speech. Here are some of them:

"I saw a man in a wagon."

"I saw a red horse."

"I saw a green post."

"I saw a man selling oranges."

"I saw a cow over in Mr. C——'s field."

"I saw some boys and girls."

"I saw a lantern."

"Where was it?" is the teacher's sudden question.

"It was hanging on the fence where the men were fixing the road." (A long, well-constructed sentence.)

"I think it was," comments the teacher. "Who else saw something?"

"I saw a man painting a house."

"I saw a woman with a baby carriage."

"Anything in it?" queries the teacher.

"Yes, two babies."

This was more than she expected, and with an amused expression on her face she asks, "What more did you see?"

"I saw a big dog."

"I saw a robin on a tree."

"I saw a woman with a baby."

"I saw little Nellie J——."

"I saw a bonfire."

"I saw a train of cars."

"So did I!" agrees the teacher.

"I want you to look when you are coming to school tomorrow morning, all the little people too" (winningly), "and see if you can find something to tell me about, that" (impressively) "can—walk. The first row may—Face! Stand! Pass! The second!" and thus through all the rows in the same order. As before they get ready to go, and for a moment while they sit quite content, waiting for the signal, the teacher stands and looks at them once more, as if questioning in her own mind, "Are they happier and better for these few hours?" Then she calls the first row, "Face! Rise! Pass!" and line after line the eighty tiny men and women file out. When the last little figure disappears through the doorway the first day at school is ended.

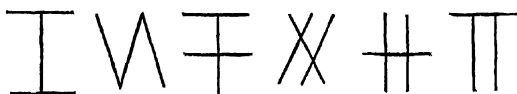
Notes and Comments.

For the benefit of inexperienced teachers, the program for the afternoon of the first day (none being needed for the morning) is given, followed by the scheme of work for the whole of the second day. These are not intended as models but rather as types.

It will be observed that the general exercises come first, last, and in the middle. First, in order to lead the child gently and easily from play to work. They come in the middle to rest the little people, who have not yet gained the power of continuous work. They are brought in at the end, because the babies (the pupils of our primary schools

are really little more) are too tired to work except under the stimulus of something very attractive.

The pupils of last year are seated as they are grouped, and their stick-laying is graded accordingly. The following are a few of the forms made by the children:



(and their opposites in every variety of position).

It will be also observed that the teacher devotes herself mainly to the beginners, leaving the older pupils to the trainer. This she continues for a few days, till the little ones get somewhat acquainted with their new surroundings, and then gradually introduces the trainer to them, giving less and less of her own time, until finally she divides her attention equally between the two classes.

If the steps taken in the teaching during this first day seem short, it must be borne in mind that they are to be taken by little feet, and that it is better to make the advancement slow and *sure*, than to have to go back over ground once trodden—a most demoralizing thing for both teacher and pupil.

FIRST DAY—AFTERNOON.

TIME.	LAST YEAR'S PUPILS.			NEW PUPILS.		
	First Row.	Second Row.	Third Row.	Fourth Row.	Fifth Row.	Sixth Row.
2:00-2:05.....			General Exercise—Singing.			
2:05-2:20. . . .	Writing.	Writing.	Writing.	Drawing.	Drawing.	Drawing.
2:20-2:35. . . .	Reading Lesson.	B. W. Sticks by 3s.	B. W. Sticks by 2s.	Picture Lesson.	B. W. Splints.	B. W. Splints.
2:35-2:50... .	*B. W. Sticks by 4s.	Reading Lesson.	B. W. Sticks by 2s.	B. W. Splints.	Picture Lesson.	B. W. Splints.
2:50-3:05. . . .			General Exercise—Singing of Motion Songs.			
3:05-3:15. . . .	B. W. Sticks by 4s.	B. W. Sticks by 3s.	Reading Lesson.	B. W. Splints.	B. W. Splints.	Picture Lesson.
3:15-3:30. . . .			Examining Busy-Work—Collecting Sticks and Splints.			
3:30-3:35. . . .			General Exercise—Number Lesson.			
3:35-3:45.....			General Exercise—Language Lesson.			
3:45-3:50. . . .			General Exercise—Thinking Game.			
3:50-4:00. . . .			Dismissal.			

* Busy Work.

SECOND DAY—MORNING.

TIME.	LAST YEAR'S PUPILS.			NEW PUPILS.		
	First Row.	Second Row.	Third Row.	Fourth Row.	Fifth Row.	Sixth Row.
9:00-9:10. . .			Prayer and Singing			
9:10-9:25.	Writing Sentence.	Writing Sentence.	Writing Sentence.	Writing 1 s.	Writing 1 s.	Writing 1 s.
9:25-9:35.	Number Lesson.	B. W. Ill. Draw.	B. W. Ill. Draw.	Conversation Les.	B. W. Drawing.	B. W. Drawing.
9:35-9:45.	B. W. Ill. Draw.	Number Lesson.	B. W. Ill. Draw.	B. W. Drawing	Conversation Les.	B. W. Pega.
9:45-9:55.	B. W. Ill. Draw.	B. W. Ill. Draw	Number Lesson.	B. W. Pega.	B. W. Pega.	Conversation Les.
9:55-10:00.			Teacher Examines Slates—Singing by the Pupils.			
10:00-10:10.	Reading Lesson.	B. W. Pictures	B. W. Pictures	Elementary Lesson in Color.		
10:10-10:20.	B. W. Pictures.	Reading Lesson.	B. W. Pictures.	B. W. Pictures.	B. W. Pictures.	B. W. Pictures.
10 20-10:30.			Singing and Marching.			
10:30-10:45.			Recess.			
10:45-10:50.			Singing and Cleaning Slates.			
10:50-11:00.	Str'g. Beads by 4s.	Str'g. Beads by 3s	Reading Lesson.	Conversation Les.	B. W. Pega.	B. W. Pega.
11:00-11:10.	Language Lesson.	Str'g. Beads by 8s	Str'g. Beads by 2s.	B. W. Pega.	Conversation Les.	B. W. Pega.
11:10-11:20.	Str'g. Beads by 4s.	Language Lesson.	Str'g. Beads by 2s.	B. W. Pega.	B. W. Pega.	Conversation Les.
11:20-11:25.			Teacher Examines Busy-Work—Singing by the Pupils			
11:25-11:40.			All Draw Straight Lines.			
11:40-11:50			Language Lesson.			
11 50-12:00.			Dismissal.			

SECOND DAY—AFTERNOON.

Time.

- 1:50-2:00.—Teacher Marks the Roll. Cleaning of Slates by the Children.
- 2:00-2:10.—General Exercise. Singing, "Clock," "Pony," "Sing a Song of Sixpence."
- 2:10-2:13.—Drill in Phonics. Chart.
- 2:13-2:20.—General Exercise. Conversation Lesson. Day of the Week, etc.
- 2:20-2:30.—A Language Lesson from a Picture.
- 2:30-2:40.—First Row. Writing. Copying Words from Blackboard.
 Second Row. Writing. Tracing on Blackboard.
 Third Row. A Language Lesson by the Trainer.
 Fourth Row. A Picture Lesson by the Teacher.
 Fifth Row. Shoe-pegs. Busy-Work.
 Sixth Row. Shoe-pegs. Busy-Work.
- 2:40-2:50.—General Exercise in Language. Recalling.
- 2:50-2:55.—Running Recess.
- 2:55-3:05.—General Exercise. A Story by the Teacher.
- 3:05-3:15.—First Row. Number Lesson by the Trainer.
 Second Row. Splints. Busy-Work.
 Third Row. Sliced Pictures (home-made). Busy-Work.
 Fourth Row. Shoe-pegs. Busy-Work.
 Fifth Row. A Picture Lesson by the Teacher.
 Sixth Row. Shoe-pegs. Busy-Work.
- 3:15-3:25.—Singing, "Little Miss Muffit," "Little Boy Blue."
- 3:25-3:35.—First Row. Make a Picture of "Miss Muffit."
 Busy-Work.
 Second Row. Number Lesson by the Trainer.
 Third Row. Make a Picture of "Little Boy Blue." Busy-Work.
 Fourth Row. Shoe-pegs. Busy-Work.

Time	Fifth Row. Shoe-pegs. Busy-Work.
	Sixth Row. A Picture Lesson by the Teacher.
3:35-3:40.	—Examining Busy-Work. Collecting Materials.
3:40-3:50.	—General Exercise. Bird Game.
3:50-4:00.	—Dismissal.

SECTION SECOND.

CHAPTER

- I. Body Lesson.
- II. Test Lesson in Number.
- III. An Impromptu Lesson on the Horse.
- IV. Lessons on Color.
- V. Lessons in Direction.
- VI. First Lesson in Dimension.
- VII. Plant Lesson.
- VIII. Lesson on Hills.
- IX. Lesson on Granite.
- X. First Lessons in Form.
- XI. Lesson on Snow.

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In this Section, are presented specimens of the different kinds of lessons given preparatory to Reading, in the lowest grade of the Quincy Schools. They are intended to train the senses, arouse thought, and develop expression. These, it must be remembered, are not consecutive lessons; they were taken down at different times, in different schools, during the first six weeks of the term.

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CHAPTER I.

A BODY LESSON.

GENERAL EXERCISE.

PURPOSE OF THE LESSON.—*General*: To combine Physical Exercise and Physiology. *Particular*: To teach the *joints* objectively.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE TEACHER.—Making the analysis and inventing the device.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE PUPILS.—All the bodily exercise they had previously had, and all that they knew concerning the power and use of hinges.

PLAN OF THE LESSON.—Begin with some general movements. Lead the pupils to think of the uses of the different parts of the body, by asking what eyes, ears, etc., are for. Have the children show me some joint, and ask what they can do with it. Tell them to move it. Ask them to find other joints. Call their attention to the hinges of the door. Compare the arms to the door and the body to the door-post, and so get the idea of the hinges of the body. Call upon them to name several, and tell the word *joint*. Close, by having the pupils move different joints when called for.

THE LESSON.

[Two lines of children have just come back from recitation with the teacher and trainer. The Busy-Work has been examined, the materials collected, and now all sit looking

expectantly at the teacher, who stands in front, holding her bell.]

Teacher. To-day we have learned what the bell says. Now open your ears; the bell is going to speak to you. What will it say? Eddy. [This is addressed to a restless little fellow, of whom nothing is visible but a pair of short legs, encased in dirty, ragged trousers, and two muddy bare feet, the rest of the child being under the seat. This personal remark brings him right side up suddenly, and he falters out with a very red face—]

Eddy. To—to—fold the hands.

Teacher [calmly assents]. Yes. You may fold yours and show us how. [Eddy, glad to get out of his embarrassing positions (both of them) so easily, assumes the proper attitude and his most virtuous expression, and is good, for the rest of the lesson. The teacher waits impressively for this to be done, and the disciplinary hint to be taken by two or three other lively youngsters, and then resumes:] You may all hold up your hands. [A great show of small and unwashed members.] Raise them high in the air; make the arms straight; stretch them, and see how near to the ceiling you can come. [Mighty efforts on the part of the children.] Spread your fingers wide apart; try to make them long—as long as mine. [Apparently this is done by means of the facial muscles, to judge by the contortions of countenance visible.] Put your hands on your—[putting her hands upon her shoulders; the hands go up]; on your—[putting her hands upon her hips; the hands go down]; on your—[putting her hands upon the top of her head; the hands are all on the tops of the heads]. Does any one know what we call the top?

The crown [declares a bright little girl].

[Here the teacher stops working herself, and dictates to the children.]

Teacher. Put your hands on the back of your head. On your ears. How many?

Children [in chorus]. Two.

Teacher. What are they for?

Children [in a general response]. To hear with.

Teacher. Touch your eyes. How many?

Children. Two.

Teacher. What are they for?

Children. To see with.

Teacher. Pinch your cheeks. How many?

Children. Two.

Teacher. How many lips?

Children. Two.

Teacher. What are they for?

Children. To eat with. To talk with.

Teacher. What shall we do with our lips when they talk too much?

Children. Hold them together.

Teacher. Do it now. [This is hard work, for the laugh wants to come out; so in a moment the teacher continues.] Show me your wrists. What can you do with them?

A Voice. I can move them.

Teacher. All move them. All put your hands on the place that moves. All put your hands on some other part of the body that can move. [This is great fun. Each child tries to find a different spot, and several put their hands upon their lips.] John, where are your hands?

John. On my shoulders.

Teacher. Maggie, where are yours?

Maggie. On my elbows.

Teacher. Mary, yours are where?

Mary. On my knees.

Teacher [swinging the door back and forth]. See me move this. It is a very heavy door, yet I can make it go away back here easily. If I had to lift it back I should need all of you to help me; but this door-post [touching it] helps me now. We will all move our arms just as I move the

door back and forth. [Great giggling at this, and many vigorous arms, with a few limp ones. Every one quiets as the teacher speaks.] Show me what you would call the door-post. [The children in energetic pantomime signify their bodies.] What holds the real door to the door-post?

Children [promptly]. Hinges.

Teacher. Carrie may put her fingers on one of the hinges. What do you suppose holds your arm to your body?

Children [in chorus, drawing the inference after an instant's hesitation]. A hinge!

Teacher. Put your hand on the hinge. [The children put their hands on their shoulders.] See if you can find another hinge to show me. [The children have considerable amusement at the new name, and begin to find hinges all over themselves.] Mary may tell me where she has found a hinge.

Mary. In my elbow.

Teacher. Tommy, where is yours?

Tommy. In my neck.

Teacher. Ella, what have you?

Ella. My finger-hinge.

Teacher. And yours, Susie?

Susie. My knee-hinge.

Teacher. Yes. Let us call them joints. You may all move the elbow-joints, both of them. [Much flopping of forearms.] You may move the neck-joint. [The heads all wag vigorously.] You may move the shoulder-joints. [They make hard work of this, some moving the shoulders up and down, some swinging the arms to and fro.] You may move the knee-joints. [This is still more difficult, and some have hardly discovered how to do it, when the teacher says:] You may move the finger-joints, all of them. [The air is full of wriggling little hands.] You may move the thumb-joints. [Here the tongues seem to be of great ser-

vice, moving sympathetically from side to side, as the thumbs are bent.] You may all shut your eyes and take a nap. I'll strike my bell when you are to wake up. [In a second the laughing faces are down on the desks, and the room is still enough to hear the clock tick. It ticks once, twice, the teacher strikes her bell, the heads come up, and the regular work begins again.]

Notes and Comments.

The device employed is happy and the disciplinary hint excellent.

CHAPTER II.

A TEST LESSON IN NUMBER.

PURPOSE OF THE LESSON.—This is one of the first lessons given, and is not intended to teach Number, but to find out what the children already know, of this limitation. It is preparatory to the regular Number Work. It is also a great aid in the first grouping of the new class, for it reveals each child's mental grasp, and quickness of apprehension, in one direction at least.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE TEACHER.—However simple this lesson may appear, it has a definite plan, which has been clearly thought out beforehand by the teacher, whose analysis is given here. The objects used have also been thoughtfully chosen, care being taken in their selection not to present too attractive, or unfamiliar things, lest the attention of the pupils be drawn from the idea of Number to the contemplation of the objects themselves.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE PUPILS.—Of course no preparation as such has been made by the little children five and six years of age, to whom this lesson is given, and yet in one sense, every limitation of things as to how many, which they have ever made has helped them in this. But henceforth they will continue these limitations consciously, instead of unconsciously, as most of them have previously done.

PLAN OF THE LESSON.—1st. Show a number of things, and let the pupils find the same number.

Test. To see if they know the number.

2d. Call for a number of things by name.

Test. To see if they know the name of the number.

3d. Show a number of things, and ask them to tell me how many.

Test. To see if they know both the number and the name of the number.

4th. Take the children out of sight of the objects and then ask them to bring me a number of things.

Test. To see if they can recall both the number and the name of the number.

5th. Incidentally to test at every step their power to separate and combine numbers.

THE LESSON.

[The teacher seats herself at the end of the number table, which is in the back part of the room, and the children stand around it. On the table are a pile of blocks, a bundle of splints, some horse-chestnuts, some shells, a few spools, a package of toothpicks, a handful of pebbles, a box of beans, a pile of maple leaves, and a bunch of buttercups.]

Teacher [Holding up two maple leaves]. You may find me so many leaves. [Children each take two leaves.]

Teacher. Maggie may tell me what she has.

Maggie. Two.

Teacher. Two what?

Maggie. Two leaves.

Teacher. Tell it to me in a nice little story. [Maggie only stands and stares.]

Teacher. What have you?

Maggie. Two leaves [again].

Teacher. Then tell me that you have two leaves.

Maggie. I have two leaves.

Teacher. I want all the little children to tell me the whole story when I ask you what you have. Somebody else may tell me a story. Johnnie.

Johnnie. I have two leaves.

Teacher. You may all lay your leaves down on the table.
[Teacher takes up two horse-chestnuts.] You may all do as I do. What has Jennie?

Jennie. Two horse-chestnuts.

Teacher. Who can tell me the whole story? Carrie, can you?

Carrie. I have two horse-chestnuts.

Teacher. Now put them back on the table. Harry, you may hand me two blocks, and Mary may give me one block.
[They do as she tells them.] Can anybody tell me what I have? Susie.

Susie. Three.

Teacher. Three what? I want the whole story.

Susie. Three blocks.

Teacher. Who has three blocks?

Susie. You have.

Teacher. Now who will tell me the whole story? Mary.

Mary. You have three blocks.

Teacher. You may all take two beans. [Teacher waits till they have done so and then says:] You may take enough more to make three. [Two or three reach at once for one more bean, and the rest, all but three, imitate them. These three stand holding their two beans, not knowing what else to do. Teacher says to the three who don't know:] How many beans have you?

Jimmie [answering]. Two.

Teacher. I want you to have three.

[Jimmie reaches out and gets one: the other two have been watching, and now they do the same.*]

Teacher. Somebody may tell me the story about what you have in your hand.

*Evidently three children, Jimmie, Timmie, and Maggie, out of this group of six, do not know three

Theresa. I have three beans.

Teacher. You may put the beans down, and take two pebbles: take enough more to make three. [The three before mentioned are the last to get their pebbles, and only do it by watching the rest and imitating.]

Teacher. Timmie [one of the three] may tell me what he has [taking hold of his hand].

Timmie. I have three little stones.

Teacher. [Nodding toward his hand]. Where?

Timmie. In my hand.

Teacher. [Holding up three buttercups.] Carrie may tell me what I have.

Carrie. You have three flowers.

Teacher. What kind of flowers?

Carrie. Yellow flowers.

Teacher. What kind of flowers does Jennie call them?

Jennie. Pretty flowers.

Teacher. What does Johnnie call them?

Johnnie. Buttercups.

[Teacher lays down the buttercups and picks up two spools.]

Teacher. Theresa, tell me what I have.

Theresa. Two spools.

Teacher. Now how many? [Taking up one more.]

Theresa. Three spools.

Teacher. Maggie, tell me what I have?

Maggie. You have three spools.

Teacher. Jennie, what have I?

Jennie. One block.

Teacher [takes up two more]. Now tell me.

Jennie. Three blocks.

Teacher. Timmie, tell me what I have.

Timmie. Two buttercups.

Teacher. Jimmie.

Jimmie. One shell.

Teacher. Susie.

Susie. Three spools.

Teacher. Mary.

Mary. Two sticks. [Splints.]

Teacher. Harry.

Harry. Three horse-chestnuts.

Teacher. We will go away from the table. [Teacher moves her chair about six feet from the table, and motions the children to gather around her.] I am going to have you bring me something from the table that I want. Mary may bring me three spools. [She does so.] Maggie may bring me three blocks. [She goes to the table, stands, and fingers the blocks, but apparently doesn't know what to do.] If you can't bring me three, you may bring me two. [Maggie brightens at this, picks up one in each hand, and drops them, with a sigh of relief, in the teacher's lap.] Harry may bring me three horse-chestnuts. Carrie, bring me three shells. Jimmie, can you get me three beans? [Jimmie runs to the table and comes back with two.]

Teacher. Susie, is he right?

Susie. No; you told him to get three.

Teacher. How many did you bring me, Jimmie?

Jimmie. Two.

Teacher. Can you get me three? [He drops the two, and goes and gets one more.]

Teacher. How many have you brought me this time?

Jimmie. One.

Teacher. But I wanted three. [He picks up the two he brought first, and puts them with the one in the teacher's hand.]

Teacher. Jennie may get me three buttercups.*

* It is noticeable that some of the children seem to know at once what they are going to get, and gather the things up all together, showing that they recognize the number as a whole; while others pick them up one by one, obviously counting as they do so.

Johnnie, bring me three sticks. Theresa, get me three leaves. Jimmie, bring me three spools. That will do. We will carry these things back to the table, and then you may go to your seats and make me two of each of these things we have been talking about, on your slates. [Some catch up the blocks, pebbles, etc., and put them on the table, but others do nothing. One bean is left on the teacher's lap, and the teacher points toward it and motions to Maggie, who takes the hint and the bean and puts the latter on the table.]

Notes and Comments.

This entire lesson, including the passing out and back to the seats, has taken just seven minutes. The teacher's speech has been brisk, her manner alert, and the children, as a matter of course, have moved and spoken in like fashion, except when they did not know what to do, and then the teacher waited patiently for them. The celerity of action of the lesson is its best point, for next to accuracy, rapidity of calculation is the thing aimed at in all Number Work.

Again, the opportunity this study (Arithmetic) gives for training in expression has not been lost, the teacher having here begun the teaching of correct and concise language. Having the children draw two of the blocks, splints, etc., is a happy device to make a change in the work, and yet keep the idea of number still in their consciousness, thus deepening the impression of this limitation, already made.

CHAPTER III.

AN IMPROMPTU LESSON ON THE HORSE.

GENERAL EXERCISE

PURPOSE OF THE LESSON.—*Primarily*, to please the pupils. *Secondarily*, to prepare for the study of Zoology. *Inci-*
dentally, to teach language and cheerfulness.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE TEACHER.—Nearly twenty years of experience in teaching primary school.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE PUPILS—All the observation they had made of the horse, and whatever training in the construction of declarative sentences they had previously had.

PLAN OF THE LESSON.—Lead the children to think as fast and as fully concerning the animal under consideration as possible, and to express themselves in the best manner they know how.

MEM.—To wind up in some nice way, so as to leave them ready to work

THE LESSON.

[To encourage promptness of attendance the teacher occasionally provides something that the children especially enjoy, to come in the five minutes between the ringing of the last bell and the sounding of the gong for school to begin. It is a dismal, rainy day, the room is dark, the atmosphere damp, and the little people who have braved the storm wear rather cloudy faces. The teacher, having finished marking the roll, lays down her pen as the bell rings, and stepping forward, with her sunniest smile and cheeriest manner, says—]

Teacher. What shall we talk about to-day?

Irrepressible Youngster [eagerly]. A hoss.

Teacher. Jack doesn't mean hoss, he means—[with a significant pause.] Jennie.

Jennie. Horse [with the *r* very distinct].

Teacher. Very well. You may tell me something that the horse has. [Upraised hands are abundant.] Annie.

Annie. Ears.

Teacher. That isn't telling much. I want an answer about the horse.

Annie. The horse has ears.

Teacher. How many?

Annie [disconcerted by her thoughtless answer, blushes, and falters out—]. Two.

Teacher [gravely]. Will you tell me *now* what the horse has?

Annie. A horse has two ears.

Teacher. Johnnie.

Johnnie [who has taken his cue from Annie's blunder and its correction]. A horse has two eyes.

Teacher. Carrie.

Carrie. A horse has a mouth.

Teacher. Charley.

Charley. A horse has four feet.

Walter. A horse has four legs.

Susie. A horse has a body.

Ellen. A horse has a head.

Patrick. A horse has a tail.

Mary. A horse has a face.

Walter. A horse has a neck.

Michael. A horse has a mane. [Only a few hands are still up, their "points" being mostly taken.]

Eddie. The horse has a back.

Willie. The horse has teeth.

Nellie. The horse has hair all over him.

Hattie. The horse has a tongue.

Harry. The horse has hoofs.

[All the hands are down. The teacher gives them a start by saying, provokingly—]

Teacher. I can think of one thing you haven't mentioned. It is something that you have. [They fall to studying for a moment, and then two or three hands go up, and the teacher calls—] *Maggie.*

Maggie. A horse has a nose.

Katy [slightly crestfallen]. I was going to say that; she told my story.

Teacher [cheerfully]. Well, you must think of another.

Warren. A horse has cheeks.

Rose. A horse has lips.

[*Katy*, who has followed the teacher's advice, now flings up her hand joyfully and announces—]

Katy. A horse has a forehead.

Herbert. A horse has knees

Teacher [stepping to the blackboard]. That will do. Tell me what part of a horse I am drawing now. [The children call out as she draws—]

Children. Forehead, nose, mouth.

Teacher. Something else besides the mouth.

Children. Lips, ears, eye, neck, back. [The gong strikes for school to begin, and the teacher stops as if *she* were struck.]

Children [with a cry of dismay]. Oh—Oh—but you haven't finished it.

Patrick [anxiously]. You haven't made any tail.

A child. [Disconsolately.] He hasn't got any legs!

Little girl. You ought to put a mane on him.

Teacher. I know it. I can't stop to do it now, but when it's time to draw pictures you may draw a horse for me, and put on his mane, his tail, his legs, and every other part you have named.

Notes and Comments.

Children are not as stupid about taking hints as their teachers often are, and many of the strongest impressions a child receives are made indirectly—a fact which this lesson illustrates.

CHAPTER IV.

LESSONS ON COLOR.

PREPARATORY WORK —While the lesson that follows is called the first lesson, and really is the first in color *per se*, the children have had, incidentally, many preparatory suggestive hints, such as a two-minute general exercise, to make them observing on this point, and lead them to associate the name with the color.

Teacher. I see somebody that makes me think of a blue-bird. Who is it? [Everybody begins to look at everybody else; a sharp-eyed little woman calls out—]

Girl. I know · ith Eddie, cauth hith frock ith blue.

Teacher. There is a little pink growing in this room, and the one that can find it first, may bring it to me. [In a second a boy has caught a tiny miss in a pink dress by the hand, and is trotting her down the aisle on the double-quick, toward the smiling teacher, greatly to the amusement of the other children.]

At another time a diversion is effected by means of a guessing game of colors, running thus:

Teacher. I am thinking of some color—guess what? [The answers come thick and fast—]

Children. White! Green! Blue! Yellow!

This gives them the names of colors, for they learn very rapidly from each other. Again Busy-Work is given them which trains the eye, such as sorting slips of colored paper

or bits of worsted; and now and then a little preliminary lesson leading up to the regular lesson, like this:

Teacher [suddenly holding up a red crayon before the pupils, who are all in their seats]. Who will find me something of that color?

[The hands are raised, and a little boy, being named, says—]

Boy. That star [on the blackboard] is the same color.

Teacher. Who will tell me a story about the star?
[Hands.] *Mary.*

Mary. The star is red.

Teacher. Everybody who can see anything that is this color [holding up a yellow crayon] may point toward it. [Instantly seventy-five pairs of eyes are travelling around in search of something yellow, and in half a minute the room bristles with pointing hands.] Eddie may tell us a story about what he has found.

Eddie. That ball is yellow.

Teacher. That's nice! All of you may find something in the room of this color [holding up a blue crayon]. What is it?

Children [in a chorus]. Blue!

[Everybody hunts again; presently the hands are all up.]

Teacher. Now you may all put your right hand on what you have found; quick!

[Such a scampering, and such laughing. A dozen or so fly at a small boy whose necktie is blue, and try to get near enough to lay their hands on it. Half the class make a rush for the two unoccupied chairs in the room to climb up and reach some blue sky in a picture over the teacher's table; while a little girl with a blue dress on, is surrounded by a struggling, giggling crowd, three or four deep, all trying to touch some part of her dress. In the midst of the hubbub, the teacher, who has enjoyed her practical joke as much as the pupils, strikes her bell and the children slip into their

seats with a celerity which proves that perfect discipline and a jolly good time are not in the least incompatible.]

Teacher [whose eyes still shine with amusement, here announces:] To-morrow morning I'd like to have you bring me something red: red paper, beads, glass, cloth, wool, or anything you can find—every one. Now you may go home to hunt for it. First row: Face! Rise! Pass! [So the school is dismissed.]

THE FIRST LESSON

PURPOSE OF THE LESSON.—*First.* To train the eye.

Second. To find if the children know the color names.

Third. To discover whether they associate the color with the name.

Fourth. To see if they can separate the idea of color from the object.

Fifth. To train the children to distinguish different colors quickly.

Sixth. To exercise the pupils in recalling color.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE TEACHER.—Thinking out the plan of the lesson, making the color-chart and cards; also selecting the colored objects and the picture.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE PUPILS.—All that the children have hitherto learned by themselves, or been taught of color, has been fitting them for this lesson.

PLAN OF THE LESSON.—*First.* Have the children choose their colors and match them.

Second. Ask them to name their colors.

Third. Call upon them to select special colors named, and to match them.

Fourth. Let them select other objects of a specified color.

Fifth. Show them a picture and tell them to find a specified color in it.

Sixth. Tell them to shut their eyes and see colored things at home.

MEM.—Be sure that all three of the colors are used.

THE LESSON.

[The teacher places herself at the end of a table and the children gather around. Upon the table is a variety of objects of different colors—some round beads, a few crayons, some blue and yellow envelopes, squares of glazed paper, pieces of cloth, bright bits of silk, five or six balls of worsted, a bunch of feathers, and a box of red, yellow, and blue cards. Hanging on the wall just back of the table is a home-made color chart, consisting of a piece of cardboard about three feet long by two feet wide, upon which are pasted square pieces of paper of these same colors, of different shades, four or five of each. The cards are of the foundation colors; that is, the typical red, yellow, and blue.*

Teacher [takes the cards from the box and places them on the table]. You may choose a card of any color you like. [The children each pick up a card.] Mary may match her card on the chart. [At this all the children go to the chart and place their cards on the squares of the same color as the card they hold, sliding them up and down to find a match.] First tell me about Mary's card. [Children stop matching their own and look at Mary's.]

Children. Mary's is right.

Teacher. Now all tell me about Johnnie's.

Children. His is right.

Teacher. Look at Annie's.

Maggie. Annie ain't right.

Teacher. You think Annie isn't right?† Look closer, Annie, and see if you have found one just like yours. [The

* Care should be taken in the selection of all materials for color lessons to get as perfect foundation colors as possible, no faded or poor shades are allowable, as they lead the child astray.

† Observe the quiet correction of faulty language.

difference was only a tint, and the child now matches perfectly.]

Children. Now Annie is right.

Teacher. What about Nellie's ?

Children. Nellie is right.

Teacher. Now that you have all matched your cards, tell me what color your cards were. [Teacher motions toward Mary.]

Mary. I had dark blue.

Nellie. Mine was light blue.

Johnnie. I had light blue too.

Maggie. I chose dark blue.

Annie. Mine was light blue. Why, we all took a blue card; some had light and some had dark.

Teacher. Yes. Now you may all take a red card and try to find one like it. [All go to the chart and look for a match. When they have found this, they stand holding their cards against the square selected.] What will you say about Nellie's ?

Children. It is right.

Teacher. And Maggie's ?

Children. Maggie is not right.

Johnnie. Maggie is right.

Teacher. Yes; it is the way the light falls that makes it look different to you. How about this ? [pointing to Mary's.]

Children. Mary is right.

Teacher. Look at Johnnie's.

Children. Johnnie's matches. Maggie's and Annie's are right.

Teacher. Now all take yellow cards and match them quickly, and tell me whether they are right.

Children. Johnnie's is right. Nellie's is right. [Maggie places a yellow card on one square then slides it up one space.]

Annie [who is watching]. I like that.

Children. Mary is right. Yes and Maggie. Tommy isn't right.

Teacher. Not quite. Mary, see if you can tell him where to place it.

Mary. I don't think Nellie's is right.

Maggie. I think it is.

Mary. Yes, I think so *now* [moving a little so that the light struck it differently].

Teacher. What color did you have this time ?

Children. We all had yellow cards.

Teacher. Yes. You may see what you can find on the table that is yellow, to bring to me. What have you, Nellie ?

Nellie. I have a yellow bead. [The bead is a sphere.]

Teacher. Yes; but can you think of another name for it ?*

Teacher [as Nellie hesitates]. Now put your thinking-cap on. [Nellie is still silent.] Johnnie, what have you ?

Johnnie. A yellow piece of chalk.

Teacher. Yes, a piece of yellow chalk or crayon. Maggie, what have you ?

Maggie [holding up a bead]. I have a yellow sphere.

Nellie. Why, mine was a sphere too!

Teacher. Yes.

Mary. Mine is a yellow envelope.

Teacher. Annie, what have you ?

Annie. A piece of yellow paper.

Teacher. Please bring me that picture, Johnnie [pointing to a bright-colored chromo representing the interior of a room with two women and several boys and girls; the children are playing with toys].

Teacher. Now each one may find something in the picture that is blue. Nellie, what have you found ?

Nellie. I have found a blue waist on a lady.

Mary. I have found a blue skirt on a lady.

Johnnie. I have found a blue jug.

Maggie. I have found a blue wagon.

Teacher. Annie, what have you found ?

Annie. I can't find anything blue.

Teacher. I can see something that nobody has told about.

Several children [excitedly]. So do I! O-o-o! O-o-o.

Annie. I see it now; a jug on the mantel-piece; no, I guess it is a pitcher.

Teacher. What was the next color you matched ?

Children. Red.

Johnnie [who is still studying]. I see another blue thing.

Teacher. Well, let that go now and find the red things in the picture.

Maggie. I find a red dress on a lady.

Nellie. I have found a red dress on a little girl.

Johnnie. I've found a lady's handkerchief that is red.

Mary. I've found a band on a lady's skirt.

Teacher. I should call that a belt.

Annie. I see something that has a little bit of red in it.

Teacher. Who can find anything more that is red ?

Nellie. I see some red fire in the fire-place.

Johnnie. One part of the ball is red.

Annie. That is just what I saw.

Teacher [to Johnnie]. Well, you must find something else.

Maggie. Oh, I've found something.

Teacher. What is it ?

Maggie. A lady's apron.

Teacher. Now we will take the next color.

Class. Yellow!

Maggie. I've found a yellow-scarf on a lady's neck.

Nellie. I've found a yellow bonnet on the lady.

Johnnie. I've found a lady's hair that is yellow.

Teacher. Well, truly, that is yellow; a pretty little girl with yellow hair.

[N.B.—The teacher corrects the child as courteously as if he were six feet tall instead of half that height.]

Annie. A part of this ball is yellow.

Mary. The girl's waist is yellow.

Teacher. Yes, the body of her dress is yellow. Now shut your eyes, and think of something in your mamma's house that is yellow. [The children shut their eyes, but they won't stay, so they hold their eyelids down.]

Annie [slowly, as if looking at it]. My mamma has a yellow apron.

Mary. My mamma is making a mat that has yellow in it.

Nellie. My mamma has a carpet that is part yellow.

Teacher. Now think of something at home that is red.

Mary. My mamma has a red dress?

Nellie. My mamma has a red mat.

Annie. My mamma has a set of red furniture in her best room.

Johnnie. My mother has a red feather in her bonnet.

Maggie. There is red in our carpet.

Teacher. Now shut your eyes again, and see if you can see anything at home that is blue.

Mary. I can see some blue furniture.

Annie. All our best clothes are blue.

Maggie. I see my Sunday dress; it has blue stripes in it.

Nellie. I see my blue dress in the closet.

Johnnie. I can see my mamma's blue dress.

Nellie. I have some blue ribbon.

Teacher. All the folks in their seats are ready for recess, so I shall have to say good-by to you for to-day.

Notes and Comments.

The teacher, be it observed, leads the children to detect and correct the faulty matching of colors instead of doing it herself.

Another thing to be noted, viz., the teacher does not *tell* the children anything, but devotes herself entirely to teaching—a thing as rare as it is beautiful. The lesson closed just at the "very bestest part," as a small girl remarked—a bit of high art in the plan of the teacher; the children will be glad to have another.

CHAPTER V.

LESSONS IN DIRECTION.

THE FIRST LESSON

GENERAL EXERCISE.

PURPOSE OF THE LESSON—To teach the cardinal points of the compass, thoroughly. Incidentally to train the children in promptness, observation, and language.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE TEACHER.—Thinking out the plan of the lesson.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE PUPILS.—Whatever they may have learned, either by experience or observation, of these points; and all the education in alacrity, both of mind and body, which they have hitherto received.

PLAN OF THE LESSON.—Have the pupils show their right hands, their left hands, point to right, point to left, and point to the place where the sun rises. Ask them what it is called. Bid them point to west, north, and south. Let them tell what they can see on the east side of the room, on the west, north, and south; also have them take seats to the east, west, north, and south.

THE LESSON.

[The children are all in their places.]

Teacher [stands in front and says briskly]: Who is the first one to put his hands —[putting her hands on her head the children do likewise]. Show me your right hand. Your left hand. [They have been taught right and left hand before.] Point to the right. Arms straight. Show me the left hand again. Point to the left. Point to the right and

left at the same time, so that I can see if your arms are straight. [Teacher does it herself.] Now put your left hand in your lap. Which way are you pointing ?

Chorus. To the right.

Teacher. Susie, rise and tell me the whole story.

Susie [precisely, with hands at her side]. I am pointing to the right.

Teacher [smiling]. Well, I want to see you do it. [Susie blushes, points, and repeats.] Point to the place where we saw the sun this morning. [Children point.] Which way is it ?

A voice. Toward the sunrise.

Teacher. Which way is that ? Anybody.

Another voice. East.

Teacher. You may all face the east. [All turn and look to the windows behind them] You may all face me. [It is done.] Now look beyond me; tell me which way you are looking.

• *A child* [instantly]. I am looking straight.

Teacher. Straight what ?

Child [innocently]. Straight ahead.

Teacher. Which way is it ?

A voice. West.

Teacher. All point to the right again ! Which way is that ?

Chorus. North.

Teacher. All point to the south. Put your right hand on the south side of the desk. Can you put your left hand on the north side ? It isn't very easy, is it ?

A voice. It makes a cross.

Teacher. Yes. All point to the north side of the room. Who wants to tell me what he can see on the north side of the room ? [A forest of hands.]

Teacher. Maggie.

Maggie [rising, and standing by her seat]. I see a clock, some ribbon, a fence [a toy], a picture, and a ribbon—

Teacher. Yes, you told that before. Who will tell us more? *Willie.*

Willie. Flowers, picture, blackboard—

Teacher. That will do. Who will tell me what is on the east side? *Nellie.*

Nellie. I can see cards, pictures, two windows, blinds, and a horseshoe.

Teacher. I see a big thing.

Mikie [speaks out]. A door.

Teacher. Yes. You may go on, *Mikie.*

Mikie. Door knob, 'rasers.

Teacher. *Jimmie*, tell him what he means.

Jimmie. Erasers. [*Mikie* subsides at this, and sits down with an embarrassed grin.]

Teacher. Who will talk faster, and tell me what is on the south? [*Johnnie*, who has been waving his hand frantically in the air, is called upon. He rises and begins to mumble—]

Johnnie. There is a chart, some more cards, brackets—

Teacher. If you don't open your mouth wider, I can't hear what you say.

Johnnie [louder and more distinctly]. A table with plants on it, and—and—

Teacher. *Jennie.*

Jennie. And a motto.

Teacher. *Harry.*

Harry. There's a chair there too.

Teacher [pointing to the west]. Any one may tell me what side that is.

Chorus. West.

Teacher. I must wait now for *George* to be still. [*George*, who has been shuffling uneasily in his seat, quiets at this,

and the teacher goes on.] Who is ready for the west side ? Mary.

Mary. I see a picture of a dog, a blackbird [stuffed], a door with two fans over it, a stove-pipe. [Here the teacher turns and looks.]

Teacher. I can see something more. [A hand flutters eagerly, and the little girl is called upon.]

Little girl [rises, all smiles and dimples]. I can see the teacher's table, and Miss — [the trainer].

Teacher. Yes, I thought you could see something as large as that. [Laughter from the children.] Now you may all take—[a long pause, while the whole class, alert and expectant, wait to hear what follows]—a seat to the north. [There is a grand move at this, accompanied with considerable noise and some laughter as the class discover, standing in the first row to the right, a line of children, half amused and half embarrassed by this sudden tack.] All take your own seats [is the quick command, and they slip back again instantly]. You may all [they are quite in the spirit of the thing by this time, and sit ready to spring at the word] take the seat to the east. [It is the turn of the back row to be disconcerted, but before they have time to think, they hear—] All take your own seats All move one seat to the south. [Instantly the lefts are out, but being quite prepared, escape the laughter.] All take your own seats. All move—one seat to the west [comes in quick succession; but they have learned how, and the change is almost kaleidoscopic for rapidity]. Take your seats [and they are back, flushed and breathless, but quite ready for the next thing, which is]: Now open your eyes wide and watch to see what Jimmie does. Jimmie, you may do anything you like (that is nice), and some one in the class may tell me what you have done. [Here follows a general language lesson.]

Notes and Comments.

The skill indicated in the varied repetition of the points taught, and the happy combination of physical and mental exercise, are manifest even in this report, but the teacher's perfect command of the class, must be imagined, for it cannot be described.

THE SECOND LESSON

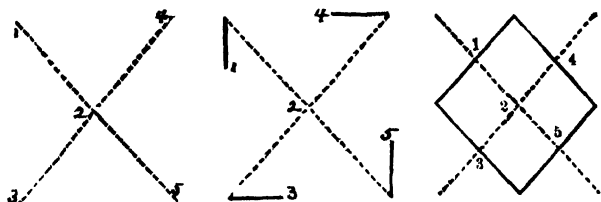
PURPOSE OF THE LESSON.—To teach the semi-cardinal points of the compass. Incidentally to train in grasp and clearness of thought, and celerity of movement.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE TEACHER.—Laying out the plan and arranging the moves to be made by the pupils.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE PUPILS.—All the knowledge gained and power generated by the previous lesson.

PLAN OF THE LESSON.—Have the children put their right hands on the north side of their desks, and the left hands on the west side; then fix their eyes half-way between, to find what? Northwest. Place the left hands on the south side of desks, and the right hands on the west side; half-way between find southwest. Keep the left hands there, and change the right hands to east, get southeast. In the same way get northeast. Have a child touch the northeast, southwest, southeast, and northwest corners of the room. Next have the first row go to the northwest corner of the room. Last row to the southeast corner. Third row to the southwest corner, and the fourth row to the northeast. The second row in their seats. Then first row move to the west, fourth row to the north, fifth row to the east, and third row to the south. Next, first row move to the north, third row to the west, fourth row to the east, and fifth row to the south. Have the second row correct mistakes and pass from corner to corner.

DIAGRAM.



THE LESSON.

[This lesson belongs properly in the next section, but is placed here as showing how the teaching of this subject would be continued. It is also a general exercise, and the teacher begins by saying—]

Teacher. Show me your right hand. Put it on the north side of your desk. Put it in the middle. On which side is your hand?

Children. The north.

Teacher. Let me see the left hand. Put the left hand in the middle of the west side. Look half-way between your two hands. Are you looking at the north?

Chorus. No'm.

Teacher. At the west?

Chorus. No'm.

Teacher. Where are you looking?

A voice. Half-way between both.

Teacher. Half-way between north and west we call north-west. Place your left hand in the middle of the south side and your right hand in the middle of the west side. Look half-way between. Between what two points are you looking?

Several voices. South and west.

Teacher. And we call that what?

Children. Southwest.

Teacher. Hold the left hand where it is; change the right

hand from the middle of the west to the middle of the east side, and look half-way between. Between what?

A child. South and east.

Teacher. Yes, and that is what?

Children. Southeast.

Teacher. Now put your hands half-way between north and east. Who will tell me what to call that point? Jimmie.

Jimmie. Northeast.

Teacher. Jimmie may go and touch the northeast corner of the room, and the rest may be teachers, and tell him if he is right. [Jimmie hesitates a moment and then marches boldly into a corner.]

Class [call out]. That's right. [He returns.]

Teacher. Ellen may go to the southwest corner.

[She goes and the class chorus again]: That's right.

Teacher. George, find the southeast corner for us. [George deliberately walks into the northwest corner.]

Several voices. He's wrong! No! That isn't it! That's wrong! [George retires to private life in some confusion. Carrie is called: she selects the right corner, and the class signify it.]

Teacher [suddenly]. First row go to the northwest corner. [This takes them quite by surprise, and only the quick ones start, but in a moment they have taken their cue, and the corner is full. Southeast corner, last row! [The second row were expecting this, and some had started, but with a laugh fall back as the row called, makes a rush for the southeast.] Northeast, fourth row! Southwest, third row! [This leaves the second row still sitting, alert but disappointed.] Now, children, I am going to call out changes, and if a row *starts* wrong, the second row may take their places. [Their faces brighten at this, and immediately every child becomes a member of the vigilance committee. Then the teacher calls out.] Move, first row to the west! [Their heads are full of the semi-cardinal points, and they start for the op-

posite corner. The second row with a triumphant cry of—]

Second Row. Wrong! [fly for the southwest corner as the first make their way confused and shame-faced to the west side of the room. Then came in quick succession the following commands:]

Teacher. Move to the north, fourth! Move to the east, the fifth! Move to the south, the third! Move to the southeast, second! [Only one corner is now occupied, and before they have time to become disorderly, the teacher gives another turn to the kaleidoscope, thus:] Move to the west, third row! Move to the north, first row! Second row move to the southwest! Move to the east, fourth row! Move to the south, fifth row! Second row move to the northeast! Now fall into line, face the same way that I do [placing herself at the side of the room, and turning toward the door, which she opens as she speaks]. Heels together; heads up; stand as tall as you can; hands at your sides; rest on your right feet, and start with your left. Forward march! Right, left, right, left [clapping her hands as she calls]. Pass out and get your hats, ready for dismissal. [Thus the little people are sent home, happy in the thought that school is delightful, and learning, only play.]

Notes and Comments.

It is advantageous to make lessons upon special subjects such as this, a general exercise, for three reasons. First, it takes less time. Second, it encourages reserved or timid children to speak out. Third, it gives a restful and delightful variety to the programme.

CHAPTER VI.

A FIRST LESSON IN DIMENSION.

PURPOSE OF THE LESSON.—*First.* To discover whether the pupils have any idea of dimension.

Second. To teach them what an inch is.

Third. To begin to familiarize them with linear measure.

Fourth. To teach them how to measure.

Incidentally. To train the hands and eyes.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE TEACHER—Cutting and painting the sticks, bringing the scissors, practising the measuring (so as to do it skilfully), and planning the lesson.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE PUPILS.—Had the children been trained in a kindergarten, they would have known the inch, linear and square, better (probably) than the teacher; but as they had not, they were quite unprepared for this lesson, unless it be taken into account that the stimulus was ready—the love that little ones have for measuring.

PLAN OF THE LESSON.—First, find out if the children know an inch, and if not, have them measure it. Next give three-inch sticks and have the children measure them, using inch sticks. Afterward give the class strips of paper to measure. When this has been done, measure the strips myself, having the children observe the process. Then have them measure over again. Next play store and have them measure yarn, to sell, of the same color as their sticks. Cut the yarn, and re-measure it myself, *slowly*, to show them how.

MEM.—Manage to have the pupils measure as many times as possible.

Incidentally. Teach color.

THE LESSON.

[The teacher has a box of colored sticks exactly one inch long. These are made of matches, or tooth-picks, and painted with water-colors—red, blue, yellow, green, orange, and purple.]

Teacher [passes the box around to the group at the table, and says quietly—] You may take one. [They help themselves.] Tell me what you have in your hand.

George. A stick.

Lucy. A short stick.

Frank. A green stick.

Tommy. A wooden stick. [Adding mischievously—] A stick of wood.

Teacher. How long is it? [Not seeming to notice Tommy's remark.]

Willie [holding it up]. So long [innocently].

Teacher. We will call it an inch; every one that has a stick as long as Willie's may call it an inch long. You may all measure your stick by Willie's, and then tell me how long it is. [Teacher hands Willie's stick to the bright-looking Lucy, who measures, and the rest watch her carefully, and then in turn do the same.]

Lucy. Mine is an inch long.

Frank. Mine is an inch long.

George. So is mine.

Emma. And mine.

Willie. Mine, too.

Teacher [who has been assisting Fannie].* Tell me that in a nice story.

Fannie. My stick is an inch long.

Teacher. We will put them back in the box again. [They

* If any do not seem to know how to hold the sticks so as to measure exactly, the teacher helps them without speaking.

do so.] Now you may each take out a stick of a different color, and perhaps it will be the one you like best. What have you, Katie?

Katie. I have a green stick.

Teacher. How long?

Katie. An inch long.

Teacher. Tommy.

Tommy. I have a purple stick.

Teacher. Tell me the length.

Tommy. An inch long.

Teacher [takes from another box a stick three inches long, and holds it up]. Tell me how long this is.

George. More than an inch, I think.

Children [laughing]. Oh! oh!

Teacher. We will each have one out of this box, and see if we can find out how long it is. Can anybody tell me how to do it? [Hesitation.]

Frank. You might put the inch stick alongside of it and tell that way.

Teacher. Let us try it. I'll measure, too. [Children all begin to measure.] How long, Frank?

Frank. Three inches and some more.

George. Two inches.

Emma [who has done nothing herself, but watched the rest]. Oh, more than that!

Teacher. How long, Lucy?

Lucy. Just three inches.

Johnnie. Mine is three and a little left over.

Teacher. You have all told but Emma.

Emma. Mine is three.

Teacher. How do you know? Did you measure? I am waiting. [Emma holds up the longer stick and tries to measure that way.] I should lay it down on the table. [Emma does so, and measures carelessly.]

Emma. Three inches.

George [who has been looking on]. You haven't gone to the end.

Teacher. Suppose Emma tries it again. [The whole class watch; she works carefully, and comes out an even three inches. The teacher now takes a sheet of paper and a pair of scissors, and begins to cut the paper into strips.]

Tommy [patronizingly]. That's writing-paper.

Teacher. Yes. How many would like to measure this piece of paper? I don't know how long it is. [All the hands go up. Teacher gives a pencil with a strip of paper to each child.] You may mark off the inches.

George [beginning to measure and count aloud.] One inch—

Teacher. You needn't count out loud, because it troubles the others; we just remember all the inches.

George. All the inches on my paper?

Teacher. Yes, yours only; you need not think about the others.

Lucy [who is very slow and precise, and has only marked two inches]. I make buttons [dots] on mine.

Teacher. Yes [smiling], you button your inches down, every one you get. [Children look and laugh.]

Emma [complacently]. I make lines.

Willie. Oh, I know! [He has only marked off the inches, and now begins to count.] I'll see how many times I put that down [announcing presently in a loud voice—] Four inches.

Katie. I know how much mine is—a little over four inches.

Lucy. Aren't mine pretty buttons?

Teacher. We will all keep still and look on, till the rest have measured, and then we will tell. [Waits till all have finished.] Now you may come and whisper to me what you have found. [Children do; saying either four inches, a little more, or a little less. Teacher makes no reply, but when the last child has whispered the answer

lays her own piece of paper down on the table and measures, saying—] All look at me and count.

Children [call out]. One, two, three, four.

George [slowly]. I thought it was five once.

Teacher. All do it with yours just as I did. [The children measure again, this time more deftly and carefully.]

Children. Four inches.

Teacher. Why, we all got it just alike! Now hand your pencils to me but keep the sticks, because I want you to measure something else. [Teacher takes some balls of yarn from the table drawer.] Who has a yellow stick? [Fannie holds up her stick.] You may measure me some worsted of the same color; help yourself. Who has red? [Ellen raises her hand.] Ellen, take your ball of worsted. Who has green? Frank, you may match your stick. The rest of you come and pick out your own color. Let us play that you have yarn to sell, and that I want to buy four inches. Measure carefully, because you don't want to cheat me, and you won't make any money if you cheat yourselves. When you get it measured, tell me, and I'll cut it off and then measure it again to see if it is right. [Children fall to work busily measuring the yarn, the more careful ones going over their measurements twice, and then holding on to the yarn very tightly at the point where they wish it cut. After it is cut, they watch the teacher with eager interest while she slowly measures the yarn again to see if they have been exact.] Johnnie, you have given me too much. [Johnnie's face falls.] Tommy, I must have more, this isn't enough. [Tommy's smile fades for a minute and he goes to work measuring it over again.] Lucy's is just right. Those that have their yarn cut off may see if four inches of worsted is the same as four inches of paper. [After a pause filled with measuring—] That is enough for to-day. You may all take your yarn home to show your mother how long four inches is.

Notes and Comments.

Children, like grown people, are more interested in seeing how a thing is done, *after they have tried to do it themselves*, than before. Thus the children watched the teacher with close attention as she measured after their first trial, but they could hardly have been brought to do so before

CHAPTER VII.

A PLANT LESSON.

GENERAL EXERCISE.

PURPOSE OF THE LESSON —*First.* To arouse thought in the pupils, and lead them to its expression.

Second. To discover what the children know about the beginning of plant-life.

Third. To create an interest in growing things.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE TEACHER.—Providing a box of earth, a basket of objects, and making the outline of the lesson.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE PUPILS —All their previous observations concerning things that grow.

PLAN OF THE LESSON —*First.* Have the children name the objects.

Second. Have the children plant the objects.

Third. Have the children make a distinction between things that have life and those that have not.

Fourth. Draw from the children the conditions of growth.

Fifth. Interest them in nature, so that they will wish to care for plants.

Sixth. Get the children to bring more boxes, that every row may have a garden.

THE LESSON.

[The teacher stands before her table with a small shallow basket in her hand, in which are various objects; on the table is a wooden box, about fifteen inches long by ten inches wide and five inches high, filled with earth.]

Teacher. See what I have in this basket! Harry may come out and tell me.

Harry. There is a horse-chestnut, a rubber ball, a shell, some beans, some corn, a pen, some apple seeds and an acorn. [Harry returns to his seat.]

Teacher. What have I in this box on the table? Susie.

Susie. Some dirt.

Teacher. Does any one know where I got it?

Several voices [instantly]. Joe brought it.

Teacher. Where do you think he got it?

A child. At home.

Another child. In his father's garden.

A little girl [adds importantly]. I saw him digging it up.

Teacher. Did you get it in the garden, Joe?

Joe [proudly]. Yes'm.

Teacher. What do you think I want it for, children?

Children. To put flowers in. To plant things in.

Teacher. I'll tell you. I am going to make a garden, and I am going to plant in it some of the things that are in this basket. Those who see anything here which will grow if I plant it in my garden, may raise their hands. [Hands go up all over the room.] Annie.

Annie. Horse-chestnuts.

Teacher. How do you know?

Annie. I've seen horse-chestnut trees growing.

Teacher. What do you say, Frank?

Frank. I've seen little tiny horse-chestnut trees just coming out of the seeds.

Teacher. I will let Eddie plant the horse-chestnut. [Eddie comes out, his face all aglow with pleasure, digs a hole in the earth with his fingers, and puts the horse-chestnut into it, watched with breathless interest by every child in the room.] Lucy may find something else to plant. [Lucy comes out, selects corn and beans, and holds them up so that the children can see.] Why do you take those?

Lucy. Because my papa plants them in his garden.

Teacher. Then I'll let you plant them in my garden. [This Lucy does while the class observe her attentively.] Anything more in the basket that will grow? *Maggie.* [Maggie picks out the apple seeds.] You may plant them. [She does so.] *Richard* may plant something else. [Richard takes the acorn. Here some hands are raised.] *Mary* has something to say. What is it?

Mary. I saw some acorns when I was coming to school to-day, and there were some little acorn trees coming out of them.

Teacher. Who ever saw anything like that? [Many signify by uplifted hands that they have.] Who will find one and bring it to me to-morrow? [A general show of hands, and the teacher adds impressively—] I shall expect it.* [Richard, who has been standing with the acorn in his hand, listening, now proceeds to plant it.] *Charley* may plant something in my garden, too. [Charley comes up boldly and looks in the basket.]

Charley. There isn't anything here to plant.

Teacher. There is a shell, *Charley*.

Charley. That won't grow.

Teacher. Well, here is a ball and a pen.

Charley. But those won't grow either.

Teacher [to class]. Do you think *Charley* knows about these? Wouldn't it be just as well to plant them as the other things we've put in the garden?

Children [chorus]. No, they wouldn't grow.

Teacher. Will the things you have planted in the box of earth grow?

Children [again in a chorus and decidedly]. Yes'm.

*There was an oak tree just back of the schoolhouse, and the next morning the teacher's table was covered with acorns in every stage of growth, from the swollen, unbroken shell to the acorn plant three or four inches long, with mud to match.

Teacher. Very well. I'll put the box into this cupboard [a dark closet], and leave it till next week, then we will look and see what a pretty garden we have.

Children [instantly]. No; you must put it by the window.

Teacher [calmly astonished and with great simplicity]. Why?

A voice. So it will have the light.

Another voice. So the sun can shine on it.

Teacher. If the sun shines on it the earth will dry up.

Children. You will have to water it.

Teacher. I might forget to water it.

Several voices. I'll remember it! I'll tell you!

Teacher. I think I'll give this box to the first row to take care of, and if I can get another box of earth to-morrow I will give it to some other row.

Voices. I'll bring a box! I will! I can! I've got one at home like that!

Teacher. Very well; then each row can have a garden, and now this is what we will sing: "Shall I show you how the farmer sows his seed?"

Notes and Comments.

Please observe that the teacher does nothing except stand before the pupils, hold up a basket of things, and ask a few questions. The children do most of the talking, all of the work, and promise to do more. Who is there who could not be a teacher?

CHAPTER VIII.

A LESSON ON HILLS.

PURPOSE OF THE LESSON.—*First.* To take the first step in the teaching of the science of Geography.

Second. To lead the children to observe the forms of land around them.

By the way, to teach language.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE TEACHER.—*First.* Performing a series of experiments with children and sand.

Second. Devising an ingenious plan.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE PUPILS.—All the sand mounds and mud pies that they have ever made, and all the hills they have ever seen (not looked at).

PLAN OF THE LESSON.—*First.* Let the pupils make sand hills.

Second. Call their attention to the difference between them, and thus lead the pupils to observe slope.

Third. Get from the pupils the terms high, low, steep, sides, top, and bottom.

Fourth. Have them tell me all about their hills.

Fifth. Bring in the idea of drainage by pouring water on one of the hills.

MEM.—Be sure to take the steepest hill for this, so as to make the washing away, more perceptible.

Sixth. Tell the pupils to look at the hills on their way home, and be ready to make them to-morrow.

THE LESSON.

A primary schoolroom. In an open space back of the children's desks, stands a long low sand table, and upon it two or three pailfuls of sea-shore sand. The teacher has

just finished a writing lesson, given as a general exercise, and now says cheerily:

"All the babies may go to the sand table and wait till I come."

At this, about a dozen little children, five and six years of age, start off at once for the table, which having reached, they immediately begin to play in the sand.

Meantime the teacher is setting the rest to work, giving to one group some pictures to look at; sending another to the blackboard to illustrate one of Mother Goose's rhymes; a third division make *i*'s from a copy on the blackboard, and the last, try to draw the teacher's chair. After all are busy, the teacher saunters leisurely down the aisle, stopping every step or two, to straighten some small rigid hand cramped around a pencil, to lift a pair of drooping shoulders, to give an encouraging pat to a curly head, or to catch playfully at a little hand put shyly out to stroke her dress as she passes. But all this seeming leisure is a part of the plan, for every now and then, quick glances have been cast toward the babies and their play, and just as each little one is putting the finishing touches to a mound of sand, she stands beside them and asks:

"What do they look like?"

"Little hills," pronounces a mite of a woman, after a quick survey of the row of tiny hummocks on the table.

"That's what I think," cordially assents the teacher; "let's call them hills. Look at Harry's."

"Oh, isn't it tall and slim!" exclaims an excitable little fellow.

"Mine is nice and fat," complacently remarks a small man, who is too busy patting down his own, to pay much attention to anybody's else.

"See Mary's" (it was long and low); "if you were going to coast down one of these hills next winter, which one would you rather have?"

"Harry's," is the unanimous answer.

"Why?" questions the teacher.

"Because it is so high, of course," declares one, evidently thinking the question slightly stupid.

"I'd take it because it's so steep," asserts another boy.

"I like to coast where the hill is as steep as—anything."

"How would this one do?" asks the teacher, pointing to Mary's.

"Ho, I wouldn't like that; why, you couldn't get any slide at all, hardly," bursts out Bertie, who has just begun to talk.

"Why not?" smilingly persists the teacher.

"Cos it's too little!" says the youngest of the group.

"I think it's because it's so low," remarks a young philosopher in petticoats, who has been studying the hillocks attentively all this time.

"I think so too," echoes the teacher, with an approving pat on the golden head. "I'd like to know where you would begin to coast on Harry's hill," she says in a moment.

"Why, at the top! don't you know that?" with a half-pitying complacency.

"And where do you stop?" queries the teacher.

"At the bottom," chorus three or four children; and one experienced slider adds meditatively, in a half aside:

"Unless you get tipped over, and then you stop in the middle."

The teacher smothers a laugh, and goes on:

"Each put your hand on your hill, where you would begin to slide."

The hands are all placed.

"And what part of the hill is that?"

"The top," agree the children.

"Now let us play that this shell is a sled, and it's going down. Where is it now?"

"On the side," comes the chorus.

"And now?" as it stops.

"At the bottom."

"What kind of a hill is this of Harry's?"

"A high hill!" "A tall hill!" "A thin hill!" are the answers.

"I like to call it a high hill," remarks the teacher, as if incidentally.

"What kind of a hill did you tell me Mary's was?"

"A short hill!" "A fat hill!" "A low hill."

"Yes. I think it is a low hill. Now each one tell me a nice little story about his hill. Bertie."

"My hill is high."

"That's nice. Nellie "

"My hill is long."

"Yes. Annie."

"My hill is short."

"Minnie."

"This is the side of my hill."

"Harry."

"This is the top of my hill."

"Jimmie."

"This the bottom of my hill."

"Carrie."

"I made a big hill."

"My hill is made of sand," concludes Willie.

"What are the "truly" hills made of?" is the teacher's sudden inquiry.

"Dirt," is the unanimous response.

"I'll tell you what we will play next. Nellie, bring me a cup of water." She does so. "Now, I am going to pour some of this water down at the bottom of Harry's hill, and we will see it run up." Such a burst of laughter.

"You can't do it!" "Isn't she queer?" "Water don't run up hill," are some of the remarks these amused little

people are making, while the teacher stands, cup in hand, waiting to put her question in.

"How does it run?"

"Down."

"Very well. I'll pour some here on the top, and we'll play it's rain."

There comes a cry of dismay from the little group, for Harry's hill, under the steady stream of water, is rapidly disappearing.

"Oh, don't; it's all running away." "Oh, you're spoiling it, please don't!" are the appealing requests that come from the little hill-makers.

"Why, what is the matter?" inquires the teacher, innocently.

"It's all melting away." "It isn't steep any more," complain the children.

"How came it to run away? What made it?"

"The water!" is the quick reply.

"What did the water do?"

"It carried the sand down with it."

"It ran away with the sand," said a slow one, who had been thinking a great deal and talking but little.

"Yes. Now I am going to let you run away—home, pretty soon, and I want you to look at all the hills you can, and make some like them for me to-morrow in the sand. Good-by." The children all go to their seats.*

Notes and Comments.

Turn every desire of the child (if possible) to good account. Even the natural propensity of children to play in the dirt may be made the first step to that grandest of all sciences—Geography.

* The next day the children could hardly wait to make in the sand the hills they had seen, and when made, the hills were all easily recognizable, being excellent copies of the originals.

The idea of the tremendous wasting, wearing power the water has upon the land, is here implanted in the children's minds. It will grow with their growth; and when children so instructed shall come to maturity, there will be men and women who can form some adequate conception of the great creative forces still at work, transforming the earth under their very eyes.

CHAPTER IX.

A LESSON UPON GRANITE.

GENERAL EXERCISE.

PURPOSE OF THE LESSON.—Mainly, to lead the children to consider what they owe to their parents, and in doing this, to give them an impulse toward a series of observations, which if continued will end in the study of Mineralogy.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE TEACHER.—*First.* All her sense of responsibility regarding the children's education in morals.

Second. Deciding how to introduce the matter of filial gratitude.

Third. Arranging the details of the lesson, and bringing the specimens.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE PUPILS.—*First.* All that they feel of affection or know of kindness.

Second. Whatever they may have seen or heard of the process of quarrying granite.

PLAN OF THE LESSON.—(1) Get the children to tell me all that they know about the work done in the quarries. (2) Lead them to think why their fathers do this hard work, and what is bought for them with the money thus earned. (3) Then make an appeal to their sense of filial gratitude. [*Mem.*—Be sure not to leave the *mothers* out.] (4) Finish by leading the children to see and name three of the parts of granite, the black, the shiny, and the gray.

THE LESSON.

[All the children are in their seats, and the teacher stands by her table, which is covered with bits of granite of various sorts. She begins her lesson thus:]

Teacher [holding up a piece of granite]. Children, what is this?

Children [confidently]. Granite.

Teacher [holding up another]. And what is this?

Children [nonchalantly]. That's granite too.

Teacher [questioningly]. But this [holding up the first] doesn't look like that [holding out the second]?

A voice. Because that first piece you had was Quincy granite, and the other was Concord.

Teacher. How do you know?

A child [in a slightly contemptuous tone of voice]. Why, can't you see? One piece is darker than the other.

Teacher [persistently]. But how do you know that this is Concord granite?

Little boy [confidently]. My father told me, and he is cutting a monument out of it down to his shed.

Another child [excitedly]. My father's cutting an urn in his shed, out of Quincy granite.

Little girl [sitting in front proudly says]: My father's cutting curb-stones.

Another child [not to be outdone]. My father's cutting curb-stones too.

Young braggadocio [here caps the climax with a flourish by exclaiming]: They are cutting an eagle up to Mr. W——'s sheds, and I went up to see it the other day.

Teacher [entirely unmoved]. That will do. I want you to tell me something more about this piece of granite [the Quincy]. Where does it come from?

A voice. Out of the quarries.

Teacher. It is so hard I shouldn't think the men could cut it out.

Knowing six-year-old [patronizingly]. Why, don't you know? They don't cut it out; they blast it.

Teacher [ignoring the snub]. Can somebody tell me what

he means by blasting? [All the hands are waving eagerly.] Timmie.

Timmie [rapidly, and with great dramatic fervor]. Why, you see the men drill some holes—so—[suited the action to the word, while half the children in the room are making the motion of drilling]—and fill them with powder, and then they put a slow match to it, and it goes off, and a great piece of stone comes out of the quarry.

Teacher [composedly, keeping to the point of getting the whole story]. But your fathers don't go up to the quarries to cut monuments. [All are very anxious to tell.] Ellie.

Ellie. They bring it down to the sheds on a stone-team.

Teacher. I shouldn't think they could lift it out of the quarry. [Everybody knows this too.] Maggie.

Maggie. Oh, they have derricks to lift it out.

Teacher. After they get it down to the sheds, what then?

Children [together]. They cut it into urns and monuments.

Teacher. Do the men ever do anything to monuments after they are cut? [This throws them off the track a little, and only a few hands are raised.] Carrie.

Carrie. Yes'm, they polish them sometimes.

Teacher [thoughtfully]. It's hard work, isn't it? What do your fathers do it for? [This is put to the whole class, and blocks them for a time; then a small man with a little old face, who looks as if he had already begun to be made acquainted with the stern realities of life, announces positively]:

Small man. Cos they has to.

Little girl. They do it to get money.

Teacher [still pursuing her point]. Why do they work so hard to get money?

Children. To buy things. To spend at the store.

Teacher. Do they buy anything for you?

Mina. My father buys me candy.

Teacher [gravely contemplative]. And that is all he ever bought for you. [The children begin to look serious, and to consider the matter thoughtfully.]

Ellie [breaking the silence]. My father buys me clothes.

Jakie. My father bought me a pair of boots and a hat once.

Teacher. Those are things to wear: do you have anything else that he spends his money for?

Jean. My father bought me some oranges last Saturday.

Teacher. What did you do with them?

Jean [instantly responding]. I eat 'em.

Teacher. Isn't there something else that he buys for you to eat, that you have every day? All of you try to think.* Something that you had this morning.

Katie. Meat and potatoes.

Hattie. Bread and butter.

Teacher. What would you do if you didn't have these things to eat?

Children [promptly]. Die. Starve.

Teacher [suggestively]. Then what do we think of our fathers, who work so hard to buy all these things?

Instantaneous chorus. They are good! They are kind!

Teacher [continues]. But the meat and potatoes aren't good till somebody has cooked them for us.

Mattie [before the others get a chance to speak]. My mother cooks 'em.

Teacher. Then I think we should say something about our mothers.

Again in a chorus. Oh, they are good too.

Teacher. I want to know now, how the granite grows? [There is great giggling at this, and a quick response.]

Josie. It don't grow; it's a stone.

Teacher [persistently]. Well, of what is it made? [This is

* It seldom occurs to children that food is bought.

something of which they never thought, and not one has a word to say.] Each of you may take a piece, and see if it looks as if it was made of anything. [The children each come and get a specimen, and go back to their seats intently studying it, though most of them have seen granite every day of their lives since they could remember. It has suddenly dawned upon their mental vision that there is something new to be discovered in an old and familiar object. After giving them time to look at the granite carefully, and not time to tire, the teacher asks:] What can you see, Patrick?

Patrick. There are bits of black specks about it; dirt, isn't it?

Johnnie [excitedly]. No, the black is right in the stone.

Carrie. It's all mixed in with the rest.

Teacher. The rest of what?

Ellen. The rest of the stone.

Teacher [not to be baffled]. And what is the rest of the stone made of?

Susie. I can see some shiny pieces.

Teacher. Yes [summing up], we have found black pieces and shiny pieces in the granite; what else? *Mikie.* [Mikie points to a spot of feldspar.]

Teacher. Does it shine?

Mikie [tipping the stone to get more light on it]. I can't see any shine.

Teacher. Is it black?

Mikie [decidedly]. No.

Teacher. How does it look?

Mikie [examining his stone, says slowly]: It looks kinder like gray.

Teacher. I don't quite like the way Mikie said that; can anybody tell me better?

[But the children are too much taken up with their specimens to have paid any attention to Mikie's expression; they were conscious only of his thought. The teacher turns to

Mikie, who looks as if he would like to tell about it again, and he says promptly:]

Mikie. It is gray.

Teacher. Everybody who has found something black in his granite may raise his hand.* [Every hand is up.] How many have found something shiny? [All hands are raised.] How many can see the gray. [Nearly everybody.] Nellie has something to say; what is it?

Nellie. The gray in mine looks something like the clay we make balls of.

Teacher. Eddie may tell me what he has found in his granite.

Eddie. I found something black, something shiny, and something gray in the granite.

Teacher. Do you suppose that the granite is made of anything? [Pausing a moment to see if the children are moving toward the previous question,—Of what is granite made? and judging by their faces that they are, she continues:] I think I will let you ask your fathers about it, and when we talk of granite again, you can tell me all that you find out. Now the clock says that it is almost dinner-time, and I'll let you go. Perhaps your fathers will be home before you are.

Notes and Comments.

The moral point is by far the best point of this lesson.

* The hornblende is quite perceptible in the Quincy granite.

CHAPTER X.

LESSONS ON FORM.

THE FIRST LESSON.

PURPOSE OF THE LESSON.—*First.* To find if the children know the name sphere, and if not to teach it.

Second. To draw from the children a description of the sphere.

Third. To contrast the sphere and cylinder.

Fourth. To get the children to give their definition of a sphere.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE TEACHER.—Making all the forms except the balls. Thinking out, and writing the plan. Experimenting with the sphere and cylinder, and trying to imagine what the children would be likely to say about them.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE PUPILS.—Two or three years' experience with the sphere (ball), but upon the cylinder they were mainly unprepared.

PLAN OF THE LESSON.—Begin by asking the children what we shall call the sphere. Then get them to tell all about it. To help them in understanding the sphere, introduce the cylinder, and lead them to see the difference. When a good description is gained, tell them the name—sphere (if none of them can tell). Close the lesson by having them sum up the points they have given for a definition, and give to it the name sphere. Incidentally, train them to make complete sentences.

THE LESSON.

Upon the table before the teacher is a box containing several balls, with crocheted covers of worsted, in the rainbow colors; also some cubes, spheres, and cylinders, made of various materials, such as clay, soap, pasteboard, and wood. The little children come around the table. As the last child reaches it, and before the teacher can speak, Jimmie, whose quick eyes have caught sight of the balls, inquires:

Jimmie. Are you going to play bounce the ball?

Teacher [quietly]. I don't know what we shall play before we get through. [Teacher passes the box to the children in turn.] You may each take the color you like.

Susie. What are they made of?

Johnnie. They are made of clay.

Teacher. Are they made of clay? [Children begin to feel the balls.]

Tommy. No; I can press mine in.

Katie [decidedly]. Mine is made of rubber.

Teacher [holding up a ball before the class]. What shall we call it?

Children. A ball.

Teacher. Tell me the whole story, Ellen.

Ellen. It is a ball.

Teacher. I'll call it a ball if you say so. Each of you may tell me something about your ball.

Michael. A yellow ball.

Teacher. I would like to have you tell it to me so that I can understand it.

Michael. Mine is a yellow ball.

Richard. A ball can bounce.

Mary. A ball is round.

Teacher. Isn't that a nice story?

Susie. Mine looks like a red apple.

Tommy. Mine looks like an orange.

Jimmie. Mine is covered with yarn.

Ellen. I can roll my ball.

Teacher. That is a good story.

Michael. My ball bounces.

Katie. I can roll my ball over to Susie.

Teacher. Now you have all told me a story but Jennie.

Jennie [slowly]. The ball is made of rubber.

Teacher. Mary may tell her story again.

Mary. A ball is round.

Teacher. And what will it do? [Looking at Ellen.]

Ellen. It will roll.

Teacher [takes the cylinder and rolls it]. What does this do?

Children. It rolls.

Teacher [sets it on the base and pushes it]. Now see me roll it. [It slides along, and the children laugh.] Why doesn't it roll?—it is round.

Mary. Because it is not round all round!

Jimmie. It *will* roll one way.

Katie. It rolls like a wheel.

Teacher. Why doesn't it roll this way? [Setting it on the end and pushing it.]

Michael. It just went right along here.

Mary. Because it isn't round like a ball.

Susie. It won't roll because it is smooth.

Tommy [eagerly]. My brother Charley has an awful smooth piece of wood; he got it from a tree.

Teacher. Yes. Jennie, tell me something.

Jennie. Sometimes it rolled that way when you didn't want it to.

Teacher. Why doesn't it roll this way?

Johnnie. Because it is only half round.

Teacher. There is another word you can use which is better, because it may be half or it may be more than half.

Mary. It is part round.

Tommy. It is part square, I think!

Teacher. Which part is square? [Tommy touches the base.]

Katie [airily]. That's a circle.

Jennie. It is part round and smooth on the bottom.

Katie [who isn't going to have her circle ignored]. It is part round and part a circle.

Teacher. Somebody else tell what they think about it.

Michael. Just this side of it is round.

Teacher. What do you say, Jimmie?

Jimmie. I think it is part round and part flat.

Teacher. Now will this [cylinder] roll like this [ball]?
[Giving cylinder and ball a push.]

Johnnie. The ball part will.

Ellen. It does not roll when it stands up.

Teacher. Does the ball roll when it stands up?

Michael. You can't stand the ball up.

Katie. The ball *has* to roll.

Richard. The ball has to roll all the time.

Mary. The ball rolls every way you want it to.

Susie. The ball is round all round.

Teacher. Which way is that?

Ellen. Every way.

Teacher. What is this that rolls every way?

Children. A ball

Teacher. I know another name for this; do you want me to tell you what it is?

Children. Yes'm.

Teacher. It is a sphere.

Michael. A spear?

Teacher. A sphere. You may all tell me the new name for this. [Picks up the ball.]

Children. A sphere.

Teacher. Now you may tell me how round a sphere is, and which way it will roll.

Mary. A sphere is all round, and will roll every way.

Teacher. We will all say that together.

Children [repeat]. A sphere is all round, and will roll every way.

Notes and Comments.

The most striking point in this lesson is the skill of the teacher in the steady leading of the thought toward the end she had in view, and in moulding the expression to the form she wished.

It will be observed that this lesson has combined the sphere and cylinder in the teaching of the first elementary form, the sphere; and thus leads directly toward the presentation of the second elementary form, the cube.

THE SECOND LESSON.*

PURPOSE OF THE LESSON.—*First.* To lead the pupils to see and tell the differences between round and cubical bodies.

Second. To get from the children a description of the cube.

Third. To gain from the pupils their definition of a cube.

Fourth. To associate (if not already known) the name with the form.

Fifth. To teach the cylinder (form and name).

Sixth. To fix the forms in the mind by means of recalling objects of similar form.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE TEACHER.—The same as in the preceding lesson.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE PUPILS.—They have without

* This was given the following day—and here the cylinder, the connecting link between the cube and sphere—and the cube, are combined.

doubt reviewed the previous lesson pretty thoroughly, having probably aired their newly-acquired knowledge at home, and tried various and sundry experiments with balls (cylinders if they could find any), to say nothing of having discussed the matter more or less with their classmates.

PLAN OF THE LESSON.—Begin with the idea of roundness (rolling) gained in the last lesson, and get the children to tell why the cube will not roll. Then lead the pupils to notice that the cube has faces, and have them find all the faces. Teach the edges in the same way. Next develop the idea that all the faces and edges are alike, then tell them (if they do not know) that all such bodies are called cubes. After this have the children tell all about the cylinder, going back to the idea previously gained that it will roll. Lead them to see and tell wherein it differs from the ball (bring in here the term base). Now combine their descriptions into a definition and give to it (if necessary) the name cylinder. Last, have the children name everything they can think of, that looks like each of the three forms.

THE LESSON.

Teacher [takes cube and tries to roll it]. See me roll this.

Jimmie [laughing]. Oh, it hops!

Michael. It rolled clean over to me!

Mary. That didn't roll.

Ellen. It can't roll because it is square.

Tommy. It can't roll because it is not round in any place.

Susie. It has square corners and can't roll.

Teacher [to Susie]. Show me the corners. [Susie takes the cube and points to the corners.] Ellen may tell her story again.

Ellen. It can't roll because it is square.

Teacher. Now show me where it is square. [Ellen takes the cube and puts her finger on one of the faces.] You may

each take a block and show me a square upon it. [They do so.] You may find all the squares you can on the block. [This is done.] Now you may put your hand on the outside of that square [pointing to one of the faces], and run the finger along there, and down there, and across there, and up there [indicating with her finger the four edges of this face]. What do we touch?

Tommy. Sides.

Katie. Ends.

Teacher. All put your hands in the middle of the table. Now put them out here [at the side]. What have we found?

Tommy [decidedly]. The sides.

Katie [persistently]. The ends.

Teacher. We call sides and ends something else; what is it? [No one speaks.] The edge; tell me. [Tommy and Katie are rather taken aback by this, but join in repeating with the others—]

Children. The edge.

Teacher. Put your finger right in the middle of your square; now on the edge of your square. Now put your finger on the edges of all the squares on the block. Hold your block just before your eyes, and touch the square on the right-hand side; touch the square on the left-hand side. Are there any more sides?

Richard. There's a square on top.

Jennie. There's a square on the bottom.

Teacher. Any more?

Mary. There is one next to my face.

Ellen. There is one around on the other side.

Teacher. Which square is the largest?

Children. All just alike!

Tommy [earnestly]. Ain't none of 'em the largest?

Teacher [gently]. None of them are largest. When I have a block like this, just as many squares as this has, and one square just as large as the other, I call it a cube.

[Teacher sets the cube on the table beside the ball and cylinder.] Which of these will roll?

Mary. The ball and that one [pointing to cylinder].

Teacher. Which one will not roll?

Children. The cube.

Teacher [taking cylinder]. Well, then, I'll roll this.

Jimmie. You'll have to tip it over to roll it.

Teacher. But I don't want to tip it over; I want it to roll as it is.

Johnnie. It won't roll on the end.

Katie. It will roll *some* ways.

Richard. Some ways it won't roll.

Teacher. What part will roll?

Susie. The ball part will roll.

Ellen. The round part will roll.

Teacher. And what part will not roll?

Richard. The bottom part and top part.

Teacher. But I can make either part the bottom—see [standing the cylinder first on one end and then on the other]. When men cut the granite monuments here in the sheds, what do they call the bottom part?

Children [promptly]. The base. [They all know that.]

Teacher. Then I will call the end this stands on, the base. Now you have told me that the sphere would roll every way, and that the cube wouldn't roll at all. What will you tell me about this?

Mary. This will only roll one way, and stand still the other ways.

Teacher. Now I'll tell you the name of this—a cylinder. You may all say it.

Children [repeat]. A cylinder.

Teacher. Now think very hard, and tell me everything you can, that looks like a cylinder. [At this some hold their eyes shut, to recall, and some look eagerly around. In a minute they begin to exclaim, one after the other, thus—]

Children. The trunk of a tree! A cork! [there was one on the table]. My arm! That stove-pipe! The curtain-roller! A broom-handle! My mother's rolling-pin!

Teacher. That will do. What can you think of that looks like a sphere?

Children. A marble. A base-ball. An orange. A glass agate. A peach. [Teacher gets a peach from her drawer and silently shows that it isn't a sphere by trying to roll it end over end.] An apple. [Teacher also experiments with an apple which she happens to have.] A ball of yarn. A candy gooseberry. [A ball of candy greatly beloved by Quincy children.]

Teacher. Now name some cubes for me.

Children. That box [on the desk]. A trunk.—No [judicially], a trunk is too long. A caramel.

Teacher. We'll all play we've had some. Good-by.

Notes and Comments.

It would have taken but half the time, and not a shadow of the skill, to have had the children memorize the definitions of these three forms, and the definitions would have been infinitely better. But what would have been the result? Only one faculty of the mind exercised, an unnecessary formula glibly recalled and promptly forgotten. Instead, the whole mental machinery has been set going, thought has been aroused, and expression stimulated; while all the knowledge of facts that the child has acquired is now thoroughly at his command, because gained by the use of his own senses. Was it worth while?

CHAPTER XI.

A LESSON UPON SNOW.

GENERAL EXERCISE.

PURPOSE OF THE LESSON.—*First.* To discover some of the properties of snow.

Second. To find why it snows in cold weather.

Third. To lead the children to notice snow crystals.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE TEACHER.—The making out of the plan of the lesson, and then waiting for the right kind of a snow-storm.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE PUPILS.—All that they have previously noticed regarding the snow.

PLAN OF THE LESSON.—*First.* Arouse an interest in the snow. Song.

Second. Call for properties.

Third. Ask where it comes from, and why it doesn't come in summer.

Fourth. Ask why it is different from rain.

Fifth. Send the children to examine snow-flakes.

Sixth. Have them draw the snow crystals.

THE LESSON.

A mild day in winter, and a soft, slow snow-storm, when the large flakes are floating gently down. The classes have just returned from recitation and it is time for a general exercise. All sit with folded hands expectant, when the teacher says:

Teacher. You may look out of the windows. What do you see?

Several voices. A snow-storm.

Another voice. It snows.

A boy in front. I see the snow.

Small boy [after a long look, deliberately, as if he had waited to arrange his phrase]. The snow is coming down.

Teacher. Let us sing, "Oh, see! the snow is falling down." [As they sing the first line of each stanza they make a waving motion with their fingers and hands to represent the falling of the snow. When they have finished—] I want some of you to tell me something about the snow. [Many hands are raised.] *Bertie.*

Bertie. The snow is white.

Teacher. Edith.

Edith. The snow is cold.

Teacher. Weston.

Weston. The snow is soft.

Teacher. Nellie.

Nellie. The snow is wet.

Teacher. Alice.

Alice. The snow looks like pop-corn.

Teacher. Susie.

Susie. The snow looks like feathers.

Teacher. Where does the snow come from? *Stevie.*

Stevie. From the sky.

Teacher. Mary.

Mary. From the clouds.

Teacher. That's what I think. Who was ever out in a snow-storm in the summer? [A general commotion at this, some laughing, and a few Ohs, with the general response from the children—]

Children. We don't have snow-storms in summer.

Teacher [quietly]. Don't we have any clouds in the summer? [Some have their answer ready, and the rest are travelling back to look at last summer's sky to see if there were any clouds, and find it hard to remember. A little girl rather older than the rest being called up, says—]

Little girl. Yes, but it rains.

Teacher. If the rain came from the clouds last summer, why doesn't it come to-day?

Several children. Because it is cold to-day. Because it freezes.

Teacher [promptly]. Because what freezes? [This is an unexpected turn in the conversation, but after a moment's pause a bright-eyed youngster puts up his hand, and being called upon, ventures—]

Little boy. Isn't it the rain?

Teacher [slowly, questioning in her turn]. Then if it is the rain that freezes, why isn't this a hail-storm? [Here is a puzzler. The class look questioningly at each other, and then at the teacher, who presents a perfectly impassive countenance, and finding no help from either quarter, they turn with one accord to look out of the window at the snow, to see if that will throw any light on the subject. After a minute or two of perfect silence, during which every child in the room is racking his small brain to find a reason for this phenomenon, and the teacher is patiently waiting, a thoughtful-looking little girl puts up her hand timidly, and the teacher says—] Well, Mary.

Mary [slowly, as if not quite sure of her ground]. I don't think the rain *all* freezes. I think it half freezes.

Teacher [in a calmly inquiring tone]. Just half? [Mary colors at the implied correction, and says hastily—]

Mary. Part freezes.

Teacher [smiling]. Partly freezes. Not quite; the water that is up in the clouds freezes differently. When it freezes one way it forms hail, and when it freezes another way it becomes snow.

Small youth [sagely]. I just thought that was it!

Teacher [considerably amused at this tardy wisdom]. Did you? Now I'll let you all go to the door and catch some of the snow-flakes on your sleeves, and look at them. [The

children run gayly out to the door, stretch out their arms an instant, and then step back into the hall, to look at the feathery flakes before they melt; after which they pass back to their seats. All this is done without confusion or crowding, and with less noise than might be supposed.]

Teacher [to the class when all is quiet again]. Did you catch any snow?

Grand chorus. Yes'm.

Teacher. Somebody bring some to me that I may see it.

Children [with a shout of laughter]. We haven't got any now, it is all gone; it has melted.

Teacher [not to be baffled by this]. If you can't show me any snow, can you tell me how a snow-flake looks? [Quite a shower of hands.] Bertie.

Bertie. The snow-flake is flat.

Teacher. Ellie.

Ellie. I don't think they are flat. Mine stuck up.

Teacher. Johnnie.

Johnnie. There were some little points on mine.

Teacher. Annie.

Annie. I caught one that looked just like a little star.

Eddie [deliberately]. When I stuck my arm out, one came down, and it looked like a wheel.

Teacher. Would you like to go again and catch some snow-flakes, look at them carefully, and then come back and draw them on your slates?

Delighted chorus. Yes'm.

Teacher. Go. [They scatter like leaves before the wind, and in two minutes the room is full of young artists, busily drawing that miracle of beauty, the snow-flake.]

Notes and Comments.

The science of natural phenomena is generally supposed to be so very abstruse that only the mature intellect is able to enter upon its investigation, and yet little children five and

six years of age have in this lesson been led to begin their discoveries in this branch of study, and have shown considerable power in inductive reasoning; several of these youthful philosophers having made as logical inferences as any graybeard could have done. All of which demonstrates two things: first, that the mental power already generated in the little child is seldom realized by teachers (and the generality of parents for that matter); second, that a knowledge of the nature of the child is needed, to render this power available.

SECTION THIRD.

CHAPTER

- I. Preliminary.
- II. Reading.—The Word.
- III. Reading.—The Sentence.
- IV. Reading.—Combination Lesson I.
- V. Reading.—Combination Lesson II.
- VI. Reading.—Advanced Lesson in Script.
- VII. Reading.—First Lesson in Print.
- VIII. Reading.—Phonics.
- IX. Reading.—Imitation Exercises.

Section Third is devoted to the presentation of the subject of Reading, as developed during the first year at school. The lessons and exercises here described were given by different teachers, and are intended to illustrate not only the principal stages of progress, but also the more prominent phases of this most important study.

CHAPTER I.

PRELIMINARY.

THE little children have now been in school six weeks. They have become acquainted with the place, their school-mates, and the presiding genius—the teacher.

Physically, they have been made generally comfortable in every way. One long recess during the morning session, and a five-minute run around the house in the afternoon, has been their out-of-door exercise; while short lessons, which bring about frequent changes of position, together with marches, movement songs, and three minute intervals of light gymnastics, have afforded a modicum of in-door exercise sufficient, certainly, to secure good health.

In the way of intellectual training they have had each day, at least, three special (class) lessons, and several general exercises, all preparatory in matter and objective in manner. By means of these they have acquired a ready command of their few idioms and quite a vocabulary of words. In addition to this, they have commenced the classification of their small stock of facts, previously gained, and the acquisition of new ones.

Interest has also been aroused, and desire stimulated in the direction of investigation; and beginnings have been made in almost all of the sciences. In this last work great care has been taken, not only that all facts taught should be absolutely correct, but also that in their presentation they should be arranged systematically.

In other words, they have all this time been led to observe closely, stimulated to think rapidly, taught to express

themselves clearly and in good English, and trained constantly to attend to the work that they were doing. And not this alone. Regularity of work and play has been insured, and obedience exacted, bringing these little people thus early, to feel the force of law and order; while the over-confident have been quietly but persistently put down, and those lacking in confidence continually encouraged.

During all these weeks of unconscious growth (the more unconscious the more valuable) they have also been in training in all phases of personal and social morality. Indirectly, and by example, they have been taught cleanliness and truthfulness, helpfulness and courtesy.

These small men and women have now not only entered into, and commenced to take their share of the great world which lies around them, but they have also begun to take possession of those lesser kingdoms, where each shall rule alone: they have begun to learn the lesson of a lifetime—self-control.

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CHAPTER II.

READING.—THE WORD.

At the end of the first six weeks or two months, the teacher, who has all this time been quietly, perseveringly, and conscientiously studying her little ones, finds, as a result of her deliberate and skilful investigations, that she is able to group her new class according to their mental power.

This being done, she feels that now they may with advantage take up Reading; that study upon which so much depends; that study which is the open-sesame to all the stored-up wisdom of the past.

Accordingly, some bright clear day, without the slightest "premonitory symptom," she commences her work, beginning with the group that shows the best mental grasp, bringing the other groups into it one by one, as they seem to her to be able, to take up the work.

THE FIRST LESSON.

THE WORD.

PURPOSE OF THE LESSON.—First. To begin that association of thought with written or printed words, which will finally become automatic. That is, to train the child to receive the idea expressed in the word through the eye, as readily as he has hitherto received it through the ear.

Second. To arouse the emotion of desire.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE TEACHER.—*First.* Selection of the time of giving the lesson, also the word and object to be presented.

Second. Learning to draw the object rapidly and well.

Third. The practice in writing "a hen" (while talking), quickly, and with well-formed letters.

Fourth. Originating the two devices: first, the introduction of the young pupil-teacher; second, the play of owning many hens and letting each pupil catch one.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE PUPILS.—All that they have gained from every lesson they have had since they entered school.

PLAN OF THE LESSON.—*First.* Call the children out *very* quietly.

Second. Draw a hen on the board, without speaking.

Third. Call one of the older children and ask him to be the teacher.

Fourth. Get the children to show me the hen that is on the board, and then tell them that I am going to make another for the little teacher.

Fifth. Write a second "a hen" and ask some child to find one, and when he selects the drawing, tell him that that is already taken, thus leading him to choose one of the written ones, then ask the little teacher to say if the child is right.

Sixth. Play that I keep eggs to sell and have many hens; write the expression "a hen" all over the board.

Seventh. Tell them that they may each catch one of my hens if they will be gentle to it. [Mem. Make that impressive.]

Eighth. Let the little teacher see if they are right, and have each child say "a hen" before his hand is taken off the words.

Ninth. Say "I don't think it nice to have hens in school," and rub one out, to give the children the idea of sending off.

Tenth. Dismiss by telling them I will send them off too.

THE LESSON.

Coming to the front desk of the row, where sits the group with which she has decided to begin reading, the teacher says quietly, "This little class may come up here and see what I am going to do," stepping, as she speaks, back to the blackboard and motioning the children to follow her. They wonder a little as to what is coming, but go gladly, for every lesson has been to them a new and pleasing surprise, and the teacher the good fairy who planned it.

Without another word or look at them she begins to draw. The children, thus left to themselves, cluster around her and watch the shape growing rapidly under her hand. Presently a small Yankee, with a large bump of language, breaks the silence by remarking oracularly, "I guess you are going to make a picture for us." The teacher does not seem to hear this, and keeps on with her work.

"I guess it's going to be a picture of a hen," ventures a bright-eyed little girl, who has not taken her eyes from the drawing since it began.

Seemingly deaf and dumb, the teacher draws on.

"Oh! I *know* it's going to be a hen," bursts out a boy who has got so close to the board that the teacher playfully taps his nose with the crayon to get him to move out of her way.

"Yes, she's making the tail," announces another one of the eager watchers.

"Now she's making the feet," is the next bulletin.

"It looks just like a hen," pronounces a child who has been deliberately surveying the picture from a little distance.

"It's done now," decides the tallest girl of the group, as the teacher puts the last touch to the top-knot, and stands back an instant to observe the effect of her work.

"Stanley?" she calls, turning toward a row of last year's

pupils, who are sitting in their seats absorbed with some pasteboard animals, which they are tracing on their slates.

A steady, sensible-looking little fellow quietly lays down his pencil, and comes up to know what the teacher wishes.

"I want you to help me; you are to be my little teacher. Nellie," speaking to one of the group at her side, "you may show me the hen that is on the blackboard."

Nellie points to the picture.

"Now I am going to put another hen on the board for Stanley to find, because you don't know this hen," writing "a hen" as she speaks.

Stanley puts his finger on it as soon as it is finished, while all the little ones look from the written word to Stanley, and then back to the word again.

"What have you found, Stanley?" inquires the teacher.

"A hen," briskly replies the boy.

The teacher, whose slightest movement is followed by every pair of eyes in the group, writes it again a little way off, and then says:

"Now Stanley and Nellie have each found a hen, and I want somebody else to find one. Carrie," selecting the brightest child of the lot.

The girl unhesitatingly points to the drawing.

"But that hen has been already found," protests the teacher. "Nellie showed it to us. You can see another if you look," she adds encouragingly.

Carrie stands a moment, and looks first at the drawing and then at the words, and finally, having apparently decided in her own mind that they mean the same thing, starts to put her finger on the nearest "a hen;" then probably remembering that Stanley had selected that, she snatches away her finger, and places it on the word last written, turning with a quick smile of intelligence toward the teacher as she does so.

The teacher cannot prevent the answering gladness of her

own glance, but appeals instantly to her small instructor, with a quick—

“Is that right, Stanley?”

“Yes'm,” is the prompt decision.

Not a look, a motion, or a word has been lost upon the small spectators of this scene, and inferences are being drawn and conclusions being arrived at, in every brain of the group. Meantime the teacher suggests persuasively—

“Let's play that I have eggs to sell, and that I keep a great many hens” (writing “a hen,” as she talks, on different parts of the board), “and that they are very tame; so tame that they will let anybody put their hands right on them if they do not hurt them and” (parenthetically) “of course you are gentle little boys and girls, and you would be kind to my hens, so I will let each of you put your hand on one.”

The little hands flutter, for a second, like birds, up and down the board, to find each, a separate word, and then settle; and the eager, laughing faces are turned toward the teacher for her approval.

“Yes, that's nice,” cordially; “but you will each need to keep hold of what you have, so it won't get away,” she adds, as two or three take their hands off the words they have found. “I will get Stanley to see if you have really caught one of my hens.” Then addressing Stanley: “You know you are my little teacher, and you are to have each one of these children tell what they have found, and then you must say if they are right. We will begin with Susie. What have you, Susie?”

“A hen.”

The teacher looks toward Stanley, who asserts in most dignified fashion, “That's right.”

This form of proceeding is repeated with every member of the group, very much to the enjoyment of the little pupils and the satisfaction of the little pupil-teacher; then,

all being correct, the teacher resumes the reins of government gracefully by saying, with a smile, "Thank you, Stanley; you may go back to your work."

Addressing the group, as if the idea had just entered her mind, she observes: "I don't think it looks well to have hens in the schoolroom; I am going to have them driven out," and then proceeds to rub out one of the words, adding: "There, I've sent one off. Jimmie may drive one out if he wants to," handing the eraser to him.

Of course he does. His eyes shine, his mouth opens, and his tongue comes out to work almost as fast as his chubby hands.

"Now, Edith, you may send yours away." And so, one by one, the words are erased, some of the shorter children being lifted up by the teacher to reach the hens "that flew high;" and at last the pleased little tots stand flushed with their exertions, looking up at the teacher to see what next. She is all ready for them, for, with a merry twinkle in her eyes, she says: "You've sent all the hens away, and now I am going to send you away—to your seats."

The little people take the joke and the hint, and trot off smilingly to their places, little dreaming of the vast domain into which they have just taken, so easily and happily, their first step.

Notes and Comments.

The act of association is accomplished far more easily when the faculties are under the influence of pleasurable excitement than when the mind is perfectly calm. Besides, whatever is enjoyed, awakens a desire for repetition. Hence the great beauty of this lesson was the delight it gave the children, and the next best point its utter simplicity. Because of the latter quality, the children were not aware of any difficulty in the steps they took; and because of the

former, every faculty of the child worked freely and at its best, and the lesson was unconsciously absorbed.

The device of the young pupil-teacher was excellent, for children love children, and children are impressed by children. The little child will learn far more rapidly from one of his own age than he will from the most skilful or gifted of grown-up teachers. "We send our children," says Emerson, "to school to the teacher, but it is the pupils who educate them."

CHAPTER III.

READING.—THE SENTENCE.

THE thought being the unit of mental action, it follows that the sentence is the unit of expression, and should be reached, in the teaching of reading, as soon as possible. After a few object-words have been learned (and the greater the skill of the teacher the less the number of words required) the first sentence may properly be taught.

The following lesson is presented to illustrate how one teacher took this—the next step.

PURPOSE OF THE LESSON.—To lead the children to associate thought with written words idiomatically arranged.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE TEACHER.—Originating the device, planning the lesson, and practising the drawing and writing.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE PUPILS.—*First.* All that they know of reading.

Second. All the power of oral expression that they have gained from four or five years of constant practice.

PLAN OF THE LESSON.—Begin by having the children look out of the window to see a hen. [Mem. Be prepared for the worst, *i.e.*, that they don't see any and have nothing to say about a hen.] Next, lead them to say, "I see a hen." Write it on the board and ask each child to tell me what I have written. Then play that that is their story, and that I will have one too; so get an excuse for writing the sentence again. Afterward tell them that my hen gets into queer places, and they may see and tell me where she goes. Next,

make a picture of a fence under the words "a hen," and ask where my hen is now. Last, get them to read the whole story. Do the same thing with a ladder, a nest, and a basket.

THE LESSON.

The teacher stands by the blackboard with her little class—which she has just called up—gathered around her. Looking at them keenly a moment, and detecting a certain lack of animation in their manner, she steps to the door, sets it open, and says to the group, "I am going to play that you are all little kittens. How do kittens run?"

"Fast."

"Quick."

"Softly."

"Yes; fast and softly. Now let me see which of my kittens will run fast and softly out of the east door, half around the house, in at the west door, and get here again first. Go!"

Like a flock of startled birds they fly, and in two minutes are back, panting and breathless, from their rapid run, but all alive from top to toe.

Taking up the crayon, the teacher, without a word, writes "a hen."

"What is it?" is her first question.

"A hen," chorus the animated group.

"Go very quietly to the window and look out. Can you see a hen? Come and tell me in a whisper." This by way of a quieting process.

They tiptoe off and back, and whisper all together, "No, ma'am."

"Sometimes we can see hens from the window," comments the teacher.

A hand is raised.

"Carrie."

"I saw one there this morning when I came in."

Another hand.

"Johnnie."

"There were a lot out there yesterday."

A third child is called upon, and affirms, "I saw a hen and some chickens there the other day."

"Yes," exclaims a boy, forgetting in his eagerness to wait until called upon; "and two of the chickens were fighting."

The teacher's face clouds at the gusto with which this item is given, and she interposes hastily, "Chickens don't know any better, but you do. I hope I shall never hear that any of you have been fighting."

After a little pause, to emphasize her words, she resumes the lesson by saying, "But if we could see a hen out there, I wonder what you would say to me."

"A hen's out there," is the first response from a small sprig of Erin.

"That's a hen," is a little girl's answer, and "There is a hen," comes properly and deliberately from the careful member of the class.

This is not what the teacher wants, so she tries again.

"How would you know that there was a hen out there?"

"We could see it," is the ready chorus.

"Well, we will play," plans the teacher, "that there is one, right there by the tree; now what will you say to me?"

The children all look intently at the spot indicated, as if seeing the imaginary fowl, and turning, say simultaneously, with great impressiveness—

"I see a hen."

"I will put what you said on the blackboard," says the teacher, and writes, "I see a hen." "Somebody tell me what I wrote."

All the hands are flying.

"Mary."

"I see a hen."

"Johnnie."

"I see a hen;" and so on, till every member of the group has read the sentence, and no two with the same tone or inflection.

"That's *your* story," decides the teacher, when this has been done, "and I am going to have a story, too, all to myself. I will write it under here, and you may see what it is."

The children read promptly, as soon as she has written it, "I see a hen."

"Please don't forget that this is my hen; now she gets into odd places, and I'll let you see and tell me where she goes."

While she has been telling about her hen, she has been making a few rapid strokes on the board, under and beside the end of the sentence,* and as she speaks the last word the children exclaim, "She's on a fence;" and sure enough, there is the fence, drawn in such a way that the phrase, "a hen," is just on the top rail.

"Yes. Who wants to read me the whole story?" drawing her finger along the whole line *at one stroke* as she says it. Everybody, of course.

"Eddie."

"I see a hen on the fence," reads Eddie vivaciously.

Carrie, Edith, Charley, and Jimmie are called upon in turn, each reading the sentence just as Eddie had rendered it, and with a good degree of expression. Nearly all this time a little grimy hand has been flourishing in the air in such close proximity to the teacher's face that she has once or twice retreated slightly to escape contact, but otherwise has taken no notice; probably with an idea of training its owner in patience.

* Three strokes of the crayon made the rails, and six more (two for each of the posts) finished two sections of a very substantial and well-drawn fence.

Now his enthusiasm bursts all bounds, and he whispers energetically, "Teacher! Teacher! Mayn't I read it?"

Assent is given. Mikie casts his eye along the board once more to make sure, then thrusting both hands into his trousers pockets, straightening his small chunky figure, setting his head on one side, and throwing his chin into the air, he delivers himself thus:

"I see a hin on the top of the fince."

This is too much for the teacher's gravity, and turning like a flash to the board, she begins busily to erase a part of her fence and draw in something else; but the children are greatly impressed, and Mikie has become to them the hero of the hour.

Before the class gets over this sensation the teacher has had time to recover her self-control, convert the rails of the fence into the rounds of a ladder, by adding one above and one below, draw two lines, one on each side, and there stands a ladder.

She now calls their attention to this transformation by asking, "Who is going to read about my hen now?"

After an instant's survey they are ready, and the teacher calls upon Nellie.

"I see a hen on a ladder."

Then they all read round again. Rapidly rubbing out the ladder she pauses an instant, to send a keen glance around the group to see if all are watching. Finding that one of her audience has turned his back upon her, she silently gives him a whirl and begins again.

Two quick curves from the point of her crayon, a rub or so from its side, and lo! a nest appears, and in its centre are the words "a hen." This charms the children, and they read beautifully the sentence thus created, "I see a hen on a nest."

Charley, doubtless with an idea of dividing the honors with Mikie, reads, "I see a hen on a nest made of hay," but

lacking the melodramatic element of the small Irishman's effort, it receives only the tribute of the teacher's hearty, "That's nice!"

When all have been called upon, the artist-teacher, by lengthening the lower part of the nest, drawing a few bold criss-cross lines over the whole, to make the material look coarser, and adding a handle, the nest is changed into a basket.

Thus still another sentence is created for the young readers, who regard the skill displayed, with the greatest admiration, and read as if they really saw what they would call a "truly hen" in a "truly basket."

But the time is up, is indeed a little past, the interest of the class having held the teacher longer than she intended. Upon discovering this, she wastes not a second in preparing "to begin"—"to commence"—"to get ready"—to dismiss the class, but drops with a smile a brisk "Good-by" into their midst, and is off down the room about her other work, leaving the little ones to find their way to their seats, for once, without any further formality.

Notes and Comments.

Children are very much like grown people, only perhaps a little more so, and they, too, find it difficult to be interested in that which is not interesting.

Aside from the vicious manner of teaching reading in common use, the aforesaid fact is the next most potent reason for the utter lack of expression complained of, in the reading of the pupils of our public schools. But when a teacher can create a variety of interesting matter out of the four words forming the first sentence the children read, what necessity can there be for any lack of interesting matter to present, as long as there are blackboards and crayons to be had, with women and men of brains and skill to use them?

Something of a contrast—this lesson—both in manner and matter, to the old fashion of presenting a Webster's spelling-book to the innocent little miseries, and expecting them to learn to read (in spite of being taught the alphabet) such exciting things as these—"An ox." "Is it an ox?" "It is an ox." To say nothing of those later days, when the primer came to alleviate their sufferings, filled with inspiring information like this—"The bug is on the mug." "The mug is on the rug." "The rug is on the tug."

CHAPTER IV.

READING.—COMBINATION LESSONS.—I.

PURPOSE OF THE LESSON.—To combine reading and language in one and the same lesson.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE TEACHER.—*First.* Thinking out a plan and inventing the device.

Second. Obtaining the necessary information regarding the objects to be used in the lesson.

Third. Practising the rapid making and writing of interesting sentences on the board.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE PUPILS.—*First.* All the practice that they have had in oral and silent reading.

Second. All the power of expression that they have gained.

PLAN OF THE LESSON.—Put some toys into my overskirt; call it a grab-bag, and let the children take turns in grabbing. Then have them give me sentences about the object thus presented. Next ask them where it came from, and what it is made of; thus lead them to observe it more closely. Now write the new word (the name of the object). After the children know this, write sentences containing the new word, and as many of the old words as I can introduce, for them to read. (Mem. Get as many of the sentences from the children as possible.) Close by letting them each select a sentence and read it, and send them to their seats to draw the object on their slates.

THE LESSON.

The teacher is standing at a blackboard at one end of the long pleasant room, having just finished a reading lesson and dismissed the class.

After waiting a moment, to see her young readers pick up the Busy-Work (some sliced pictures), which they find upon their desks, and become absorbed in it, she passes quietly to a secretary standing back of the children's seats, from which she takes several things, cautiously slips them into the gathered-up folds of her overskirt, and returning to the blackboard, calls out cheerly—

"The fifth group may stand, and come to me."

The last row of children, who are completely engrossed with some cambric picture-books, lay them down reluctantly, as she speaks, and slowly gather around her.

"How many of you ever went to a fair?" is her first question. All the hands are languidly raised.

"What did you see there?" is her next inquiry.

The listless faces begin to brighten, and one or two of the children show signs of interest.

"I saw lots of men," avers Johnnie.

"I saw some soldiers," declares Bertie.

"I saw the Grand Army," says Harry.

"I saw some ladies with white caps on," is Clara's contribution.

"I saw them making candy, and my mamma let me buy some," chimes in Willie.

"The man gave me some," speaks up Charlie, not waiting to be called upon.

"Did you see any grab-bags?"

"Yes'm." "Yes'm." "I did." "I did," is the universal response.

By this time they are all waked up, and every one is eager to talk.

"Tell me about them," pursues the teacher, becoming less animated as the class become more so. All the hands are flying, and Charlie being called upon, is in such a hurry that he gets things mixed, his account running thus:

"Why you see, you put your hand in, and you pay the man, and you take out something that you don't know till you open it."

"My papa let me put my hand in, too," bursts out Katy impetuously.

"Yes," assents the teacher, "wasn't that nice?"

"I did too, and I got a turtle," announces another little woman.

Here the teacher interposes. "Wouldn't it be nice," she suggests persuasively, to have a grab-bag right here; one of our own, and not pay any money? but we might put some words on the board when we got them."

"Oh, do, do." "Please do," is the joyful response of the little ones.

"Very well," smiling down upon them, "here's my bag," pointing to her overskirt. "Who wants to grab first?"

Every hand is up and fluttering; every arm is stretched to its utmost.

"Emma" (selecting the quietest child of the group), "you may."

The hands fall as the group settles back a little to give Emma a chance to grab. The teacher drops a fold or two of the top of the overskirt out of her clasping hand, the child thrusts in her arm, draws it out, and opening the small fist, discloses—a marble.

"A marble!" "A marble!" exclaim the eager little ones.

"Yes. Who will tell me a story about it? Harry."

"She got a marble."

"Who got a marble?"

"Emma."

"What has Emma?"

"A marble."

"Now Harry, tell me the whole story."

"Emma has a marble."

"Where is the marble, Nellie?"

"The marble is in her hand."

"What is Emma doing with the marble, Johnnie?"

"She is holding her marble."

The teacher here takes the marble and asks, "Who will make me a story this time? Clara."

"Mrs. C—— took Emma's marble."

"Tell me something about it. What shape is it? Katy."

"The marble is round."

The quiet little girl raises her hand.

"What is your story, Emma?"

"The marble is a sphere."

"That's nice," approvingly. "How do you know that it is a sphere?"

"Because it will roll every way."

"Yes. Johnnie, where did Emma get the marble?"

"Out of your dress."

"How do you suppose it came in my dress, Carrie?"

"I guess," shyly, "you put it in?"

"Where do you think I got it to put in, little bright-eyes?"

"Up there out of the closet" (meaning the secretary).

"And who knows," queries the teacher, "where I got it to put in the closet? Willie."

"Bertie D—— brought it to you for a present."

"That's a nice sentence, and he's a nice little boy. Where did he get it, Charlie?"

"I *find* at the store," ventures that cautious young gentleman.

"And where did the people at the store get it, Carrie?"

"Made it," is the laconic answer.

"What did they make it out of, Clara?"

Before the little girl can answer a boy flings up his arm with an energetic "I know! I know!"

"Well?" says the teacher, prisoning the dimpled hand in her own.

"Clay."

"What is clay?"

"The marble."

"What about the marble is clay?"

"It is made of clay."

"Now, Johnnie, begin again, and tell us nicely all the story."

He takes an instant to put his sentences together, and then announces, "The marble; it is made of clay."

"You meant all right," remarks the teacher assuringly, after a slight but sudden cough, behind which she hid her amusement at the young grammarian, "but there was a little too much of it. Katie tell him."

"The marble is made of clay."

"Yes. Does this marble look as if it was made of clay, Katie?" laying it in the girl's hand as she speaks.

"No," decides Katie, regarding it attentively, "it looks like glass."

"Can anybody tell me what glass is made of?" No answer. Each looks at the other, but hasn't a word to say.

"I think I shall have to tell you that. Glass is made of melted sand and ashes." This is received with wide-eyed, silent surprise. "Would you think that this pretty, bright glass was made out of sand?"

"No'm," is the wondering exclamation.

"All look at the windows; isn't it queer that that white, clear, clean glass could be made out of brown sand and dirty ashes."

"Yes'm," with great emphasis.

"Well, it was; and when you get to be big boys and girls you can go over to Cambridge some day and see them make glass; out of what?"

"Sand and ashes."

"That's right; and what is this?" holding it up.

"A marble," in a chorus.

"Now I am going to show you how it looks on the board. What am I going to write, children?"

"A marble."

"Help this crayon to say it; it hasn't as big a voice as you have."

The children pronounce slowly as the teacher writes, giving to each letter its sound as the letter is made.

"Let's put a marble here in this corner" (going to the other side of the board), "help me, everybody," which they do very earnestly. "Now I'd like one down here," and she writes the word near the lower edge, aided as before by the little ones, who follow her like a lot of kittens, sometimes almost running under her feet in their desire to be close. "If you know what this is that I write, you may tell me." She begins to write "a marble" again, and the children call it out before she can finish the word. "Why," laughingly, "you got that away from me. See if you know what this is?" and she writes, "I see a marble." All are ready and anxious. "Charley, you may tell."

He reads with great zest. The teacher begins to write again, saying, "Here is one for—," pausing till she has finished, and turning to look for the possible inattentive one, but he is not there; every eye is bright, every child working. "Katie."

"I have a marble."

"What will you say to me now?" holding up the marble. "Bertie."

"You have a marble."

This she rapidly writes, the children, who are reading silently, following her hand along as if they picked the words off the board as fast as she formed them.

"Willie," she calls, as she puts her period in its place.

He reads the sentence. "Let's see what I think," she suggests, beginning again to write.

If they needed any stimulus this would furnish it, and apparently each child reads (silently) as fast as the teacher writes, "I think the marble is pretty." They all signify their readiness to be called upon, the instant she makes the final dot. Johnnie is selected, and reads so much as if he really agreed with her, that the teacher turns upon him with the sudden query, "And you think the marble is pretty?"

"Yes'm."

"Well, I think something else;" and she writes, "I think the marble will roll." "Carrie, you may have that," and Carrie reads.

"Emma may take the marble and see if it is true." The girl goes to the table, followed by some of the children, and rolls the marble.

"You may all tell me this," remarks the teacher, calling their attention again to the board.

"I see a marble on the table," chorus the group, as she periods her sentence.

"Who wants to have this?" writing rapidly. "Willie."

He reads glibly, "I can see a red marble."

"Look," says the teacher, handing the marble to him, "can you?"

"No'm."

"Look again at the board, and tell me what it says."

Willie, after a careful study, in the course of which he puts his hand under each word, as if that helped him to know what it was, reads slowly, "I can see red in the marble."

"Is it true?" inquires the teacher, nodding toward the object in question.

"Yes'm," after a quick glance.

"What then can you see in the marble?"

"Red."

"Do you see anything else?"

In a second Willie is the centre of a cluster of little ones, all observing the marble with attentive eyes, while they call out as fast as they can speak, "Blue." "Yellow." "Pink." "Purple." "Green." "White."

"What do you call these?" is the next question.

"Colors."

"Yes. Can you see anything else in the marble?"

"Oh, I can!" exclaims a little girl, putting her head so close that Willie finds his eyes full of fluffy, flaxen hair—"lines."

"What kind?" is the query.

"Curved," chorus the class.

"That's nice," comments the teacher, who has been busily writing while they were looking at the marble. "Now each of you may find the sentence you would like best to read, and hold it till I call your name." The children dart toward the board like a flock of swallows; the hands circle around the sentences a second, then come to rest, and the teacher begins calling upon her eager little readers.

"Carrie tell us what her sentence says."

"I can see red in the marble," affirms Carrie.

"Yes, I think you can, so I shall have to give you the sentence" (handing her the eraser), "and when you have taken it, come to me and I'll whisper something in your ear. Willie tell us what he has found."

Carrie falls to rubbing the board with great energy, and Willie reads his sentence. By the time he has informed the class that "The marble will roll every way," Carrie has rubbed her space at the board till it almost shines.

The teacher now beckons the little girl forward, and bending down, whispers in her ear that which sends her down the aisle with a face all dimpling with smiles.

The next child is called upon to read. Willie erases his line of writing and receives also the whispered direction,

which affects him in the same pleasant fashion that it did Carrie.

So one by one they read, erase, are whispered to, and start off for the back of the room.

Having reached the secretary, they open a drawer, take therefrom a marble, pass to their seats, and begin busily to draw the object about which they have just been talking, learning, and reading.

Notes and Comments.

The preceding is a most excellent illustration of the way in which subjects may be combined. Here the teacher began with a pleasing presentation of the object by means of an attractive device. This stimulated thought, and led to expression on the part of the pupils, and thus, first, there was given a lesson in language.

In the course of the conversation the teacher found herself obliged to impart some information to the children (because they could not discover it for themselves), and so, second, they received an Object Lesson.

Next, they read the sentences that they had helped to make, and in doing this were taught lesson third, Reading—after which they went to their seats to draw the object, which made the fourth lesson—one in Drawing.

In an hour from that time this same class was being taught how to write the new word—the name of the object—and thus received lessons fifth and sixth, Writing and Spelling.

Here was economy, not of time merely, but of effort, both on the part of teacher and pupils, for the interest aroused, and impetus gained, in one lesson—the first—carried the children easily and happily through all the difficulties of five others.

CHAPTER V.

READING.—COMBINATION LESSONS.—II.

THE day following the preceding lesson, and twenty-four hours* later, the teacher having called the same little group to her side, they are greatly rejoiced to see again her improvised grab-bag.

Their delight makes itself manifest in various ways. First, they all begin to talk, of course, and out of this confused and rather loud murmur can be distinguished, "Oh, goody! goody!" "Ain't I glad!" etc. A few gently clap their hands together, and one little girl, more demonstrative than the others, lays her face caressingly upon the hand that holds the overskirt in position, while a boy, half forgetting time and place, begins to hop up and down.

Luckily his bare feet make little noise, but upon his head the teacher lays her hand, as she says, "Bertie," nodding toward a quiet-looking little fellow standing upon the outer edge of the group, "you may grab first this time."

The pleased child steps forward, puts in his hand, feels around a little, apparently finds something, drops it, picks up something else, and drawing it out, holds it up before the curious children.

"A bed!" "A bed!" they all exclaim.

"Will it do for *us*?" asks the teacher.

"Oh, no, it's too little," they answer all together.

"It might do for a dolly," suggests the baby of the class.

* This class has had two reading lessons in the mean time.

"So it might," agrees the teacher. "Let us see," going to her table drawer and returning with a tiny china doll. "Where is the boy with the bed?" as she rejoins the group. Bertie holds up the bed, which the children have been passing around to be looked at, and the teacher lays the doll upon it, amid the "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" of the children.

"Perhaps that was the doll the bed was made for," remarks the teacher, "but I can't tell till I know all about the bed. Who is ready to tell me something? Johnnie."

"The bed is little."

"Yes, the bed is small. Katie."

"The bed is pretty."

"I think so. Harry."

"The bed has four legs."

Here is a chance for a point in number, and she makes it thus, turning to Harry: "And how many have you?"

"Two."

"How many more legs, then, has the bed than you?"

"Two."

"Emma, your story."

"The bed is good to sleep on."

"That's nice. Carrie."

"The bed was in the bag."

"So it was. Willie."

"The bed is made of wood."

"Yes. How is it made? Clara."

"I guess it is pasted," replies that young damsel cautiously, adding after a moment's inspection, "I don't see any nails."

"I know," says Charley, with an air of imparting important information; "it's sticked together with mucilage."

"No, it is stuck together with something stronger—glue," corrects the teacher, both as to matter and manner.

"It's broke, anyhow," insists the crestfallen young man.

The logic of facts, as well as that of the small logician, a

being against the teacher this time, she completely ignores both his grammar and his logic, and retreats behind a fire of hasty questions.

"Where do we get wood?"

"Out of the trees," is the ready response.

"Where are the trees? Katie."

"In the field."

"Was this little bed made from a tree too?"

"Yes'm."

"Just think, children, everything that is made of wood was once out in the fields growing in trees. Watch the crayon now, it is going to say something you never saw before; this word says 'Bertie,'"—as she writes it—"There, Willie, read it to me."

"Bertie has a cunning little bed."

"Who will find the word that tells us who had the bed. Clara." She puts her finger on a word. "What is it?"

"Bertie."

"I want to know the word that tells what kind of a bed it was. Johnnie." He points to "little." "Children, what is it?"

"Little."

"There is another word which means almost the same as little; where is that?" Every hand points to "cunning."

"Tell me what it is."

"Cunning."

"I am going to write something about Mrs. C. She writes, 'Mrs. C. put a doll on the bed.'" "Who will tell me what I wrote?" and Harry reads.

"Find me that which tells who put the doll on the bed. Charley." He points to "Mrs. C." "Now point to the word that says what I put on the bed." Bertie points to "doll." "Can any one show me the word that tells what I did?" All point to "put." "Now it is time for some one to grab again. Charley may," this evidently with a view to cheer-

ing up that individual. He brightens decidedly, puts in his hand, and brings out a toy pitcher.

"What did you get, Charley?"

"I got a doll's pitcher."

"Tell me something about it, Carrie—tell me nicely, now."

"The pitcher is white."

"Emma."

"The pitcher has a nose and a handle."

"What is your story, Johnnie?"

"It is Mrs. C.'s pitcher."

"Yes. Another story, Katie."

"The pitcher will break."

"I guess it would if you should drop it. Clara has something to tell us; what is it?"

"My mother has a pitcher."

"I thought so. Willie, your story."

"The pitcher is small."

"What is the handle for, Bertie?"

"To carry it by."

"Wouldn't the pitcher be just as nice without the handle?"

"No, because I'd have to carry it so," taking hold of the nose.

"The crayon is going to talk, and I will help it this time," pronouncing the word 'pitcher' slowly as she writes it.

"What did the crayon say?"

"Pitcher."

"Whose word is it?"

"Charley's."

"Yes. I'll lay it upon this shelf," drawing a line under the entire word. "I am going to say something about Charley's word now. What is his word?"

"Pitcher."

"The teacher writes, 'Charley will let us see his pitcher.'"

"Clara, read." She does so. "You told me that so well, that I am going to let you grab next."

Clara draws a card, and begins her own inspection of it before she shows it to the class. Those on the outer circle of the cluster eagerly ask, "What did she grab?" "What is it, teacher?" This reminds Clara, and she holds it above her head, turning it over, to show both sides.

"A card." "A card." "A pretty card," is the chorus.

"Tell me something about it, to write," is the teacher's first request. "Emma."

"There are roses on the card."

"What else has roses in this room?"

"The dog! the dog!" exclaim the class, pointing to a black Newfoundland lying by the door, with roses tucked under his collar.

"Harry."

"The card is white."

"Bertie."

"The card is thin."

"Johnnie."

"The card is Clara's."

"Yes, and this little mark"—making an apostrophe—"is what tells us that something belongs to somebody. Who does the card belong to?"

"Clara."

"Then I will put it here," inserting it in its place as she speaks, the class watching her intently all the time. "Willie read me this," pointing to the first sentence about the card. "Charley tell us what this says," indicating the last. "Katie, tell these two," pointing to the second and third. "We'll grab again. Carrie, it is your turn." Carrie grabs a doll. "Just see what she has."

"O-o! O-o-o!" "A doll!" "A dolly!" are the varied ejaculations with which this is received. The doll was well worthy of the admiration it excited, being dressed in pink silk very much flounced, and decorated with a blue sash.

"I can see something"—remarks the teacher, stepping to

the board—"that has two legs, two arms, two eyes, and two red cheeks."

"A doll! a doll!"

"And this is the way it looks," writing it. "Can you read me this story about it?" writing as she speaks, "I wish I had a doll." Everybody seems to be able, as all hands go up. "Carrie."

She reads, not suspecting the joke, and the children all laugh to hear her say it with such earnestness, when she holds a doll in her hand.

"Everybody find a sentence to read me," is the next demand. Each selects again, and reads. "Now, who will be the first to ask me a question about the things we have grabbed? Harry."

"Have you a card?"

"No, but"—she turns and writes—"I wish I had a card."

This pleases the children, who read silently, and then put up their hands, each eager to ask their question.

"Katie."

"Can you see the doll?"

The teacher writes, "I can see the doll." "Johnnie."

"Can you play marbles?"

"I do not," is written in answer; then with a glance over her shoulder she explains, "Children, this word says 'play,'" writing it as she speaks, and finishing the sentence with the word "marbles." "Emma."

"Have you a glass pitcher at home?"

The answer, "I have a pitcher there," is soon upon the board.

"Who does the card belong to?" asks Willie.

"The teacher writes, "The card is Clara's," watching the class closely, to see if they notice her sign of the possessive, and reading in their faces that they do, she calls upon Bertie for his question.

"Where is the little bed?"

"Bertie has it in his hand," is the written reply, greatly to that young gentleman's satisfaction at seeing his name in writing again. When all have asked a question, and been answered on the board, the sentences are read by the class as called upon.

Then the teacher, taking all the things which the children have drawn from the grab-bag, including the marble, in her hands, says, "How many objects have I?"

"Five."

"What is this made of?" holding up the marble.

"Glass."

"My mamma has some dishes made of glass," observes Willie.

"Has she? What is glass made of?"

"Melted sand and ashes," calls out Harry, eager to show that he has not forgotten. He gets an approving pat on his curly head for this, as the teacher goes on. "And this?" touching the bed.

"Wood," is the instantaneous answer.

"I think mine is. Can any one tell me what this is made of?" holding up the card.

"Paper," is the quick reply.

"What is paper made of?" No answer this time. "What does mamma do with the old rags?" is the next query.

"She sells them to the rag-man," says Clara.

"And what do they make out of old rags?"

"They make paper sometimes," is Emma's half-confident remark.

"Yes, they grind the rags up very fine, and after working with them a great many ways, they make paper out of them. Now tell me what is this" (the card) "made out of?"

"Cloth," in a quick chorus.

"Tell me something else made of cloth."

"Your dress!" exclaims Johnnie, before the others get a chance.

"Nice boy, so it is. Here is something made of glass, what is it?" She writes "a marble," and the class read it aloud before she can finish making the last letter. "Here is something made of cloth." She draws in a second, almost, a card, and writes her name in the centre, which greatly pleases the children. "Here is something that was once part of a tree," writing "a bed," and calling upon them to read it. "Now, I am going to put on a hard word; you will have to study for this," beginning to write again. Thus challenged, the children are all on their mettle, and absolutely shout out "pitcher" before she gets it half written. "There, you snatched it away from me; you are getting to be too smart," with an air of mock indignation. "Go away. Good-by."

This joke is keenly relished by the little people, who go laughingly to their seats, charmed with the teacher, pleased with their lesson, and well satisfied with themselves.

Notes and Comments.

This second combination lesson is introduced—

First. To show how a pleasing device may be used more than once to good advantage.

Second. To demonstrate the fact that the skilful teacher of language can lead children while still very young, to begin to classify words, laying thus the foundation for that much studied but little understood subject—grammar.

Third. To illustrate the fact that the more an exercise involves the personality of the pupils, the more attractive it is to them, and the better should be the results.

As witness the bit of language-work introduced by means of questions asked by the pupils, and answered in writing by the teacher. The longest, most complex, and best constructed sentences gained at all were given then, when the pupils were completely absorbed by the thought and entirely unconscious of any effort at expression.

CHAPTER VI.

READING.—AN ADVANCED LESSON IN SCRIPT.

READING and Language must always go hand in hand, they cannot be separated; but their constant interchange is most noticeable in Primary work.

At first, it is manifest, Reading does not appear. Beginning with Language, all the preparatory work is purely conversational, and the first lessons in Reading consist of considerable conversation and very little reading.

As the skill of the pupils in their new acquisition (reading) increases, the amount of language work decreases,* until finally—toward the end of the first year—the time of the lesson is devoted almost entirely to reading, the conversation being mainly confined to that done by the teacher for the purpose of introducing the sentences in an interesting manner.

The lesson which follows is one given the last part of the first year, just a little before the children are transferred from the blackboard to the primer.

One Friday morning in May, 1883, Barnum's menagerie, including the celebrated elephant Jumbo, passed through the town of Quincy on the train, *en route* from New York to Boston. Of course every child in the place big enough to go alone, who could gain the requisite permission or procure the necessary funds, was going into Boston the next day to see Jumbo, and of course every boy and girl was wild with excitement in consequence.

* This is true only of lessons in Reading *per se*, and not of exercises intended to combine Reading with Language.

It goes then without saying, that every teacher in town found his or her skill taxed to the utmost, to hold the children to their work that day.

The lesson in Reading here given, will show how one teacher managed to accomplish this.

PURPOSE OF THE LESSON.—*First.* To train children to look through sentences instantly, and grasp the thought behind them.

Second. To take advantage of an intense interest previously aroused, and use it for this purpose.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE TEACHER.—*General*—(1) All the knowledge of child nature she possessed.

(2) All the training in skill which she had ever received.

Special—(1) Originating the bright idea of using Jumbo for a subject.

(2) Thinking up her varied and attractive sentences.

(3) Writing them many times very rapidly and plainly.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE PUPILS.—*First.* Their natural curiosity concerning the animal.

Second. Whatever power they have gained in reading at sight.

PLAN OF THE LESSON.—*First.* Introduce and write the new words—*Jumbo* and *elephant*.

Second. Write and have read, as many sentences as the time will permit.

N. B.—(1) Introduce the sentences without more talking than is absolutely necessary.

N. B.—(2) Keep the pupils reading (if possible) all of the time.

Third. Manage to present the sentences in such a way that the children will be eager to know what they mean, and so will read them rapidly.

THE LESSON.

It is the advanced room of the lowest Primary Grade. Nearly every pupil is in his seat at five minutes before nine, but not still; excitement is in the air, and restlessness possesses the souls and bodies of the seventy-five boys and girls here assembled.

As the bell rings, the teacher, who has been studying the situation, steps to the blackboard, and with the laconic remark, "This is what I am thinking about," begins to draw.

At first only a few watch to see what she is making, but as she goes on, her audience increases, until in less than a minute and a half, every eye in the room is fixed upon the figure growing under her hand. Another half minute and the clumsy shape is finished, a blanket with a star in each corner and the name "Jumbo," printed in the middle, is made upon it, and the drawing is complete. The room is perfectly quiet by this time, and she has the absorbed attention of the entire seventy-five.

"What is it?" is her first inquiry.

"Jumbo," is the instantaneous reply.

"Yes, that's his name, but *what* is it?"

"An elephant," is the quick chorus.

"Tell me something about him, any one." Then comes a sudden storm of answers.

"The elephant has a trunk."

"The elephant has four legs."

"The elephant is large."

"The elephant has long ears."

"The elephant is an animal."

"The elephant has two large teeth."

"The elephant has a tail."

"The elephant has two eyes."

"The elephant is gray."

"The elephant is covered with brown skin."

"The elephant eats peanuts."

"The elephant has a blanket."

"The elephant's name is Jumbo."

"That will do," decides the teacher. "Who can tell me what the elephant is good for?"

"To carry boys and girls," shouts an impulsive youngster, not noticing in his haste that this last was not to be answered *en masse*.

His start at hearing his own voice shows this plainly, so with only an admonitory, "Raise your hands now, if you've anything to say," the teacher calls upon Maggie.

"To carry heavy things," is that little girl's idea.

"Yes. Anything else? Tommy."

Just at this instant the gong strikes, and obedient to the signal, the children all sit up in position and fold their hands on the desk, in readiness for the devotional exercises.

The teacher opens her Bible and reads,—*"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters."*—Then without another word she begins to sing. If, in the "green pastures," these little children saw the elephant lying, instead of the lamb, and from their "still waters" he filled that wonderful trunk of his, what harm? It would only make more real for them the Psalmist's lovely imagery.

After the first song, "Lambs of the Flock," follows "We are Little Travellers," in which their feelings get so much the better of them, that their feet begin to go, as if already on the road to Boston. This is a little more hilarity than even a New Method-ist can stand, and just as the children are opening their mouths to begin the second stanza, she sings, hardly above her breath:

"Not a single reading lesson,
Not a word to spell,"

This sudden switch throws them off the track for a moment, but the teacher's face is perfectly demure, and the song a great favorite, so they pick themselves up and join in; and by the time she comes to the line,

"Funny green schoolhouse
Without any bell,"

they have caught the spirit of the dainty thing, and are singing softly, airily, sweetly.

They are so completely toned down by the time this is finished, that the teacher leads off with the "Menagerie Song," by way of a safety-valve. At the close of this she has her class well in hand, and the regular work of the day begins.

The fifth group are set to copying a sentence from the blackboard, each anxious to have a *daisy* slate—that is, a slate which shows such good writing that when the teacher comes to examine it she will sketch a daisy with colored crayons in the corner.*

The fourth group draw vertical lines a foot long and an inch apart, upon the blackboard, while the third go with the trainer to the lower end of the room for a language lesson upon a picture.

The second division are told to copy and work out this problem (which they find upon the board in elegant handwriting): "A little girl has eight dolls and only four doll-houses; how many dolls must she keep in every house if she has the same number in each?" That is, they are to illustrate the answer by drawings instead of figures.†

The teacher having seen the others, all hard at work, calls out the first group (who have been kept from mischief in the meantime by being set to wash their slates) to the blackboard, for their reading lesson.

* It takes this teacher just one second to do it.

† The children are not taught figures the first year.

It is an overgrown group in more senses than one, for it numbers fifteen, and is made up of pupils older than is common to this grade. Of these a large proportion are boys.

Before the children have fairly reached the board, the teacher has nearly finished writing a sentence, which they begin at once to read silently, without waiting to arrange themselves in a group.

"What is it, Fred?" calls out the teacher to the last comer, unmindful of the flying hands in front of her.

Fred, who has not yet begun to think of the lesson, hastens his moderate movements, finds a chance to wedge his head in between two others, casts a quick glance along the board, and reads, "Who is going to Boston to-morrow?"

"I am!" "I am!" choruses the crowd, thrown off their guard by this sudden question.

"Hush! hush!" good-naturedly commands the teacher, lifting a warning finger. "You must *not* all speak together unless I ask you. Now I am going to put on the board the name of something which went through Quincy very early this morning on the cars."

There is an eager lighting of the faces at this, and a whispered murmur of "Jumbo." The teacher puts her finger on her smiling lips to warn the speakers, and writes "Jumbo."

"Class, what is it?"

"Jumbo."

"What is Jumbo, children?"

"An elephant."

"Yes; and this is the way that big word—say it for me as I write" (the class sound the letters as she makes them)—"looks on the board."

"Who can tell me what I write now? Jennie."

"Jumbo is a very large, fine elephant."

Hardly pausing till the child has read, the teacher begins to write again, saying rapidly, "Here is something I want to know?" and Patrick, being called upon, reads:

"Are you going to see the elephant Jumbo?"

"See" (instantly), putting her finger again on her lips, and giving the eager children no chance to speak, "if this is what you would say to me?" writing rapidly, "I think I shall go to see Jumbo to-morrow morning." "Eddie may read."

The teacher, beginning to write again, says: "If you asked me that question, I might say—Maggie, tell them what."

Maggie reads, "Papa, mamma, Jennie, and I are all going in to Boston to see Jumbo."

Without an instant's pause the teacher begins to write, saying as she does so, "Here is something more I might tell you. Lucy, read."

"Uncle John gave me ten cents yesterday, and I am going to buy some peanuts for Jumbo."

They all laugh as she writes this, for the class are following along beside the board, reading to themselves as fast as she can make the words.

"Wouldn't you like to have me ask you this question about him?" she goes on, allowing the children no opportunity to talk, but holding them steadily to the reading. "Walter."

He reads, "Do you think you would be afraid to get on Jumbo's back and take a ride?"

"Now," writing and talking again, "I will tell you what I think you would say. Hattie, talk it for me."

"No, because Jumbo is kind and gentle to little children, and likes to give them a ride."

"Let me ask you another question," and she hurries on, writing with marvellous rapidity. "Charley, put it for me."

"Do you know where Jumbo used to live before he came here?"

"I do!" exclaims a boy. But the teacher, significantly

ignoring both his exclamation and his hand, calls upon Minnie, who says—

“He used to live in London.”

“Well,” continues the teacher, writing again, “here is something you didn’t tell me. Tommy, tell them what it is.”

“How could they bring so large an animal as Jumbo, across the water?”

There is great anxiety on the part of all to answer. “Everybody that knows may tell.”

“He came in a steamer,” is the general exclamation.

“To New York,” adds Patrick, with an air of great importance.

The children have not time to catch the smile that flits across the teacher’s face, for she hastily turns to write this sentence, “Jumbo came across the water in a steamer to New York;” and Mikie is called upon to read.

“I wonder,” observes the teacher meditatively, as she writes, “how you will feel for poor Jumbo when you see this? Herbert, tell us what it is.”

“I read that poor Jumbo was very sea-sick when he was coming from his old home,” is Herbert’s response to her request.

“What do you think about that, children?” inquires the teacher, looking over her shoulder as she writes the next sentence. One glance at the serious countenances, and she is glad to turn her face to the board to hide her amusement at their evident sympathy.

“I feel real sorry,” says Annie.

“I do, too,” remarks Tommy, feelingly.

“So do I,” puts in Patrick, “for I was awful sea-sick when I went down to Nahant.”

“Here is another story,” announces the teacher, thinking perhaps that a change in the subject might be desirable.

“Hattie, read it to the class.”

"I wonder if Jumbo liked to ride on the cars any better than he did on the steamer?"

"Can you tell me this?" asks the teacher, writing away with a perfectly serious face, while the little crowd that run along after her crayon strokes are giggling at every step. "Mikie, ask them."

"Did Jumbo have his trunk put on the baggage-car when he went to Boston?"

"And here is another thing I'd like to know," pursues the writer, hardly pausing to hear the reading, and followed as before by the laughter of the children. "Frank, tell them," and he reads:

"Who knows where Jumbo keeps the key to his trunk?"

The hands are raised but no speech is allowed. The indefatigable teacher writes on, unregardful both of this and their laughter at her next sentence, "Does the elephant Jumbo keep his clothes in his trunk?"

"Charley, ask the question."

The excitement by this time is intense. The teacher finds herself obliged to wave them back in order to get room to write, and now she makes her appeal to the other side of these emotional creatures.

"Do you imagine, children, that Jumbo ever thinks?" writing, "I wish I could go home and see the little boys and girls I left across the water."

"Frank!" and he reads. Now, turning to the group, already quieting under the influence of the feeling she last aroused, she notifies them,—writing all the time,—"Here is the last sentence I am going to write about Jumbo, and let me see who will read it first. Minnie, I saw your hand before the others; tell us what it is."

"Jumbo will stay in Boston two weeks, and then he is going somewhere else to see other children."

"Yes, and I am going, too—this very minute—to see some other children. What will you do?"

“Go to our seats.”

“Very well, go; and don’t forget to find some work to do after you get there.”

Notes and Comments.

The skilful generalship here displayed, in the command of forces already in action, and the masterly tact here shown, in the management and direction of power already generated, is like “good wine which needs no bush.”

Comment is unnecessary.

CHAPTER VII.

READING.—THE FIRST LESSON IN PRINT.

WHEN one hundred and fifty or two hundred words have been taught *thoroughly*, when the children can read from the blackboard as rapidly as the teacher can write, when they can grasp promptly and give fluently the thought contained in sentences fifteen or sixteen words long, they are ready to make the change from script to print.

The lesson which follows, will illustrate the manner of making the transition.

PURPOSE OF THE LESSON.—To make the change from script to print.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE TEACHER.—The special cultivation of faith; belief in the uncomprehended working of the human mind; and trust in the unknown mysterious mental power of the little child.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE PUPILS.—Their unconscious familiarity with the forms of the script letters; and their power of detecting resemblances.

PLAN OF THE LESSON.—Begin by interesting the children in the picture of the man on the first page of the chart; then write the words "a man" on the board, and ask them to find the same on the chart. When all of these have been found, turn to the next page of the chart, write for the children what the boy says, and ask the brightest child present, to find it on the chart. Then ask each of the class to find the sentence in a different place on the chart. Call

upon the boys to read it. Have the girls point out "man" and "I am."

N B. SPECIAL.—Be sure not to let the children think they are going to do anything difficult or unusual; and try *very* hard not to think so myself.

THE LESSON.

One sunshiny morning in spring, the teacher, who has been hanging her chart (which the children have never seen before) in a convenient place for present use, drops the outside cover down, and calls out cheerfully,

"I'd like to have the little men and women who belong to my first group, come down this way and see me for a while."

The genial invitation attracts, and the implied compliment gratifies them; so they come smiling down the long room, cluster around the teacher where she stands, and look up in her face, waiting to know what new and fresh delight she has in store for them.

"I am going to show you a picture to-day," she begins; "a picture of—" she turns and writes on the board, "a man."

"What is it, children?"

"A man," is the concerted answer.

"Well, here he is," announces the teacher, flinging back the cover, leaving displayed the picture, nearly a foot long, of a man.

The children all gather around in front of the chart, and look at him.

"What is it a picture of, children?" inquires the teacher.

"A man!" is the sturdy chorus.

"You may find these words on the paper."

They point to the nearest "a man" without the slightest hesitancy.

"Find them in another place."

"In another."

"In another still."

They find them each time, with quick and unerring certainty.

"Let us see what else we can find," turning over another leaf. This discloses the picture of a little boy with a man's tall hat on, and a man's cane in his hand.

"O! O-o! O-o-o!" laugh the children, and begin at once to comment.

"That's a boy with his father's hat on," decides one.

"Yes, and he's got his father's cane," adds another.

"Ho! don't he feel big!" exclaims a third.

"I guess he thinks he's as big as his father," is a diminutive Yankee's way of putting his thought.

"I think so too," agrees the teacher, "and I'll tell you what he says."

She writes on the board, "I am a man." The children laugh aloud as they read it.

"Isn't that a funny story?" comments the teacher, in a tone that makes the children feel that she thinks it really is funny.

"Willie" (selecting the brightest child of the group), "find that story here" (pointing to the chart), "and read it to us, so that we shall truly think you are a man."

Thus invited, Willie is so completely carried away by the idea of how he is going to say it, that he does not notice that he is to read from print instead of script, and so does not think to balk at the unaccustomed forms, but puts his finger at once upon the right words and reads with great dramatic power,

"I am a man."

"See if each one of you can find that same story in a different place on the paper," suggests the teacher.

Little people, as well as larger ones, are like sheep—they

follow their leaders. Whatever Willie has done, they can do; and so in an instant they are crowding around the chart (which is placed low enough for them to reach), and most of them without the least hesitancy find the sentences. Two or three look a little longer before placing their fingers, but show no doubt after they have once decided.

A quick and comprehensive glance having satisfied the teacher that all have found the words, she remarks, in a brisk, business-like way,

"Now we must all stand back a little, and give Harry room to read."

Harry, who was retreating slowly with the rest, being called upon thus suddenly, halts midway, and standing as he stopped, mostly on one foot, with shoulders rounded and head drooped forward, reads,

"I am a man."

"Are you?" asks the teacher doubtfully.

The significance of her manner is such that it draws the attention of the whole class, who look from her to Harry, wondering what she may mean. All this time Harry is becoming more and more embarrassed, and his position more slouching and unbecoming.

"Do you stand like a man?" inquires the teacher.

Harry straightens as if he had received an electric shock, and every member of the class likewise, and by the time the teacher can add,

"I must try to find some one who looks like a man to read it," the boys are standing like grenadiers on duty, painfully erect and tall.

"Charley, read it to us."

He does so with unbending dignity.

"Tommy, are you a man?" queries the teacher. Tommy glances across his nose, being quite too rigid to turn his head, and says,

"Yes'm."

"Then you shall tell us so;" which he does, as if he believed it.

"Now," continues the teacher, "I've only one man left—Walter."

He also stiffly announces to the class, "I am a man."

The teacher hesitating a moment before calling upon any one else, Tommy—apparently taking it for granted that she is at a loss what next to do—assumes the air of superior wisdom as well as the dignity of manhood, and proceeds to edify her with the remark—delivered also with great inflexibility as to spine,—

"You will have to take the girls for men too."

The teacher finds it somewhat difficult to preserve perfect seriousness of demeanor at this point, and consequently smiles rather more than the occasion would seem to demand, as she observes,

"I think I'll not ask the girls to read, but they may put their fingers on the word 'man.' "

The girls, glad to be called upon at last to do something, step forward quickly to the chart, and each finds the word in a different place.

"Now they may all find 'I am.' " That, too, is promptly done. "That will do," decides the teacher; "you may go to your seats, and draw a man. The girls may draw the small man here, and the boys may draw the large man on the other page. Pass!"

Notes and Comments.

In the case of the first child called upon to read the printed sentence, his consciousness is so absorbed by the thought,—i.e., the story the sentence tells,—that there is no room left for anything else; consequently he does not notice that the forms which he sees are new, nor that there is any

difficulty to be encountered in reading them. But had this child faltered or stumbled, it would not have been an easy matter to have led the rest to make the change from script to print unconsciously. Hence there would have arisen a difficulty, because their consciousness would have made one.

CHAPTER VIII.

READING.—PHONICS.

THE training in phonics is helpful in several ways. First, slow pronunciation leads toward the conscious analysis of words into their elementary sounds. Second, drill upon the sounds of the letters trains the ear to distinguish readily, and the vocal organs to produce clearly, the elements of spoken language.* Third, the chart exercises train the children to distinct articulation and pure enunciation. Fourth, after the association of the sounds with the forms of the letters has been made, a knowledge of phonics gives the child a key to new words, and thus is gained a great economy of mental activity.

Most of the work done in phonics can be accomplished as well, or better, with the whole roomful as with a single group: hence it is a great saving of time and force to make the daily phonic drill general, and introduce it at odd moments by way of rest and change for pupils and teacher.

The first thing should be the slow pronunciation of monosyllabic words, familiar to the children, as a preparation to the conscious analysis of words into sounds. This should not at all resemble that harsh, mechanical, awkward process which is known as spelling by sound, but should be just what its name indicates—a slow pronunciation of certain words, *without the slightest change of tone or manner.*

* This training is especially valuable in teaching the children of foreigners.

Here is an exercise, a minute long, which was given during one of the first weeks of the school year.

The teacher says, "Now I would like to have all the little folks look right in my face, and see what I am going to say. Have any of you a d-o-ll?" This is said so easily and naturally that the children hardly seem to notice the prolongation of the word "doll," but answer readily, "Yes'm." "No'm." "I have." "I have."

"Point to the c-l-o-ck," is the next demand, which is instantly obeyed.

"Put your hand on your ch-ai-r." Every hand goes down on one side or the other.

"Pinch your ch-ee-k-s," continues the teacher. This seems to strike them as being very funny, and they pinch so hard that the pink cheeks are pinker than ever, in consequence.

"Touch your ch-i-n. Open your m-ou-th," follow in quick succession, and are promptly done by the little ones, though the last lets the laugh come out.

"Hold up your right h-a-n-d," is the next request. This is more difficult, and for the first time they hesitate; many, not noticing the whispered "h," cannot make out the word at all, so the teacher repeats, and now they hear and obey.

"Put out your f-oo-t." Out they come, some of them bare and some covered, but all full of life.

"Show me your t-ee-th." Such hard work as they make of this, and not much of a showing in some cases, either.

"Where are your n-ai-l-s," is the next inquiry, which brings to view a hundred and fifty hands not over-clean, with nails to match.

"Have you washed your h-a-n-d-s and cleaned your n-ai-l-s this morning?" is the quick cross-question, which—serving equally well as a review and a reminder—causes the aforesaid dark-colored members to disappear with suspicious suddenness.

"Bend your h-ea-d," calls out the teacher, not waiting for

their reluctant answer to her former question. "Lay it on the desk for a little while, and see if you can think of anything you've done to-day to help your mother or anybody else." *

At another time, later on in the term, came this little lesson upon the sounds themselves, by way of preparation for the phonic chart.

"Let us all fold our hands," says the teacher, "get our feet together, and sit up as tall as we can; then we shall be ready to say something. How many ever saw any doves?" All the hands are raised.

"How many ever heard the doves talking together?" Most of the children look as if they never thought of such a thing, and only two or three hands come up.

"Now listen, and see if you haven't, for I am going to tell you what they say. Sometimes they shut their mouths and say b-b-b," making the sound of the letter in such a way that it resembles the cooing of doves. The little ones begin to smile as soon as they hear this, and raise their hands to show that they recognize the sound.

"Now play that you are my doves, and you say b-b-b." After they have tried this, she continues, "They don't all shut their lips—the little ones, and then they say d-d-d; now you are little doves, and are going to make the sound they do." This is done.

"But a few of the doves don't know how, and they leave their mouths open, and this is the way it sounds—j-j-j. You may all do that."

"Then some talk away down in their throats, so—g-g-g. See if you can do that in your throats too. Now, suppose that a train of cars should come close by where the doves were, what would the doves do?"

* Exercises like this, are followed by those in which the children give the slow pronunciation of certain words immediately after the teacher.

"Fly away," chorus the class.

"Yes, they have gone. But this engine is going very slowly, and it makes a noise like this: p-p-p. You may be engines, all of you."

The roomful of puffing youngsters quiets at a wave of the hand, as she asks, "What kind of a sound does the engine make when its going very fast?"

"Choo, choo, choo," is the instantaneous response.

"Isn't this more like it?" asks the teacher. "Ch-ch-ch."

"Yes'm."

"You may be engines going fast, now."

"Ch-ch-ch."

"Now go very slowly."

"P - p - p."

"Now fast."

"Ch-ch-ch."

"Now slow."

"P - p - p."

"Now we will play that we have got to Quincy, and we all stop." The room is still. "When you get to the house, you find that mamma has just put the baby to sleep, and she hears somebody coming, and doesn't know that it is any of my kind, thoughtful little boys or girls, who would step lightly and speak low, but she thinks it is some naughty, careless child, that walks with a great noise, and flings down his hat, and talks with harsh voice, so mamma says 'sh sh-sh.' You may all say it to me. There, that will do. Now I'll play that the baby is sound asleep, and I want you all to pass out for recess so quietly that you won't waken her."

After the children have commenced reading, and have begun to associate the sounds with the forms of the letters, it will be time to place the Sound Chart upon the board, and have a daily drill upon that.

There are various ways in which this may be done, the

following being one which combines singing with phonics, and thus ensures pure tones as well as clear articulation.

The teacher, standing in front of the chart* (which is beautifully made in script letters with colored crayons), says, "Now we are going to have all these queer little people," pointing to the letters, "sing; let us make them sing their very best this time. I'd like to begin with this one (*m*), who keeps his lips shut tight, and holds his head down, and laughs with his eyes. You show me how." The children do as she indicated

"Now we will all sing with him." They sing the ascending and descending scale, using the sound of the letter in place of the syllables *do*, *re*, etc

"Let us take his sister to sing with next," and they sing *n*.

"Here's his uncle, who sings through his nose." (This is *ng*) "Try him."

"This tall fellow (*l*) curls his tongue up in the top of his mouth when he sings; let us hear his voice;" (and of *r*), "this is his short cousin, who has a short tongue, that he curls all up in the bottom of his mouth; sing him."

"This (*p*) is the one who hasn't any voice at all, but he tries hard all the same; let us take him up and down too:" and so on through the chart, sometimes singing up the scale with one sound and down with another, and sometimes both ways with the same sound.

Another device is to give each sound smoothly three times; another, to call out each sound first with an easy, full, rising inflection, and then with the falling.

One teacher once drew a ladder and put the letters representing the sounds on the rounds, and repeated them in that way.

Almost any device is good, *provided it does not tend to*

* The Sound Chart referred to, is that given in Colonel Parker's "Talks upon Teaching," p 64.

distort the sounds, or lead the children to give them in a hard, unnatural manner.

When the pupils have become perfectly familiar with the consonant chart, and one or two of the short vowels, so that they are able to combine simple sounds—indicated by the teacher—into words, and when they can readily give the slow pronunciation of all the words they have learned to read, lessons purely phonic may be introduced.

These should not be given to the children within three months from the time they enter school, and should then be presented in the form of general exercises, supplementing the usual work. Here is one which came directly after the devotional exercises and the singing that followed, in the morning.

"Harry," calls out the teacher, as the last notes of the song die away, "come out here and tell us what you can do." The child—one of the self-possessed sort—starts at once for the front, and arriving there, faces the school and begins with—

"I can walk;" then follows of course, "I can talk," and he goes on, "I can eat, I can laugh, I can write, I can read." This concludes his list of in-door accomplishments, and after a little hesitation he gets out of doors by declaring, "I can run."

"Let me see you run," is the sudden demand of the teacher. Nothing daunted, he is off down the aisle, greatly to the amusement of the children. When he has run the length of the room the teacher says, "Anybody else in Harry's line who can run may come here." Thus challenged, every child makes a bee-line for the teacher's side.

"Let me see you run," is her next request, and in a second a dozen children are scampering down the room as fast as their short legs will carry them.

"Now, children," says the teacher, addressing the runners, "tell me what you can do."

In concert they answer, "We can run!"

"Run to your seats quickly then, and everybody in the room be ready to help the chalk talk." Picking up a crayon she makes the letter *r*, and the children give the sound; *u* writes the teacher, and as they know only the name, or long sound of this letter, (having learned that when writing it), she gives *without comment* the short sound as she makes the letter, and then writes the *n*, and the children give the sound; *but they do not pronounce the word* after they have given the sounds, because there is no need—they *have* pronounced the word (slowly) already.

"Nellie, tell me a story and put that word in it," is the next request.

"We can run," answers Nellie.

"All together, tell me the new word *slowly*," they chorus *r-ŭ-n*. "Now, children, say the word I write, all of you," and the teacher *beginning directly under* the other—the key-word—makes *g*, and the children give the sound; *u*, and after an instant's hesitation, and a glance at the letter above it, they call out *ŭ*; the teacher makes the *n*, and that is sounded.

"Tommy, tell me a story about that word."

"My father has a gun," announces that small boy, rising up and sitting down, very much after the fashion of a "Jack-in-the-box."

"The class may tell me what this is," pointing to the word on the board.

"Gun," is the response.

"Say it slowly," and they do so. Here is another," continues the teacher, and she goes on to write *beneath gun* the word *bun*, the whole class giving as before the sound as each letter is formed. Then she calls for a sentence containing the word; after this she writes *fun* in the same column and in the same manner.

When the five words have been written, and each em-

bodied in a sentence by the children, the teacher calls up others to name them as she points, and has the class give again the slow pronunciation of each, and then *without erasing** the column, the regular work of the day begins.

When it is time for the usual reading lesson, these words (excepting the first, which has been already taught) are developed objectively, and with three others kindred to these—*sunny*, *bunny*, and *funny*—form the new words of the lesson.

The first list, made during the general exercise, is often referred to by the children when they are trying to read the sentences silently; the position of the words (directly under the key-word) helping the little readers to recall what they are, by means of analogy.

* This is left for two reasons: first, because the impression of the words already made in the minds of the children *may* be deepened by many wandering glances during the day, second, that it may be used as a reference column by the children during their regular reading lesson.

CHAPTER IX.

READING.—IMITATION EXERCISES.

CHILDREN are not likely to read better than they talk. If in their ordinary conversation their voices are shrill or harsh, their articulation slovenly, and their tones monotonous, the same defects will mar their oral reading. It is idle to expect that the mere fact, that the thought given is obtained from written or printed words, instead of from the object or the spoken word, is going to effect a reformation.

Consequently the children should first be taught to talk well, and then there will be no reason why they should not read well.

Aside from phonic drill,—which is the best merely mechanical means,—imitative exercises are the most effective aids toward reform in this direction. But it goes without saying that *this necessitates the best of examples*. That is, the teacher herself must be a pleasing conversationalist, a charming story-teller, and the best of readers. Being all these, the following exercises are most excellent (in their places) as helps in the teaching of oral reading.

For example; the children of a certain room in one of the Primary Schools of Quincy are sitting with their hats on, ready for recess, but the gong has not yet struck; into the moment of waiting the teacher drops this tiny bit of a lesson.

“Children, play that I am Mr. B——” (the superintendent), “and that I’ve just come in to visit you. See! here I come,” stepping outside of the door and then reappearing. As she

steps over the threshold in her new rôle she calls out in a most cordial manner, "Good-morning, children.—What will you say to me?" she adds in her usual tone, as the children sit quite silent, looking at her in rather an embarrassed fashion.

"Good-morning, Mr. B——," call out some of the boldest.

"Oh, you are not glad to see me, are you?" is the comment and question which follows.

"Yes'm." "Yes, sir," is the confused answer.

"Well, then," insists the teacher, "say good-morning to me as if you were. Now try again."

"Good-morning, Mr. B——," recite the class in concert; but it is nothing more than a concert recitation, and that does not suit the teacher, who continues:

"If *I* were very glad to see him *I* should say it in this way: 'Good-morning, Mr. B——'" (giving it with great heartiness). "Now let me hear you say it again."

By this time they have entered into the spirit of the thing; but their enthusiasm exceeds their discrimination, and they deliver their greeting in a deafening chorus, which has the force of a projectile.

"It would frighten Mr. B—— I am sure if you shouted at him in that way," is her criticism upon this performance. "I can say it softly, and yet be glad too: listen;" and they *do* listen and profit, for now their "Good-morning" is almost as musical and cordial as her own.

"That is very well," assents the teacher. "I am sure Mr. B—— would want to talk more with you after that. Perhaps he would say 'How do you do to-day?' What would you say to that?"

"Pretty well," respond two or three.

"Anything else?" inquires the teacher, but no one answers. "*I* should say, if he asked *me*, 'I am pretty well, I thank you; how do you do?'" (All this with varied and beautiful inflections.) "Would you like to say that too?"

"Yes'm."

"Very well, you may try."

Now their whole minds are possessed with the idea of imitation, and their very earnestness leads them, unconsciously, to exaggerate. The result is a slight but most amusing travesty on the teacher's tone and manner. This warns her that she has given quite enough for one lesson, and she is grateful to the gong—which strikes just at this moment—for effecting a diversion, giving her an opportunity to choke down her laughter till a more convenient season.

Children being entirely unaccustomed to express thoughts or emotions not their own, must be carefully guarded in all imitative training, lest it lead them to become affected.

Sometimes, idioms new to the children are introduced in these pattern exercises, as well as in the oral language work. Occasionally, a teacher will combine with her imitation exercise, a drill in exact hearing, by reciting in her most beautiful voice and manner—and having the children repeat after her, line by line,—some little stanza or poem that would please them. Here is a lesson that will illustrate.

One dreary, stormy day, a little before the holidays; just after the children have come back to their seats from a recitation, and have finished their Busy-Work, the teacher, noticing that they seem a little listless, inquires suddenly, "How many of you have a baby brother or sister at home?" The great majority, judging by the hands.

"How many of you are going to hang up your stockings at Christmas time?" Everybody, and with great energy too, if their style of expressing themselves is any indication.

"That's good," comments the teacher; then without the slightest change of voice or manner she says, "Well—

•
'Hang up the baby's stocking,'"

The noisy room, full of rustle and motion, is as still as a church in a second, for the words have attracted them, and

by the time she gets to the end of the line they have caught the swing of the rhythm, and are all smilingly intent; so she goes on—

“ ‘ Be sure you don’t forget,’

Willie, what did I say?”

“ You told us to be sure not to forget to hang up baby’s stocking.”

“ Yes; who can tell me the very words I said?” Several try and come quite near to giving it exactly. Then she continues—

“ ‘ The dear little dimpled darling,’

What is she, Nellie?” The child gives the line word for word, and almost the precise shades of inflection.

“ ‘ She never saw Christmas yet,’

Say it, Charley;” and he does. “ Why hasn’t she seen Christmas, children?”

“ Cos she isn’t old enough,” is the quick and earnest answer.

“ ‘ But I’ve told her all about it,’

Repeat it, all of you;” and they do, imitating perfectly the teacher’s voice and cadences.

“ ‘ And she opened her big blue eyes,’

Tell us what I said, Susie.” The little girl absolutely seems to improve upon her pattern.

“ ‘ And I’m sure she understood me,’ ”

Says the teacher, “ All say so.” The concert recitation is excellent.

“ ‘ She looked so funny and wise;’ ”

concludes the teacher, amidst the smiles of the children, who are called upon to say it all together as before, and, as might be expected, give it very expressively.

"That will do. All take slates and pencils—turn toward the board;" and in ten seconds everybody is writing, as if babies and Christmas had never been heard of.

Another form of giving imitation lessons is illustrated by the following, also a general exercise. The teacher begins:

"Children, did you ever see a garden?"

"Yes'm," from the class.

"What was it for?"

"For things to grow in," declares a voice.

"And what grew there?" pursues the teacher.

"Flowers and things," is the answer she gets.

"What holds the flowers in the ground?"

"The roots."

"Suppose they haven't any roots."

"Then they couldn't grow."

"Do plants have anything besides flowers?"

"Yes'm; seeds."

"Anything else?"

"Fruit."

"Yes. Now I am going to tell a little story to you that I found, and you may see how you like it." She recites slowly, and with great expression—

" 'Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the blossoms,
Kind deeds are the fruits ' "

Everybody listens closely, quietly, and when she has finished she says, "I am going to tell it to you once more, and if you remember any of it you may say it with me." So she begins, and some one joins in at "gardens," several at "roots," more at "blossoms," and fully half the class, having got the run of the thought, say, "are the fruits."

The next day, *without any preface*, the teacher recited this stanza again twice, allowing the children to say what they could remember, and at the second repetition they

could recite it from beginning to end. Whether they had indeed learned it "by heart" or not, only the future can reveal.

There is still another kind of imitative work, more advanced in character than that already described, which is intended not only to train attention and form the taste, but to enlarge the mental grasp.

This consists in telling stories, with not too obvious morals (children dislike to have morals thrust upon them), or in reading or reciting either prose or poetry, suited to the capacity of children, but selected always with a special view to variety and vivacity of style.

These can be used with good disciplinary effect as rewards, when the children have been trying unusually hard to do well, or when their conduct has been particularly commendable.

For instance, in a Primary School, where, the day before, the class having written so carefully that nearly all had "daisy slates," the teacher told them a story, because, as she said, they had worked so hard that she wanted to rest them a little.

This day the teacher says to the class, "Did you like the story I told you yesterday?"

"Yes'm." "Yes'm," is the quick response.

"What was it about, Walter?"

"About a naughty boy who stole a bird's nest."

"Anything more? Mary."

"And the poor little mother-bird who cried and cried."

"What kind of a boy was this, children?"

"Bad." "Naughty." "A thief."

"Yes, I think so; and how did you feel about the birds?"

"Bad." "Sorry." "I pitied her." "I was mad at the boy." "So was I."

"Well, to-day all my little boys and girls have taken such good care of themselves that I haven't had to stop to

look after them at all, but have been able to go steadily on with my work, so now, I have a little time which I might give to a story if you care to hear one."

"Yes'm." "Yes'm." "Do."

"Well, but I want to know if the clock is going, first—let me see if I can hear it tick?" Every one settles down still for a moment. "There, I did. Can I hear it again, I wonder? Yes, I do, and now I will tell you about

'PUSSY'S SCHOOL.'

'Now, children,' said puss, as she shook her head,

'It is time your morning lesson was said.'

So her kittens drew near with footsteps slow,

And sat down before her, all in a row

'Attention, class,' said the cat-mamma,

'And tell me quick where your noses are'

At this all the kittens sniffed the air,

As though it was filled with a perfume rare

'Now, what do you say when you want a drink?'

The kittens waited a moment to think,

And then the answer came clear and loud—

You ought to have heard how those kittens meow'd.

'Very well 'Tis the same, with a sharper tone,

When you want a fish or a bit of a bone.

Now, what do you say when children are good?'

Then the kittens purred as soft as they could

'And what do you do when children are bad?

When they tease and pull' Each kitty looked sad

'Pooh!' said the mother, 'that isn't enough;

You must use your claws when children are rough'

'And where are your claws? No, no, my dear

(As she took up a paw) See! they are hidden here.'

Then all the kittens crowded about

To see their sharp little claws brought out

'Now go and play,' said the fond mamma;

'What sweet little darlings kittens are.

Ah, well! I was once the same, I suppose,'

And she looked very wise and rubbed her nose'

Who can tell me what I told you? Maggie."

"It was about Pussy's school: how the mother-cat called her little kittens together and had them tell her what they were to do when they wanted milk, and they meow'd, and they purred when the children were good to them, and then she showed them their claws, and then told them to go and play."

As Maggie proceeds with her account more and more hands are raised, and now nearly every one has something to say.

"Fred."

"She asked—"

"Who is 'she'?" is the teacher's quick criticism.

"The mamma-cat asked her kittens first, where their noses were, and they all put them up and sniffed."

"Yes. Lucy."

"The kittens all sat down in a row to say their lessons."

"Edith."

"The mother-cat told them to scratch little children when they teased them."

"Tommy."

"The little kittens didn't know where their claws were till their mamma showed them; but I don't think that's true, because my little kitten when it wasn't old at all, would scratch."

"Perhaps this was a different kind," suggests the teacher.

"Now we will see who will march the best." She strikes the bell and they rise; another stroke, they step into the aisle; a third, and they face front.

The teacher, passing across the room to look at the rows, comments thus: "*These* children all stand up well. *This* is a fine line. Jennie B—— is going to make a nice-looking woman. Patrick Mc—— stands like a soldier. I can see *one* boy who doesn't look very tall. I begin to think the girls make better soldiers than the boys."

This last, brings every boy into the straightest of positions,

then she picks up her triangle, and stepping to its taps, they march off around the room, up the middle aisle, every other one to the right, every other one to the left, then around to their seats, all in good soldierly style. At a tinkle of the bell they sit, and the Busy-Work and recitations begin again.

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SECTION FOURTH.

CHAPTER

- I. Preliminary.
 - II. Language.—Guessing and Thinking Games.
 - III. Language.—Conversation Lessons.
 - IV. Language.—An Action Lesson.
 - V. Language.—Lessons upon a Picture.
 - VI. Language.—Story Lessons.
- .

The lessons in thought and its expression, comprised in Section Second, gave the pupils *exercise* in Language; the lessons here transcribed illustrate the *training* in Language *per se*.

CHAPTER I.

PRELIMINARY.

As the evolution of thought is the aim of all teaching, and as language is perhaps as necessary to thought as to its expression, it follows that the children must be taught language—as they should be trained in morals—first, last, and all of the time during their school course.

To the beginning of this most important study is given the greater part of the teacher's time and attention in the primary grade. Hence the propriety of devoting two Sections entirely to the illustration of the first year's Language Work.

The exercises here presented, though given primarily for the sake of training the pupils in expression, do not by any means embody the old-fashioned idea of language lessons.

Those trained the imitative powers only, these arouse the creative also. As ideas precede words, so thought should go before and be the cause of expression. Hence to ignore the thought side of Language Work is to leave out the motive and the stimulus. Such teaching means years of mechanical drill on the part of teachers, and years of dull memorizing on the part of pupils: drudgery dreaded by the first, and hated by the last.

In the Quincy schools, on the contrary, every lesson given in Language, from the lowest primary to the highest grammar grade, seems to be a positive pleasure to the pupils. As to results, they are certainly quite remarkable, the children showing unusual command of the English language, speak-

ing it with directness and fluency, and writing it with readiness and propriety.

The persistent and skilful training, of which this is the outcome, begins the first day the pupils come to school, and the foundation of all after-work is laid by the oral exercises given during the first year.

Most teachers find it difficult to lead little children to put their ideas into words in the schoolroom. This is owing not so much to the limited vocabularies of the young talkers, and their lack of idioms, as it is to the fact that their self-consciousness embarrasses them and prevents expression. Give them the stimulus of an idea which they desire to communicate, and all embarrassment vanishes: they talk as spontaneously as if on the playground, or at home.

To arouse thought, then, is the first work; to give it a proper medium of expression, comes afterward. In this sense, all of the work done preparatory to Reading, was Language Work, in that it led the pupils to think, and then to tell freely what they thought, but it was not training in Language *per se*. Hence incorrect forms were often passed by apparently unnoticed, lest their correction by the teacher should check the current of the children's thought or daunt their courage in its expression.

But this is no longer the case. Now every error must be corrected, every wrong form kept from sight and hearing, as far as possible, and right forms continually presented, in ways as varied as the ingenuity of the teacher can devise. Now the pupils are ready to be trained in the use of new words, introduced to new idioms, and led to make new combinations of sentences; while on the other hand, through all and above all, thought must be developed. The creative must still lead the imitative, and thought precede expression. All this, if properly done, will prepare for the next step in Language, "Talking with the Pencil."

In the presentation of the subject here made, the exer-

cises have been arranged with regard to the development of original expression (oral composition). For instance, in the "Guessing and Thinking Games" mental action is aroused, the desire for expression stimulated, and the children tell their thoughts in single words or phrases.

Next come the "Conversation Lessons," where, beginning with phrases or sentences, they gradually learn to express themselves with combinations of both.

In all of the work thus far, the children use language unconsciously: it is to them only a medium by means of which they express their ideas.

In the "Action and Picture Lessons" which follow, they consciously seek for words and phrases with which to clothe their thoughts, while the "Story" combines both phases of the work.

This classification is made for the sake of calling the attention of inexperienced teachers to the two sides of the work, the unconscious and the conscious, and not because the lessons were given in that order.

The different kinds of language exercises here described are only supplementary to the Language Work, whose commencement was illustrated by the lessons given in Section Second, and which will be steadily continued throughout the eight years' course.

CHAPTER II.

LANGUAGE.—GUESSING AND THINKING GAMES.

THESE are the first and simplest forms of thought exercises. They are used to lead the children to think, and to think quickly; the knowledge gained being quite an ulterior object. Of these, the most elementary is the "Guessing Game." It is a General Exercise, and is played thus:

The teacher, taking her stand in front of the class, says suddenly,

"See if you can find out what I am. Are you ready?"

"Yes'm," in a chorus.

"I am a tiny bit of a thing,"—"A sparrow!" calls out one of the children, but the teacher goes on unheeding—"and when you walk you tread on me and my brothers and sisters."

"Stones!" "Grass!" "Daisies!" "Little baby stones!" "Stones!" are the guesses that shower upon her from all parts of the room; but still she continues:

"Your houses couldn't be built if I were not to be had, and the trees wouldn't stand up without me—"

"Dirt!" "Sand!" "Roots!" "Sand!" "Sand!"

"Yes, I am a grain of sand."

"Now I am something just as soft as soft can be. I have no mouth, and lots of relations—"

"Ants," says a little girl, who has confused sound with sense.

"You like me when you go to bed," pursues the teacher,

"Wool!" "Moon!" "Stars!" "Stars!" guess the little ones. Still the narrator keeps on:

"And I help to make the coat of something that lays eggs."

"A hen!" "A bird!" cry the little people, as easily thrown off the track as their older prototypes.

"I am a part of the coat the hen wears."

"A feather!" "A feather!" "A feather!" shout the class.

"A feather is right," declares the teacher.

"Oh, but you can't think what I am now," she again begins: "away off in the field they buried me."

"Corn," declares one quick-witted child.

"And I was covered over, and it rained, and the sun came out, and little things grew out from me that held me down; but by and by I pushed my head up out of the ground."

"Grass!" "Wheat!" "A tree!" exclaim the children, but she doesn't answer them, and goes on with her description.

"And I grew and grew till I was tall, then some one came and cut me down."

"Grass!" "Hay!" "Oats!" guess the listeners.

"And then they boiled me," continues the narrator, "and you eat me and say that I am sweet. What am I?"

"Sugar!" "Sugar!"

"Yes, I am sugar-cane."

"I am a very queer creature now; some like me, and some don't like me. Boys often treat me badly."

"A bird!" "A chicken!" guess the youngsters.

"I can't be a bird," answers the teacher; "because I have no wings; besides, I haven't a sign of a feather. But I have a beautiful coat, only it's very hard and has red trimmings."

"A turtle!" "A turtle!"

"You are right, I am a turtle."

"Now I am going to puzzle you. I am something that

nobody in the world loves, and still I love everybody, and I kiss people every time I get a chance, and yet they slap me if they can. I don't wear either shoes or stockings, and I have six legs."

"A spider!" "A spider!" exclaim the children, but the speaker keeps steadily on.

"Then I am a singer; how I can sing!"

"A mosquito!" "A mosquito!" "A mosquito!" cry the class.

"I think I am a mosquito."

"Do you suppose you can guess me this time?"

"Yes'm."

"Well, try. In the first place, I am pretty large, but I never went to school, and I cannot read nor write, yet I know a great deal, for all that. I am fond of children, and sometimes I take care of them. Often I let them ride on my back—"

"A horse!" "A dog!" "A pony!" "A donkey!" are the guesses from the wondering listeners, who *are* decidedly puzzled when the narrator goes on without heeding them in the slightest:

"I like people who are kind to me, but sometimes when people are unkind I step on them, and as my feet are quite large, it is apt to hurt them."

"A mule!" speaks out one of the older pupils suddenly.

"I dress very plainly, for I generally wear a brown or gray coat and no vest. I drink a great deal of water and am fond of pea-nuts."

"A monkey!" declares a child, who thinks of only one thing at a time.

"You all know my name."

"Some boy," calls out another guesser.

"I have travelled a great deal," continues the teacher, smiling at her excited pupils, who sit staring straight in her face with their small foreheads wrinkled, and their

mouths pursed up, trying hard to think what this mysterious creature can be. "I always carry my trunk with me."

"An elephant!" fairly shouts a delighted youngster.

"Jumbo!" explodes another.

"An elephant!" "Jumbo!" chorus the class, while the teacher stands and laughs to see how excited they are over their last guess.

The easiest of the "Thinking Games" is called "The Birds," and is carried on in this way:

The teacher says to the children, "Tell me all the names of different kinds of birds that you can think of."

Immediately the hands go up, and every child is eager to tell what bird he has in mind.

Being called upon by the teacher, a little girl rises, stands beside her seat, and says, "A bluebird." The next child has thought of a snowbird; then are named the blackbird, the yellow-bird, the robin, the woodpecker, the pigeon, the canary, the crow, the parrot, the owl, the bobolink.

Right in the midst of this rapid naming of birds a small boy calls out "The pig!" Of course the whole school shouts, while the child whose remark has caused the laughter shrinks into his seat, seemingly covered with mortification.

Perhaps he had heard at home the Irish joke, "The pig is a mighty quare bird," and had taken it in earnest. But by whatever chance the little naturalist came to class this quadruped as a fowl of the air, it is so evident that the boy has not intended to give either a wrong or a foolish answer that the teacher continues the game without comment.

Then follow in the way of answers the sparrow, the humming-bird, the thrush, the swallow, the quail, the hen-hawk, the ground-bird, the cat-bird, and the hands are all down.

"Has any one anything to tell me about birds?" is now the teacher's question. Several hands are put up, "Jimmie,"

"Hornets are awful bad."

It does not occur to any one but the teacher that this is funny, and the remark is received in sympathetic silence by the class, to break which, the teacher puts hastily her next question, "What do birds do?"

"They make a nest," comes the quick answer from some one of the older children.

"Each of you make a nest with your hands, and we will sing, 'What does little birdie say!'" and the game is ended.

Another variety of these games requires the children to answer with a sentence instead of a word, and may be given in many ways. Here is one:

"All the smart folks," says the teacher, "may think of something that can swim."

The room is quite full of smart people—apparently, and every one is anxious to give the general public the benefit of his smartness.

The first thinker asserts, "A fish can swim."

Then the teacher is told that "A whale can swim;" "A mackerel can swim;" "A herring can swim;" "A halibut can swim;" "A smelt can swim;" "A minnow can swim;" "A haddock can swim;" "A cod can swim;" "A lobster can swim;" "A crab can swim;" "A duck can swim;" followed very naturally by "A geese can swim."

"What should he have said, children?" appeals the teacher.

"A goose can swim!" chorus the class.

"A horn-pout can swim," continues the next.

"A chub can swim."

"A shark can swim."

"An eel can swim."

"A frog can swim."

"A man can swim," calls out a chubby youngster, his face beaming with his bright idea; but the climax is capped

by a taller boy who jerks himself into an upright position to declare—“I can swim.”

“Come out here, and show us how you make your arms go,” is the teacher’s sudden command. Nothing abashed, the boy takes his place in front, and goes through the motion.

“All the rest of you do as he does,” calls out the teacher. Just at the height of the fun the bell strikes, the play is over, and work sets in.

Still another form of General Exercise in Language, calling for at least one original sentence from the pupils, is illustrated by the following:

One summer noon, while the little ones are sitting with their hats on, waiting for the gong to strike, the teacher queries:

“Children, suppose that now you had all the money you wanted; how would you spend it? Who is ready to tell me?”

They open their eyes a little wider, for a second or two, at this sudden attack from an unexpected quarter; but, paradoxical as it may seem, new things are no novelty to them, so they soon settle into their usual condition of alert self-possession, and briskly fling up their hands, to show that they are ready to dispose of their imaginary fortune. Then the teacher calls—“Mary.”

“I’d buy a doll-carriage,” asserts that young woman.

“Eddie.”

“I’d buy some oranges.”

“Charley.”

“I’d buy two ponies and a nice carriage like Mr. D.’s,” announces that young worshipper of pomps and vanities.

“Patrick.”

“I’d buy some pea-nuts.”

“Maggie.”

“I’d buy a doll with some nice dresses,”

"Nellie."

"I'd buy my baby a rubber ball," decides the loving little sister.

"Jimmie."

"I'd buy a jack-knife."

"Harry."

"I'd buy a great big flag like that down on the engine-house," aspires that small lover of his country's standard, without a thought of what he could do with the twenty feet of bunting after he had it.

"Carrie." How she would spend her pocketful of gold is not known, for just here the gong sounds, the play stops, and the marching begins.

CHAPTER III

LANGUAGE.—CONVERSATION LESSONS.

THESE are excellent devices to lead the pupils to talk freely, leaving them at liberty (within certain limits) to choose their own subject-matter. Thus is gained the most advanced of unconscious Language Work.

The teacher selects the general topic, and calls upon the children to say whatever they please concerning it. If any are too reserved, too shy, or too unaccustomed to put their thought into words, she helps them with, now and then, a skilfully put question.

For instance: the children have just come in from a long and merry recess. After a song or two to quiet them a little, the teacher says,

"I wish that somebody would tell me, in a very pretty way, what he did at recess." All are eager to be called upon. "Harry, what did you do?"

"I played tag."

"How do you play that?"

"You run," answers the boy, "and the catcher tries to catch you."

"Which do you like best to be—the catcher, or the one who runs?"

"Oh, I like to be the catcher, and then I make them all run like everything."

"Then when I play," observes the teacher, "I shall want

to be the catcher too. Who played something else? Patrick."

"I played drunken man."

"Oh, what a dreadful play! I never should want to play that. Lizzie, what did you play?"

"I played tag."

"Charley."

"I played tag, too."

"How many played 'tag'?" inquires the teacher, intent upon finding something new to talk about. Two thirds of the class raise their hands. "What did all the rest do?" is her next demand. "Mary, what did you play?"

"I played colors."

"I don't know that game; tell me what you did?" In the fervor of their desire to explain, several begin to speak at once, but the teacher silences them with—"Hush! Mary is going to teach me how to play."

The little girl rises, stands beside her desk and says, "I took a color, and whoever guessed that color, she chased me."

"And whoever guessed that color chased you," gently corrects the teacher. "What if she caught you?"

"Then I would be in the ring, and she would be captain."

"That's a nice game; I think I shall have to come out some recess and play it with you. Tommy, what did you do?"

"Eddie and I played horse."

"Did you? Which was the horse?"

"I was."

"Did you kick?"

"Some, but I didn't hurt anybody."

"I am glad of that. Tell me what you played, Belle?"

"We played school on the steps."

"Wasn't that nice! Who was the teacher?"

"Katy."

"Was she a good one?"

"Yes'm."

"What did you do in your school?"

"Oh, we had singing and writing."

"Anything else, Fannie?"

"Marching and number."

"What more, Carrie?"

"She told us a story about a fox."

"Was that all, Ellen?"

"No'm; she played she was a kitty, and she said she liked milk, and had a fur coat and could sing; and we guessed it."

"What a happy time you had! I'd like to know what Robbie did at recess, and then we shall have to stop talking, and go to work. Now, my boy."

Robbie, enthusiastically—"Me and seven other boys played that we were a hook-and-ladder company."

"That was good; but I don't believe you meant to speak of yourself first."

"No'm, but I was the captain," with a half-argumentative inflection.

"They would want a polite captain, I know; go on and tell us all about it."

"Well, we played that there was a big fire, and then the bell struck, and we ran just as hard as ever we could, and got there before any other company did."

"Then we shall have to call you, 'Hook and Ladder Company No. One,'" suggests the teacher, greatly to the delight of "me and seven other boys." "That will do. Now I am going to see which row I love the most." Every child assumes his very best position instantly. "Well! well!" exclaims the teacher, "they are all so lovely that I can't make up my mind. I shall have to think about it; let me wait until after the writing, and then see. Slates and pencils! Face the board!"

Here is another conversation carried on between teacher and pupils in another school.

The teacher begins the talk by asking, "How many of you ever went to Boston?" Nearly all have had that experience. "I'd like to have you tell me what you saw there, Stevie?"

"I saw the horse-cars."

"Anything else?"

"Some people riding in them."

"Yes; Guy."

"I saw lots of bananas on the sidewalk, and a man selling them."

"Luke."

"I saw a man selling pea-nuts, and he had a little oven where he baked them."

"Gertie."

"I saw ever so many dolls in a store window."

"Sadie."

"I saw a man with lots and lots of balloons, and one got away from him."

"Fritz."

"I saw some deer on the Common, and I fed them, too."

"Lewis."

"I saw ever so many houses close together."

"Josie."

"I saw a boy selling newspapers."

"Helen."

"I saw some long sticks of candy in the shop window."

"Eugene."

"I heard a band of music."

"Yes, but what did you see?" queries the teacher, seeking to train the child to be exact.

"I saw it too," straightway responds that quick-witted youngster.

There is no denying this, so the teacher covers her defeat by calling upon Lucy, who says,

"I saw lots of ladies with silk dresses on, out walking."

"You mean that you saw a great many ladies out walking, who wore silk dresses. Jessie."

"I saw the swans in the Public Garden."

"Herpan."

"I saw the fountain on the Common, where the water went up ever so high."

"Madge."

"I saw lots and lots of pretty flowers in the Public Garden."

"Can't you tell us that in a better way?"

"I saw a great many pretty flowers in the Public Garden."

"Yes, that is *very* nice. Bruce."

"I went with my father, and he took me down to the wharves, and I saw the big ships."

"Dannie."

"My father took me all through the 'Big Market.'"

"Ellen."

"I seen the State House."

"Who can say that just right for Ellen? Sadie."

"I saw the State House."

"Yes. Josie."

"I went with my mamma, and we saw a whole store full of playthings."

"Donald, what did you see?"

"An awful big tea-kettle hanging outside of a store; boiling too."

"Yes, I've seen it," adds the teacher, "but I should call it a very large tea-kettle, Donald." The boy looks as though he appreciates both the correction and the delicate fashion in which it was made; and after a slight pause to let the children dwell for an instant—if they will—

upon the criticism, the teacher closes the lesson by remarking,

"The next time you go to Boston, wear your 'thinking caps,' and have your sharpest pair of eyes with you, so as to see a great many new things to tell me when I ask you again."

The subject of another talk is what the children did during vacation, and the conversation is carried on thus:

The teacher says, "How many of you had a good time last vacation?" All faces brighten, and all the hands go up. "I thought so. Now, I'd like to know what you did? Who is ready to tell me? Julia."

"I went to see my grandma."

"How nice! Where does she live?"

"In Salem."

"Sammie."

"I picked huckleberries, and sold them."

"What did you do with the money?"

"I saved it up to buy me a new hat."

"Good boy. Norah."

"I went to a picnic."

"And what did you do there?"

"I went to swing, and I had an ice-cream, and I went out on the water, and I saw them dance."

"That was delightful. Rufus."

"I went out sailing on the water."

"Were you sea-sick?"

"No'm, I wasn't, but I saw some folks that were awful sick."

"It makes some folks *very* sick" (with a significant glance at the last speaker) "to go on the water. Julius."

"I went down to Nantasket."

"What did you see there?"

"I saw 'Punch and Judy,' and some people riding in a chair—" he hesitates.

"Anything else?"

"The glass-blowers, and the wax-works."

"Bessie, tell us what you did."

"I helped my mamma."

"That's *my* girl! How did you help her?"

"I washed the dishes some days, and I swept the floor."

"Phil."

"I went to ride on my father's team."

"How many horses does your father drive?"

"He's got six in his big team."

"You may say he has six. Frank."

"I rode into Boston on a stone team once."

"Who did you go with?"

"Mr. C——."

"Did you help him any?"

"I held the horses for him while he loaded up."

"I like that. Lu."

"I made a dress for my dolly one day."

"I'd like to know who cut it out?"

"I did it myself."

"What a little dressmaker! Millie."

"I took Mrs. F.'s baby out to ride."

"That was nice; where did you take her?"

"Down to the engine-house, and over the bridge, up past the blacksmith's shop, home to her house."

"Freddie."

"I went into Boston once."

"Who went with you?"

"My mamma, and my little Johnnie."

"Did you have a good time?"

"Yes'm."

"Charley."

"I went down to the shore, and stayed a week."

"What did you do there?"

"I went in bathing, and I dug some clams, and I dug a great hole in the sand, and put shells all around it; and one day I got hold of a great long piece of sea-weed, and pulled it out."

"Did you catch any fish?"

"No'm; they wouldn't let me."

"Mikie."

"I helped some men make hay."

"What part of the work did you do?"

"I raked some, and I rode on the load."

Such exercises as these afford also a favorable opportunity for the cultivation of the imaginative powers. An illustration of their application in this manner follows.

"I want you—every one," says the teacher, "to do this: lay your head down on your desk, take a nap, and—dream." All the heads go down, but two or three are restless sleepers, and shuffle their feet in their dreams.

"I am sorry to hear that some few little people are not still when everybody else wishes to sleep." After two minutes of profound silence the teacher says, "Wake up, little children, and tell me what you dreamed. Arthur."

"I dreamed I had a steamboat, and a ferry-boat, and when I went to sea I put the steamboat behind the ferry-boat."

"That was a queer thing to do. Clarence."

"I dreamed I had a dog."

"Have you?"

"No'm, but I'm going to have one some day."

"Peter."

"I dreamed that I went to Boston and bought a dog."

"I think you must have got it for Clarence. Flora."

"I dreamed that my mother was a school-teacher."

"Would you like to go to school to her?"

"Yes'm."

"Harry."

"I dreamed that I had a rhinoceros."

"Oh dear! what did you do with him?"

"I put him in the barn."

"Herman."

"I dreamed that I had a white horse, and it came up and bit me."

"Did it hurt?"

"Some."

"Jessie."

"I dreamed that I had a china doll."

"What did you do with it?"

"I gave it to baby to play with."

"What a nice dream! Henry."

"I dreamed that I had a giraffe."

"How did it look?"

"It had a long neck, and was white, with black spots."

"Yes. Eddie."

"I dreamed that I was a little kitten."

"What did you do?"

"I caught rats and mice."

"What a smart kitty! Olly."

"I dreamed that I was a man, and had a gold watch."

"Perhaps that will come true. Lily."

"I dreamed that my mamma bought me a new hat."

"Do you want one?"

"Yes'm."

"Madge."

"I dreamed that my mamma made me a 'turnover,' and I ate it."

"Didn't you give anybody else a bit?"

"No'm," replies Madge, coloring; "I forgot it."

"I hope that was only a dream. Fritz."

"I dreamed that I was a poor ragged beggar-man."

"Did anybody help you?"

Slowly, as if trying to recall, Fritz answers, "I think you did."

"I hope I should, if you needed help," says the teacher smilingly. "Tommy."

"I dreamed that I had a rocking-horse."

"What color was it?"

"Black."

"Mabel."

"I dreamed that I went to see Fannie G."

"What did you do after you got there?"

"Oh, we played go a-visiting."

"How charming! Larry."

"I dreamed that my dog ran away and got lost."

"Did you ever find him?"

"No'm; I woke up too soon."

"Sophia."

"I dreamed that I went to Boston, and bought my dolly a carriage."

"How much did it cost?"

"A dollar."

"I think it would. Josie."

"I dreamed that my baby came to school to-day."

"And what did we do with it?"

"I held it in my lap."

"I suppose it didn't cry?"

"No'm."

"Horace."

"I dreamed that I saw a lot of soldiers."

"Where were they?"

"Marching down Main Street."

"Amy."

"I dreamed that my mamma said I might go up to grandpa's."

"How did that please you?"

"I was very glad."

"Yes, and I am very glad to see what a nice lot of dreamers I have. Next time the rest may tell their dreams. First row, go to the number table. Second, copy the red words on the blackboard. Third row, come to me. The fourth row draw this story on their slates : *If a girl has six mittens, how many pairs has she?* The babies may go to the block table, and each one build me four nice houses."

CHAPTER IV.

AN ACTION LESSON.

In the Language Work thus far illustrated, the thought has controlled the expression almost entirely. In the lessons that follow, thought and its expression are equally in the child's mind.

PURPOSE OF THE LESSON.—To train the children (1) to observe closely, (2) to describe accurately.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE TEACHER.—Deciding upon the actions to be performed.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE PUPILS.—Whatever power of attention they possess, and all the skill in the use of Language that they have gained.

PLAN OF THE LESSON.—(1) Take a book from the table, and put it on the chair.

(2) Take the book from the chair, and put it in the table-drawer.

(3) Take the waste-basket, and put it on a child's desk.

(4) Have that child put it back in its place.

(5) Have a child bring me his hat.

(6) Take two children by the hand, and walk up and down the platform.

(7) Write the word *clap* on the board.

(8) Have the children perform the action, to rest them.

(9) Write the same word again, and have them repeat the action.

(10) Erase the two words.

(11) Whisper to a child to hold up his head, and walk en-

tirely around the room; then go to his seat, fold his arms, and sit down.

(12) Go up to one of the children, shake hands with him, and say "Good-morning. How do you do to-day?"

Close by having the children go to their seats to draw a picture of the last action.

MEM.—watch for superfluous *ands*.

THE LESSON.

GENERAL EXERCISE.

It is ten o'clock in the morning of a bright May-day; all the groups have read, the Busy-Work has been examined, the materials collected and put away. The children are all in their seats, and the time for a general exercise has come.

"Let me see which line looks the best," is the teacher's opening remark. It would be difficult to decide, a second after she makes it, so hastily do the children shift into the middle of their seats and assume the correct attitude. Still, things are not quite to the teacher's mind, for presently she observes, "I think it's rather hard that all of us have to stay quiet so long, waiting for three careless children."

The three referred to at once blush themselves into notice, and straighten themselves into position; when the teacher goes on:

"Now look right into my eyes, and do as I do." She holds her forearms up in front, and then begins shaking her hands violently backward and forward, the hands being perfectly limp, and the impetus given, coming entirely from the wrists.

The children watch her intently, and imitate her motions with great fidelity.

"Now do this;" and she waves her hands backward and forward rapidly.

"Put your hands over your desk!" is the next command, followed immediately by the changes, "Now under! Now inside!"

These are obeyed with great alacrity by the little ones, who enter into the impromptu exercises with heart and soul as well as body.

"Stand!" The word brings them to their feet, like an electric shock. "Now warm your hands as men do—express-men."

This sets the children all to laughing and panting. "Snap your fingers! Loud!" are the next directions. "Sit!" They drop as if they were shot into their seats by unseen machinery.

"I am going to do something," continues the teacher, "and you may watch me carefully, and then I will see who can tell me what I have done."

The room is now perfectly quiet, the stillness being broken only by the sound of the teacher's footsteps as she goes to her table, takes a book which is lying there, and puts it on her chair, every motion noted by the seventy-five pairs of keen young eyes fixed intently upon her.

Immediately the action is finished, seventy-five hands are waving energetically in the air, to signify that their owners have something they are anxious to say.

"Jennie may tell," decides the teacher.

The little girl rises, takes her stand in the aisle just opposite her seat, assumes a good position, and affirms clearly and distinctly, "The teacher took a red book from the table and put it on the chair."

"That was told very well," comments the teacher. "Now look!" Here follows another action, watched as before, with the closest attention, by the entire class; and Helen is called upon to describe what was done, every other child in the room being a "Committee of One" to judge of the correctness of her account.

The little maid says, "The teacher took the red book from the chair, opened the table-drawer, put the book in, and then shut the drawer."

"Yes. What did I do this time, Cora?"

"You took the waste-basket, and set it on Mary's desk."

"That's right. Mary may put it back again, and Lyman describe."

"Mary took the basket from her desk, and carried it back to the teacher's desk."

"Very well, Lyman; you may bring me your hat. Maggie, tell the story."

"Lyman opened the door, and went into the hall and got his hat, and brought it back, and gave it to the teacher."

"That's pretty well, but I think you said *and* too many times. Theo may tell me what Lyman did."

"Lyman went to the door, opened it, went into the hall, took his hat, and brought it in to the teacher."

"Theo is a good boy. I'll do something now;" and the teacher performs an action. "Who shall I call upon to tell about it?" looking all around the room, and seeing one child whose hand is not up; and thinking it just possible that he has not been attending, she calls his name. John?"

"Miss B. took hold of Nellie's hand, and took hold of Willie's hand, and all three walked across the room and back again."

"That is just what I did," says the teacher, pleasantly surprised. "Now what, Oscar?"

"The teacher took a crayon, and wrote *clap* on the black-board"

"That is right. How many times did I write it, Oscar?"

"Once."

"You may all clap so many times, just as loud as you can." This they do with a vim. While they are clapping the teacher writes the word again, and says, pointing

toward the words, "Clap so many times, louder than before." They give two heavy claps.

The rest and relief which this abrupt change, from close mental work to vigorous physical action, affords to the small students, is shown by the more quiet intentness with which they watch the teacher as she resumes the lesson, by erasing both words and calling upon Mabel to tell what was done.

Mabel says, "The teacher wrote the word *clap* on the board twice, and then took the eraser and rubbed it out."

"Jimmie may come here." When the boy reaches the teacher's side, she stoops down and whispers to him. He puts his head high in the air, and walks across the platform, down the farther aisle, across the back of the room,—the whole class revolving in their seats as he proceeds,—and up the opposite side to his seat. Arriving there, he deliberately folds his arms and sits down, looking as though he thought he had done something worth talking about.

"Clara, what did you see?"

"Jimmie walked once around the room, and sat down in his seat, and folded his arms."

"Several hands go up at this, and Katie being called upon, says, "I don't think Jimmie folded his arms *after* he sat down."

"When did he fold them?"

"Before."

"You may tell us how it looked to you."

"Jimmie walked from the teacher to the left side of the room, then he turned and went to the back; walked across there to the right side of the room, then up the aisle, and went to his seat; then he folded his arms, looked around, and sat down."

"I think Katie's eyes are a little sharper than Clara's to-day. I wonder now, if there is another pair in the room

that will see as much as hers did," going through an action.
"Robbie."

"You went up to Annie, and shook hands with her, and said, 'Good-morning. How do you do to-day?'"

"That is well told. You may each take your slate and draw a picture of the last thing I did, and I'll write 'Good-morning' here on the board, so that you can put that in too;" which she does.

Notes and Comments.

One of the notable things in the Quincy Schools is the keen, unremitting observation of the pupils by the teacher.

Does the attention of a child flag for a moment, he is instantly called upon to take some part in the lesson. Are the children languid, they are promptly provided with some exercise—physical or mental—which arouses them to their fullest activity. Are they becoming fatigued, either a restful change, similar to the gymnastic interlude just described, is introduced, or the lesson is brought at once to a close.

In brief, their never-ending study of the children—the material with which they have to deal—gives these teachers the foundation of the skill which enables them to control that material. It is the great secret of their success.

CHAPTER V.

LANGUAGE.—LESSONS UPON A PICTURE.

ONE of the greatest difficulties which the child encounters in his first Reading, is the new idioms with which he constantly meets. This is especially true of the children of uneducated parents. With all these different arrangements of words, the child must be made familiar before he can read—in the true sense—the sentences in which they occur.

This familiarity should be gained in oral Language Work, and the form of exercise which affords perhaps the best of all means for the introduction of new idioms is the “Picture Lessons.”

Their special advantage lies in the fact, that in these the child gains a thought to express, and can be led—half unconsciously—by the teacher, to express it in a new way.

The lesson here presented will show the manner in which this may be done.

THE FIRST LESSON.

PURPOSE OF THE LESSON.—Principally to train the children in the use of unfamiliar idioms. Subordinate to this is the development of power to see all there is to be seen in anything.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE TEACHER.—*First.* A long and close study of the picture presented.

Second. Making a list of the phrases to be introduced.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE PUPILS.—All the previous pic-

ture lessons. Whatever command they have of the English language.

PLAN OF THE LESSON.—Manage to bring in the following idioms: “here is,” “this is,” “she has,” “she is,” “is looking,” etc. Lead the children to fill out the picture by asking where the old cat has been, and what kind of a day it was. Finish by writing a sentence about the picture for them to copy.

THE LESSON.

At the close of a General Exercise the teacher gives to each child in the fifth row a tiny package of cards—eight or ten—upon which are written words that the children have learned. Of these they are to make sentences. The fourth row go with the trainer to a remote corner of the room for a reading lesson. The third row of children are set to combining two vertical with two horizontal lines in as many different ways as they can. The second are allowed to go to their places at the blackboard to work upon the drawing of a dog, begun the preceding period. The first row are invited to face the wall nearest to them, upon which the teacher now hangs a chromo, large enough to be easily studied by every member of the group.*

After a moment's pause—to allow the children to satisfy their curiosity as to what the picture represents—the teacher begins, in her low, pleasant voice.

“Look carefully, and when you have a story to tell me raise your hand.” Waiting till every pupil has found something to say, the teacher calls upon the one who was ready last.

“Austin.”

*The chromo represents a barefooted child sitting upon the floor near a table, under which is a basket. From this the little girl has apparently taken two kittens which she is holding.

"I see the kitties."

"Ella."

"I see the old cat."

"Bennie."

"I see the little girl."

Here the teacher raises her hand. This amuses the children and arrests their attention. Then she asks, "May I tell my story now?"

"Yes'm," is the quick response.

The teacher, pointing toward the object in the picture, says, "Here is a pretty carpet."

Of course the next child adopts the new idiom, and Amy announces, "Here is a shawl;" and Oscar declares, "Here is a basket."

The teacher now touches an object in the picture, and says, "This is something; what is it, Hugh?"

"A table."

"Which is a table? You may touch it and tell me."

"This is a table." Another arrangement of words gained. Essie follows with, "This is a ball."

"Tell me something about the little girl," suggests the teacher. "Ralph."

"She is sitting on the floor."

"Sophie."

"She is holding the kitties."

"Laura."

"She is barefooted."

"Gilbert."

"She has got a blue dress on."

"She *has* a blue dress on," repeats the teacher, emphasizing the correction.

"She has curly hair," affirms Gertie, unconsciously imitating not only the teacher's idiom, but her inflection also.

"Oscar."

"She has blue eyes."

"Ida."

"The old cat has two kitties."

Every one has said his say, and there is a pause in the conversation. The teacher sets the heads and hands flying again, by demanding, "Tell me what she is doing with her eyes. Ralph."

"She is seeing."

"Another word."

"She is looking."

"At what?"

"At the kitty."

"Tell me the whole story."

"The little girl is looking at the kitty."

"Tell me something else that is looking. Sophie."

"The old cat is looking at the little girl."

"Austin."

"The white kitty is looking at the little girl's toes."

"I do believe she is! What else is the white kitty doing? Gilbert."

"She is scratching."

"With what?"

"With her claws."

"Now, Gilbert, we will have the whole story."

"The white kitty is scratching with her claws."

"Something more that the kitty is doing? Essie."

"She is opening her mouth."

"What for?"

"I guess she is crying."

"Where is the old cat? Hugh."

"She is standing close to the basket."

"I wonder," meditatively, "where she has been? Oscar."

"Perhaps she has been out to get some mice."

Bennie, impetuously, "I just bet she has been out to the barn to hunt for rats and mice."

"Bennie is a good thinker, but we don't bet; we don't

believe that it is right. Why didn't the little kitties go hunting with the old cat? Gertie."

"They are too little."

"Ida."

"They don't know enough; so the old cat left them in the basket."

"But they are not in the basket now. Ralph."

"No; the little girl took them out to play with."

"Where did the old cat find them, Ella?"

"In the little girl's arms."

Here a girl begins to fan herself noisily. "Why do you fan yourself, Laura?"

"Because it is so hot."

"I think you might do it more quietly." The teacher then says to the class, "What kind of a day do you suppose it was when the little girl played with the kittens?"

"A hot day!" is the chorus.

"What makes you think so, Ella?"

"Because the little girl is barefooted."

"Sophie."

"Sometimes I go barefooted when I am in the house."

"Essie."

"Last Sunday it was so hot that I took off my shoes and stockings, and laid down on the floor, and went to sleep."

"Did you have a good sleep?"

"Yes'm."

"Perhaps this little girl has been having a nap; her eyes are pretty bright. You may all lay your heads down on your desks, and get a little nap to brighten up your eyes, so that you can read quickly what I am going to write about this little girl."

The children immediately drop their heads upon their arms on the desks and keep them down while the teacher writes, though here and there a mischievous eye may be seen peering out above the sleeve of the owner.

"Wake up, children," summons the teacher, "and see who will read this first. Laura is the quickest. Tell us what it is."

The child reads, "The little girl is on the floor."

"Now you may each take your slate and pencil and write this beautifully for me."

Notes and Comments.

Perhaps the most subtle stroke of skill in this lesson is the incidental training given to the children in imagination. To be able to clothe the "bare facts" of this world, is a power as much to be desired, as the power to gain the facts themselves—Mr. Gradgrind to the contrary, notwithstanding.

The lesson just described, which takes note in a general way, of the objects represented in the picture, is followed by a second, devoted to the idea of color, as developed in the chromo; then by a third, in which the attention of the children is called to special points, one of these being material, as brought out by the teacher's question, "What are the things in the picture made of?"

The fourth lesson deals with location—*i. e.*, where the things are, and the fifth with the uses of the objects seen.

The sixth takes up the division into animate and inanimate objects, and designates all of each kind. This involves giving names to the little girl and the kittens. After some discussion by the class, the child is called Jennie Allen, and the kittens are named Buzzy and Fuzzy.

The seventh lesson is an exercise in recalling. In it the teacher allows the class to look at the chromo two minutes, with the understanding that after that time it shall be put out of sight. It is then rolled up and laid upon the table, and the children make their stories from their recollection of the picture.

During this whole series of lessons, the work is cumulative, *each one involving all that has gone before.*

To illustrate: In the seventh lesson a child says, "The carpet on the floor is made of red, white, and blue wool, and is meant to walk upon." This sentence includes the results of the first, second, third, fourth, and fifth lessons.

The eighth lesson is the summation of the seven that have preceded it, and really consists of a set of oral compositions. As it exemplifies the last stage of Picture Language Work, it is given in full.

THE EIGHTH LESSON.

PURPOSE OF THE LESSON.—*First.* To inspire each child to think his own thoughts.

Second. To lead each child to tell his thoughts in his own fashion.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE TEACHER.—*First.* Making up as many stories as possible about the picture, in order to be able to judge those told by the children.

Second. Thinking to arrange the drawing of the picture for Busy-Work.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE PUPILS.—Every lesson they have ever had that aided them in the expression of their ideas.

PLAN OF THE LESSON.—Give the children a chance to draw the chromo, for Busy-Work, just before the lesson; at the same time tell them that they will be called upon soon for some long stories about the picture. Select the best talkers in the group to tell the first stories, to help, and inspire the rest. Commend the efforts of the children, but act as if still better things were expected from each new pupil called upon.

MEM.—Watch closely for errors of all sorts.

THE LESSON.

The fifteen minutes preceding the period for the Language lesson. is filled with Busy-Work, on this particular day, and

the teacher hangs the chromo where all the group can see it plainly, then announces, "I am going to have each one of the first row tell me a long story about this picture, pretty soon, but before it is time for your class to be called, you may try to draw it on your slates."

A little before the time given to this Busy-Work is over, the teacher passes down the aisle to examine and approve the drawings. They are, as might be expected, very crude, but the location of objects is generally correct. The most noticeable thing about them is their intense individuality; each little artist having given the greatest prominence, in his sketch, to whatever object in the picture has made upon him the strongest impression.

When the minute for the lesson arrives, the teacher puts this question: "How many have thought of a nice long story for me, about the picture?" Every boy and girl in the row. "Who has the longest one, I wonder? I want only the longest." It would seem that every child is sure that his is the most lengthy. "Bennie," selects the teacher, "tell us yours, and let us see if it is good and long."

Bennie, proud to be the first chosen, rises with an assumption of great dignity, and says, "One day, old Mother Pussy and her two kitties were asleep in a basket, and Jennie Allen came in, and sat down to the side of it, and took out the two kitties to play with."

A little girl puts up her hand as if troubled about something.

"What is it, Ida?"

"He didn't tell the names of the kitties."

"What are their names, Bennie?"

"Buzzy and Fuzzy."

"Was Bennie's story right every other way, children?" inquires the teacher. No one has any objection to offer. The teacher slowly repeats, "And Jennie Allen came and sat down to the side of it." Still the little ones are not

able to say what is wrong, and look at the teacher in a puzzled fashion, trying hard to make out what she means.

"Children, do you remember the picture of the kitchen where the woman was standing—" pauses, and the class adds "By the table."

"Then we will say Jennie is sitting—"

"By the basket!"

"Yes. Do not let us forget that, when we talk about Jennie Allen again. Ellie may tell her story, if it is very long."

"Jennie Allen's mother put her blue dress on to her, and told her she might play with the kitties. She took Buzzy in one hand and Fuzzy in the other, and old Pussy-cat looked at her," is Ellie's story. "Was that just right?" queries the teacher. There is no response from the group. "When she said, her 'Mother put her dress on—to—her?'" says the teacher, isolating the obnoxious word, and the children call out simultaneously—

"Put her dress on her!"

"Let us hear Oscar's story," decides the teacher, and Oscar draws a long preliminary breath, and begins:

"Old Pussy-cat had two kitties; the white one was Buzzy and the black-and-white one was Fuzzy. Old Mother-cat went out to the barn to get some mice, and left the kitties asleep in their basket. While she was gone, a little girl named Jennie Allen came in and took them out of the basket, and when the Mother-cat came back she looked at Jennie."

"I call that a very nice, long story," warmly commends the teacher. "I am sure that Oscar tried hard to think that up, and he told it well too. I wish that I could have as fine a one from a little girl. We have had two from the boys, and I'd like two from the girls, just as good, and better if they can make them. Has Laura one ready?"

"Yes'm."

"Very well."

Laura narrates: "A little girl named Jennie Allen wanted to play with the kitties. She looked in the basket and found them asleep. She took Buzzy out carefully, and put her up on her shoulder, and—I guess she didn't wake her;" looking closely at the picture, "she doesn't look as if she was awake. But Buzzy stuck her claws out, and scratched Jennie, and—Buzzy opened her mouth as if she was crying."

The last two or three sentences are evidently extemporaneous, and added for the sake of saying something.

"That's quite a story," comments the teacher, "but there was one thing that didn't just please me. You said," referring to the paper upon which she jotted down the errors as they occurred, "'I guess she didn't wake her;' who can make that sentence better? Essie."

"I guess kitty didn't wake up."

"'I guess,'" repeats the teacher, to give them the cue. "Austin."

"I think kitty didn't wake up."

"That's better," agrees the teacher, "but the last of the sentence doesn't sound right."

This criticism is beyond the little ones, and they must be told, so the teacher says, "Listen! we will say, kitty didn't wake;" continuing after a slight pause, to let their minds dwell for a little upon the new impression, "there is time for just one more story, if it is a very fine one. I wish it to be the best of all; who can tell it?"

There is not a boy nor a girl in the line who does not consider himself or herself equal to the occasion, and the teacher must make a choice. This she does after some looking, and Sophie is selected. She is pleased to have the post of honor assigned to her, and starts off in true storytelling style:

"It was a hot day, and Mrs. Allen took off Jennie's shoes

and stockings, and put her to bed. When Jennie woke she wanted to play with the kitties; so she went into the room where they were, and took them out of the basket, and Buzzy scratched her. Jennie's mother didn't know where she was, and old Mother-cat jest came in, and found her kitties in Jennie's arms."

"I am sure that was a fine story," declares the teacher; "but how would you say this word"—picking up a crayon and writing *just* on the board. Sophie colors like a blush-rose, and calls out,

"Just."

"Yes, I wish that we had time for more stories to-day, but we haven't a moment. To-morrow, then, I shall expect even better ones than we have been having. I hope that every one will be ready. Good-by."

Notes and Comments.

The happy art of inspiring each child to do his best, without developing that susceptible faculty, self-conceit, is well illustrated in this lesson.

CHAPTER VI.

LANGUAGE.—STORY LESSONS.

PURPOSE OF THE LESSON —

First. To arouse thought.

Second. To stimulate to expression.

Third. To quicken imagination.

Fourth. To train in recalling.

Fifth. To exercise in the use of language.

Sixth. To form the habit of attention.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE TEACHER.—Composing the story, making out the lists of words to be used, planning, and practising the drawing.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE PUPILS.—Their natural love for stories, and all the training that they have had in thought and its expression.

PLAN OF THE LESSON—Tell the story of the Farmer and the Fox. Make it graphic, by sketching the objects introduced, whenever practicable. In the course of the narrative, bring in as many words belonging to the children's written vocabulary as possible, writing instead of speaking them; thus leading the pupils to observe the words used, and making the exercise also serve as a review in reading.

THE FIRST LESSON.

GENERAL EXERCISE

The teacher is conducting a writing lesson. She stands at a blackboard on the right side of the room, and all the

children, sitting sidewise in their seats, face her, and make on their slates the letter as she writes it on the board.

Suddenly, before the attention has begun to flag, before a child has begun to tire, she calls out, "Lay your pencil on your slate, place your slate in the middle of your desk, and face front."

Stepping lightly to the board opposite their seats, as the children turn, she continues, as if thinking aloud, while her quick eyes take in at a glance every lounger in the room, "I am looking to see who sits the best."

* Apparently the desire to shine as a bright particular star is common, for with one accord the children bring their feet together, sit farther back in their seats, fold their hands, and hold up their heads, waiting for the verdict.

"I am afraid I can't tell now, there are so many," is her decision, after an instant's smiling survey; "but I can tell you about something else that has a—" turning to the board, she writes; "Nose!" call out the children; "like," beginning to sketch, "that"—having made the nose of a fox.

"A fox!" "A rat!" "A fox!"

The teacher goes on, unheeding the children's guesses. "This—" she writes; "Animal," pronounce the children; "that I am going to tell you about," she resumes, drawing rapidly as she talks, "has a sharp nose, sharp—" writing *eyes*, "and pointed—" writing *ears*; "Eyes and ears!" chorus the class. "And he has whiskers," drawing them as she speaks; "A rat! A rat! A cat!" call out the class; "and a long bushy—" writing *tail*.

The children pronounce the word and follow it immediately with the guess—"A squirrel!" Utterly unmindful of these, the teacher continues, "He doesn't wear a—" writes; "Coat!" say the children; "like yours," facing about, and pointing to a little fellow who has just arrived at the dignity of his first ulster; "nor like yours," indicat-

ing a small girl, whose new cloak is still a source of envy to half the little women in the room; "neither is it like mine."

"It is made of—" writes; "Fur!" declare the children; "and sometimes it's—" writing *red*; "and sometimes—" writing again, *black*; "Red and black," call out the class; "and sometimes it's silvery."

"A fox!" "A silver fox!" guess the children as the teacher completes her sketch, and a fox stands displayed upon the board.

"Yes," says the teacher, "it is a—" writing *fox*. "This fox was so very sly—what does it mean to be sly?" is the unexpected question. One hand only is raised. "Grace."

"When any one wants to do things that are not right, and not let any one know about it."

"Yes, I think it is," comments the teacher; "and this fox had grown so old that he couldn't—" writes; "Hunt!" interpolates the chorus; "the way he used to," proceeds the teacher, "so he made up his mind that he was going to do something else. Now he didn't mind stealing—what is stealing, Jack?"

"To take things when there didn't anybody say you might."

"Ruthie."

"To take things when nobody knows it."

"Albert."

"To take things that aren't yours."

"Yes, to take things that belong to some one else, without leave. Is it right to do so, children?"

"No'm!" "No'm!" "Never!"

"But this fox didn't know any better; he didn't know how to get anything to—" writes; "Eat!" chorus the children; "any other way. Now off over here," indicating a spot high up at the farther end of the board, "lived a—" writes; "Farmer!" call out the class; "and he had a large—"

she draws a house, and then writes the word, and the children call it out.

"And then just here was his—" writing *barn*, and as the class pronounce the word the teacher begins to draw it, saying as she does so, "but he didn't keep his—" writing *hens, chickens, turkeys, ducks, and geese*, and the children read as fast as she writes, "in the barn; but back of the barn there was a yard,"—making a fence,—“and at the end of the yard was a hen-house,” drawing it with rapid strokes, “and here he kept all his—” pointing to the words, which the children read again,

"Hens, chickens, turkeys, ducks, and geese."

"That will do for to-day; to-morrow I shall want to have you tell me all that I have told you, and see how many of these words," pointing to the list on the board, "that I had in my story you can put into yours."

THE SECOND LESSON.

GENERAL EXERCISE

The next day, in the morning, before school begins, quite a number of the children come in when the first bell rings, pass to their seats, take out their slates, and begin to make the picture of the fox drawn by the teacher the day before.

The first bit of Busy-Work given the classes, is to copy the list of words,—nose, animal, eyes, ears, tail, coat, fur, red, black, fox, hunt, eat, farmer, house, barn, hens, chickens, turkeys, ducks, geese,—now rewritten in beautiful chirography. In the afternoon, about midway in the session, just after a motion song, the teacher inquires,

"Who wants to tell us the Fox Story? Arthur, we will listen to you, and see how many of my words you put in; I will mark them." So Arthur begins.

"Once there was a fox" (the teacher puts a cross beside the word fox in the list), "and he stole things," went on Arthur, "'cause he didn't know any better."

"I should say *because* he didn't know any better," significantly emphasizing the corrected word.

"And the farmer lived in a house, and had a barn, and kept lots of ducks, and geese, and hens, and turkeys, and chickens;" and down he sits.

"That's pretty well," comments the teacher; "but I'd like to hear more about the fox. Bessie."

"A fox has a long nose, and sharp eyes, and two ears, and one tail, and some fur," announces the little girl, and then stops.

"Did I tell you about anything else?" interrogates the teacher suggestively.

"Oh, yes!—a farmer, and a house and barn, and some hens and chickens," and that is the end of *her* story.

"Who can tell me anything they left out?" is the teacher's next demand. Nearly all the hands are up. "Robbie."

"They didn't say the fox was an animal."

"So they didn't. Stevie."

"You said the fox's coat wasn't made like mine or Minnie's."

"Didn't you mean to be a polite little boy, and speak of Minnie's before you did your own?"

"Yes'm; you said the fox's coat wasn't made like Minnie's or mine."

"You may say Minnie's *nor* mine, next time," corrects the teacher. "Ella, what have you to say?"

"The fox was so old he couldn't hunt any more, and get things to eat."

"Certainly I said so. Luke."

"There was a hen-house and yard, where the ducks, and turkeys, and geese stayed."

"That's nice; come and show me where they are, on the

board."* He does so. "Everybody be ready to tell me quickly something about the first word. Mary."

"I have a nose."

"The second, Alice."

"The fox is an animal."

"I've heard that before this afternoon; tell me something new. Phil."

"I have an animal."

"Have you? What is it?"

"A dog."

"Good! What about this word, Belle?"

"The fox has sharp eyes."

"The next, Millie?"

"Ears are good to hear with."

"Yes, and I'm glad I heard that. The fifth word, Frank."

"The fox has a pretty tail."

"Did you ever see one?"

"No, but I saw a picture of one, once."

"Go on, Fannie."

"My father wears a coat trimmed with fur."

"Just see! she took my next word away from me. Tell me something about the eighth, Herman."

"Red and black are colors."

"There go two words again; what shall I do?" in a tone of mock despair. "Ida won't treat me so—will you?" But Ida, trying very hard to look unconscious of her brilliancy, makes the following announcement:

"The farmer hunts the fox to eat him." This is news, and the teacher cannot entirely control either voice or face as she answers,

"Not quite: we don't eat foxes, my dear child; but that was a good sentence. Who wants the next word? Louise."

* The picture drawn by the teacher, is also left upon the blackboard.

"The hens, and chickens, and turkeys, and geese, and ducks, lived in a house back of the barn."

"Well! well! what smart children I have! They take my words all away from me, and now I haven't one left. I shall have to tell you something new about the farmer and the fox to-morrow, and get some more words. Now we will go to work again."

THE THIRD LESSON.

GENERAL EXERCISE

"How many would like to have me go on with my Story of the Fox?" is the teacher's query, near the close of the day following the reproduction of the beginning. Apparently the sense of the meeting is overwhelmingly for continuance. "Very well; let me see if the blackboards are in order, the desks made neat, the floor picked up, and my children in good position."

This speech creates a great sensation. Half a dozen start for the blackboards, and fall to rubbing as vigorously as if much depended upon the cleanliness thereof; then two children, a boy and a girl, wearing an air of grave responsibility, travel around the room, placing the crayons and erasers squarely, and at equal distances on the ledge at the bottom of the boards; two other little ones hurry off to a closet, from which they bring waste-baskets, and begin to perambulate up and down the aisles with them.

In the meantime all the other children are either busily clearing out their desks, or stooping down gathering from the floor every scrap of paper or bit of *débris* to be found, which they throw into the baskets as they are carried past.

At the end of this performance—which lasts hardly more than two minutes—there is not a speck of dirt larger than

dust, visible anywhere, and all the small housekeepers are sitting erect and alert, with eyes fixed upon the teacher, waiting for her to begin, which she does in this way:

"Down here" (on the lower part of the board) "there was a—"she writes; and the children say "Pond;" then she draws a curving line to represent its shape.

"Now this fox," resumes the teacher, "wanted to get some of the farmer's poultry to eat. What is poultry, Larry?"

"Hens, and chickens, and geese."

"Yes; but he couldn't, because—" drawing the animal rapidly—"the farmer had a great big—" writes; "Dog," affirm the class. Then sketching a man: "There was something else the fox was afraid of, and that was the farmer's—" writes; "Son!" chorus the children; "who had a very large—" writing; "Gun to shoot!" call out the class; "him with," quietly adds the narrator.

"Then the old farmer himself had a—" writes; "Trap!" pronounce the children; "and the fox was afraid of that too. Well, for a long time the fox had nothing to eat, and he was getting very—" she writes, and the children say "Hungry;" "and he lay in his—" writing; "Den of rocks," read the class.

"What is a den of rocks? Clarence."

"A hole all made of stones."

"Pretty good. This den was away up at the top of a high—" writes; "Hill!" is the responsive chorus; "here he was, thinking and planning how he could get some of the farmer's poultry. At last a bright thought struck him; he made up his mind to build a new house for himself, and he wasn't going to build it far off on the hill, but down here, close by the pond. "Now—" drawing quickly, "just here was a—" writes; "Tree!" declare the children; "yes, and under that tree he dug, and dug, a beautiful new—" writes; "Hole!" exclaim the children.

"This hole, which was his house, you know, was divided into three—" writes; "Rooms!" call out the class. "The first room," continues the teacher, "just as you went in, was the company-room, and back of that was his—" writes; "Kitchen!" say the children; "and up over that," goes on the narrator, "he had a bedroom."

"There were two—" writes; "Doors!" declares the chorus; "a back door and a front door, so he could come in one way and go out the other. Well, when it was all done, he said to himself, 'Now I shall have all I want to eat;' and then he sat down to wait and listen. Pretty soon he heard the hens and chickens and ducks and turkeys and geese all cackling, for it was early in the—" writes; "Morning!" is the chorus.

"By and by the farmer got up and went down to the hen-house, and opened the door, and let them all out into the—" writes; "Yard!" pronounce the class. "Now the farmer had made a—" writes; "Walk," say the children; "which led from the yard down to the pond, and the ducks were in *such* a—" writes; "Hurry to swim," chorus the listeners; "in the pond," goes on the narrator, "that they started right off. There was the—" writing; "Mamma-duck and the papa-duck," read the children; "and nine little ducks," adds the teacher.

"Well, the little—" writes; "Baby-ducks," say the class; "couldn't walk very well," continues the teacher, "and the mamma-duck was scolding them, and telling them not to step that way, but you know they couldn't help it, because their little—" writes; "Feet," call out the children; "were made like this"—drawing with great celerity the foot of a duck.

"What do we call it, children?"

"A web-foot."

"And what are the duck's feet made that way for?"

"To swim with," is the quick response.

"Yes, and that was the reason they couldn't walk on the ground any better. So they went along, the old mamma-duck saying quite crossly, 'Quack! quack! quack!'" (Giving these with shrill, harsh tones.) "And the baby-ducks, trying to tell her that they were doing the best they could, went, 'Quack! quack! quack!'" (With soft, coaxing intonations.) "And the papa-duck shouting out to them all the time that the water was very cold, and they mustn't go out very far, which sounded like, 'Quack! quack! quack!'" (In a loud, rasping voice.)

"The old fox in his new hole heard them, and laughed to himself. What do you suppose made him laugh, children?"

"'Cos he thought 'twas funny," is the instantaneous response of a thoughtless little youngster.

"*Because* he thought it was funny; don't forget that word next time," warns the teacher.

"Ho! I guess 'twas because he wanted to eat them," is the characteristic response of a small native of the soil.

"I guess he was thinking how he'd catch them pretty soon, and then they wouldn't say 'quack! quack! quack!'" is the deliberate answer of the "Solon" of the flock.

"I shouldn't wonder if that were right," assents the teacher. "Who can tell me now all about the fox and the farmer?" Every one seems to think he can.

"Very well, you may go home and think it over; perhaps you will dream about it to-night, and to-morrow I'll see how many can tell me everything I've told you. There's the bell for dismissal. Good-night;" and they pass out in the usual order.

THE FOURTH LESSON.

GENERAL EXERCISE

In the morning, the Busy-Work for all the classes, is the careful copying (with pencil and paper) of as many of the words gained from the story of the day before, as time will permit. These—twenty-five in number (pond, dog, son, gun, shoot, trap, hungry, den, rocks, hill, tree, hole, rooms, kitchen, doors, morning, yard, walk, hurry, swim, mamma, papa, baby, feet, water)—are elegantly written upon a blackboard by themselves.

The afternoon session is opened with singing, then follows a Number Thinking-game, carried on thus: the teacher says briskly,

"Think fast, and tell me two numbers that make nine." This demand sets all the mental machinery in full motion, and in a second the room bristles with upraised hands.

"Five and four," "Seven and two," "Three and six," "Eight and one," follow in quick succession. "Four and four, and one," is the next answer.

"How many numbers did you give me, Jimmie?" is the quick question.

"Three."

"And how many did I ask for?"

"Two."

"Then don't be a careless boy again," is the admonition, and Jimmie sits down decidedly crestfallen. After this came "Two and seven," "Four and five," "Six and three," and "Eight and one," and not a hand is left.

The teacher's next demand, "What numbers make eight?" starts them all to fluttering again.

She gets this time "Three and five," "Six and two," "Four and four," "Five and three," "Seven and one,"

"Six and one, and one," "Three and three, and two,"
"Five and two, and one," "Seven and one"—

"Where have you been, Walter, that you didn't hear that before?" is her comment upon this; the boy blushes and is silent, and she calls for the next.

"Two, and two, and two, and two," says a little girl.

"Yes, that's very nice," with an approving smile at the little mathematician; "and that will do for this" (though half the children have still an answer to give). "I think now I'd like to hear what you have to say about the Farmer and the Fox. Stevie may talk, and I'll mark the words," stepping to the board, crayon in hand.

The child, with his eyes fixed on the column of words, begins, "The old fox was afraid of the farmer's gun."

There is a great flying of hands at this, but the teacher smilingly shakes her finger at the children to keep them still, and the boy, with a surprised glance at his mates, resumes:

"And his son had a dog and a trap." More excitement in the class, and the hands are fluttering wildly, but the teacher motions them down, and nods to Walter, who, still wondering what the matter can be, goes on:

"Then the fox thought he'd make a new house, and so he did; and he had three rooms, a kitchen, and a bedroom, and a parlor. The ducks went down to the pond to swim, and the mother-duck scolded the little ducks because they had web-feet, and the fox laughed to think he was going to eat them all up."

"That's quite a long story," is the teacher's criticism.
"Was it all right, Fritz?"

"No'm, he didn't tell us it was his son who had the gun."

"And you didn't tell us whose son," gently corrects the teacher. Fritz's manner is less self-satisfied when he gives his sentence again, "The farmer's son had the gun."

"Anything else, Mary?"

"I think it was the farmer who had the dog and the trap."

"I think so too; what else, Sadie?"

"He didn't say anything about the den of rocks up on a high hill," is the little girl's comment, upon whom the unfamiliar term has evidently made an impression.

"Josie "

"He left out about the farmer getting up in the morning and letting the ducks, and hens, and chickens, and turkeys, and geese out into the yard," said the earnest little woman.

"So he did; and what did we say we sometimes called ducks, and chickens, and hens, and geese? Eddie."

"Poultry."

"Now, Josie, can you think how you can make your story shorter?" Apparently she does not understand, neither do the majority of the class, who look at one another, as if they wonder what the teacher is talking about. But one hand is upraised, and the child being called upon suggests,

"Josie might have said poultry instead of hens, and chickens, and geese, and ducks."

"That's nice," approves the teacher cordially, and seeing Josie's face lighten as if she had discovered something, the teacher says, "Suppose you tell your story again."

Accordingly Josie repeats: "The farmer got up in the morning, and went to the hen-house, and let his poultry out into the yard," giving the new large word with quite a learned air.

"Donald, what have you to tell us?"

"He didn't say anything about the papa-duck, who told the baby-ducks not to swim too far away in the cold water," observes the persistent little fellow, whose hand has been up at intervals ever since Walter sat down.

"I don't believe he did," agrees the teacher. "Now who is ready to tell me some stories about my words here?"

pointing to the column which has by this time a cross opposite nearly every word. "Fannie, you may begin."

"I saw a dog down by the pond."

"There go two straight away," complains the teacher, drawing a line through them as she speaks. "Ida."

"The son had a gun to shoot with."

"There, oh, dear!" in a tone of mock sorrow, as she crosses three off. "Robbie."

"The trap caught a hungry fox."

"Two more! Fritz."

"I saw a den of rocks on the hill."

"I am afraid I shall not have words enough to go round," observes the teacher. "Jessie."

"The tree is tall."

"Yes. Bennie."

"One of our rooms is the kitchen, and—" adding hastily, for fear she would call upon some one else before he could say it, "it has four doors."

"I shouldn't wonder if it had. Helen."

"In the morning I go to walk in the yard."

"How my words go! Arthur."

"I am in a great hurry to swim."

"Is that so? Patrick."

"I have a papa, and a mamma, and a baby."

"Yes. Ella."

"I like to put my feet in the water."

"And that is all. Let us see now how well we can write. Slates and pencils ready; turn!" and the Farmer and the Fox are soon forgotten by the little chirographers, who become completely absorbed in trying to master the difficulties of the letter *m*.

THE FIFTH LESSON.

GENERAL EXERCISE

Two days after Lesson Fourth, there comes a pouring rain. This spoils the long recess, and makes time drag a little as the morning session draws to a close.

So after the usual lessons are all finished, and the hour for a general exercise arrives, the teacher calls out cheerily,

“If I could see a room full of nice little people all smiling at me, I might think it best to tell them the rest of the Fox Story.”

This announcement has the effect of a burst of sunshine; all the faces brighten instantly, but the teacher is not satisfied.

“I should be *sure* to do it, if I could see some rows of orderly—” (every small man and woman hitches into the middle of his seat, with face square to the front directly) “straight children” (each child lifts his figure to its full height), “with hands folded” (every hand is in position) “and eyes looking straight into mine” (all eyes are fixed upon her face). After an instant’s smiling contemplation of her attentive audience she begins:

“You know we left the ducks down at the pond, about to go in to swim. The papa-duck had just put one foot into the water when there came a—” writes; “Sound,” chorus the class; “like this—” (the teacher makes a sort of a barking noise).

“‘What’s that?’ asked the papa-duck, shaking his wet foot at the baby-ducks to make them keep quiet. ‘I don’t know,’ said the mamma-duck.” (The teacher barks louder.)

“‘There it is again; let us go and see.’ So they called to the baby-ducks, and then all went up to the fox’s hole under the tree. The door was wide open, so they walked

in. When they got into the room there was Mr. Fox, and he made them a very polite—"writes; "Bow!" call out the children, "and he said—" writes; "Good-morning," read the class; "'Mr. Duck,'" adds the teacher, "'and good-morning, Mrs. Duck, and how are all the—'" writes; "Little ducks," is the chorus. "And there the fox had the ducks in his hole! What do you think of that?"

"They'd ought to know better," speaks out Bennie.

"Perhaps they should have known better," corrects the teacher.

"I think it was too bad!" exclaims Millie.

"I s'pose he eat 'em right up," remarks Patrick meditatively.

"What should Patrick have said, Louise?"

"I suppose he ate them," amends that proper little girl.

"Yes. Now, Patrick, *suppose* you try again."

"I suppose he ate them," repeats the boy, imitating exactly the intonation of his small critic. It being impossible to discover from his perfectly serious countenance, whether this was unconscious or intentional, the teacher concludes to ignore it altogether, which she does by resuming her narrative.

"Now just about this time the geese thought that *they* would go down to the pond to get some nice grass; and there was the papa-geese and the mamma-geese, and all the little—" writes; "Goslings!" chorus the children.

"After they had walked along a little way, they thought they heard a queer—" writes; "Noise!" say the class; "and they stopped to—" writes; "Listen!" pronounce the class; "and they could hear the fox going 'Yow! yow! yow!' and all the ducks going 'Quack! quack! quack!'" "We must go and see about that," said the papa-geese. So the mamma-geese called to the little goslings to follow, and they too all went up to the fox's hole."

This announcement creates quite a sensation, one tender-

hearted little girl exclaiming "Oh, dear!" as the teacher makes it.

"But Mr. Fox," resumes the narrator, "was very polite, and bowed to them, and said, 'Good-morning, Mr. Goose; and 'Good-morning, Mrs. Goose; and how are all the little goslings? Walk in.' So they went in and sat down and began to—" writes; "Talk!" respond the chorus.

"Very soon the papa-hen and the mamma-hen, and all the little chickens who were out looking for—" writes; "Bugs!" pronounce the children; "heard a queer noise," continues the teacher. "Let's run—" writes; "Home!" call the children; "says the mamma-hen," goes on the narrator. "'Don't be a coward,' says the papa-hen. What is a coward, children?"

"One who's afraid at nothing."

"Anybody that's afraid all the time."

"Anybody that's afraid when there isn' anything to be afraid of."

"I should think so. Now when the papa-hen said 'don't be a coward,' the mamma-hen said, 'What shall we do?' 'Go and see,' answered the papa-hen; so they called all the little chickens and down they went, directly into the fox's hole."

"What a lot!" exclaims a small boy, who is so intensely interested that he speaks his thought unconsciously.

"But the polite old fox met them at the door, and he said 'Good-morning, Mr. Hen; Good-morning, Mrs. Hen; and how are all the little chickens? Do walk in and take take a seat,' and *they* went in and sat down and began to talk. By and by the turkeys, who were out hunting—" writes; "Grasshoppers," pronounce the children; "happened to come along this way. There was the papa-turkey, and the mamma-turkey, and all the little turkeys, and *they* heard this curious noise, and *they* wondered what it could be, and before they knew where they were going, there

they were—inside the fox's house. Mr. Fox was just as polite as ever, and held out his—"writing.

"Paw to shake hands," read the children; "with them," adds the teacher, "saying as he did so, 'Good-morning, Mr. Turkey; Good morning, Mrs Turkey; and how are all the little turkeys? Take some"—writes; "Seats!" respond the children; "and let us have a little conversation.' What is conversation, Julia?"

"Talking."

"Yes; so the ducks went 'Quack! quack! quack!' and the geese went 'Cackle! cackle! cackle!' and Mr. Hen went 'Cocka-doodle-doo!' and Mrs. Hen went 'Cut-cut-cut-ca-dada!' and the little chickens went, 'Peep, peep, peep!' and the turkeys went 'Gobble! gobble! gobble!' and the old fox went 'Yow! yow! yow!' and just think what a noise they made!"

"Pretty soon the sly Mr. Fox slipped out the—" writes, "Back-door," read the class; "and went around to the—" writes; "Front-door!" call out the children; "and put a great heavy—" writes; "Stone!" chorus the listeners; "up against it," goes on the narrator, "so that they couldn't get out if they wanted to. Then he came in at the back-door, and, locked it, and put the—" writes; "Key in his pocket," read the children hurriedly. Then he went back into the company-room, and told all the ducks and geese and hens and turkeys and their babies that he hoped they would have a—" writing, "Good visit!" read the class; because when it came—" writes; "Dinner-time!" breathlessly exclaim the children; "he should"—slowly and impressively—"pick out some of them to—eat."

"Oh! oh!" sigh the children.

"Isn't that dreadful!" cries out a little girl.

"I just wish I had a gun and I'd *kill* that fox!" blusters an excitable youngster.

"I guess they wished they were home then," says a little

fellow who has evidently experienced that desire himself when overtaken by trouble.

"Oh, don't they get away, teacher?" calls out a sympathetic little woman appealingly.

"We will see. When the old fox had said this, he went off up—" writes; "Stairs to bed!" read the class; "and they did feel very badly, as you say, and began to—" writes; "Cry!" is the responsive chorus. "Yes, and that made a great noise, and the farmer, up here in his house—" pointing toward the sketch,— "heard it, and came to the door and looked out. See him!" drawing a perpendicular line in the doorway to represent that individual.

"But the noise kept on and even grew louder; then he said, 'That is my poultry in trouble somewhere; I must go and find them.' So he took down his gun and called his dog, and started out. He went to the yard, but there wasn't a duck, nor a goose, nor a hen, nor a turkey there; then he went to the pond, but they weren't to be seen there either; and then the noise was very loud and seemed to come from under the tree. So he began to dig."

"But just then he happened to see the stone," continues the teacher more rapidly, for the excitement is getting to be intense, and most of the children are half out of their seats in their eagerness to hear the *denouement*; "and he gave it a great pull,—and—out came all his ducks, and hens, and turkeys, and geese, and all their babies!"

The little ones are dancing up and down and clapping their hands by this time, so the teacher waits an instant for their joy to subside, then continues deliberately: "Last of all came old Mr. Fox, to see what was happening to his house, when the farmer lifted up his gun and shot him—dead; and that was the end."

Notes and Comments.

To the superficial or ignorant observer, the preceding would seem merely an entertaining story, told to amuse the children. To the enlightened it would be six valuable lessons. Three in Language and Reading, combining quick thinking, rapid reading, close attention, and most excellent training of the mind to see promptly and vividly the pictures presented through the avenues of sight and hearing. Three in recalling, and in the two forms of Language Teaching, viz., first, and most important, that which takes up the unconscious side of the work, where the pupils are so under the control of the thought that they are in a great measure unaware of the means by which they express it; second, the conscious side, where the attention is divided between the ideas in their relations, and the words and their arrangement, *i.e.*, sentence-making.

The power to comprehend the *motive* and judge the *tendency* of a lesson, is as much a matter of education and of growth as the power to give the lesson itself. From which it may logically be inferred that just and able criticism is quite as rare as skilful and intelligent teaching.

SECTION FIFTH.

CHAPTER

- I. Preliminary.
- II. Number Work.
- III. A Lesson in Technical Writing.
- IV. Two Spelling Lessons.
- V. A Drawing Lesson.
- VI. A Lesson in Modelling in Clay.
- VII. A Singing Lesson.

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Section Fifth contains illustrations of the teaching in the remaining branches of work taken up during the First Primary Year.

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CHAPTER I.

PRELIMINARY.

NUMBER.

The object accomplished by the work, in number, of this grade is mainly the training in the power of attention. Aside from this, the children are expected to know all the facts of each number, to ten, perfectly. This means that they have been so taught these facts, that the recalling is entirely automatic, and that whenever any combination or separation is demanded either by the presentation of objects or by means of language, the result comes instantly into the consciousness.

The teaching is always objective, and the two lessons transcribed in this Section will illustrate the manner of presenting a new number and the means used to render interesting, one with which the pupils are already familiar.

That little children, five and six years of age, should be able to comprehend the four fundamental operations of Arithmetic, and learn to use them with such facility that they will go from one to another without the slightest hesitation or the least trace of confusion, seems almost marvellous to those who were "brought up" on "Mental Arithmetic." Such were first taught the addition tables, then those in subtraction; afterward the multiplication tables, and last the division; the learning of each being a dreaded and painful proceeding. Then, having survived this, the unhappy pupils of such teaching knew nothing of the principles, or even the processes; and were indeed

fortunate if they possessed sufficient memory to enable them to dispense with the counting of the fingers when any calculation was called for.

Nor are the points mentioned, the only ones in which the new way of teaching is an improvement upon the old, for now the children will, *if properly trained and carefully let alone*, discover all the facts of a number for themselves, leaving it only necessary for the teacher to impart the language.

TECHNICAL WRITING

One of the first lessons given in the Primary schools of Quincy is in technical writing—the making of what is there commonly referred to as the "Parker *i*."

This training is a trifle peculiar. It begins with the careful making of this one letter—taken as the foundation form—and continues, with two lessons a day, upon this letter, *and no other*, until each child can make it perfectly, when he is immediately given the letter next in order* without regard to the progress of the other pupils in the class.

Seemingly still more peculiar, is the fact that the children gain instead of losing interest in the work, as the weeks go by. One secret of this persistency is, that being *led to discover for themselves* what is wrong in their *i*'s, the little ones learn to study the letter, and soon become expert critics, both of their own work and of that of others.

While the ideal is growing slowly in the mind, the skill of hand is also increasing, and the pupils are gaining steadily in ability to reproduce the letter correctly. The four, six, or even nine months spent in acquiring an adequate concept of this fundamental form and the power to make it, together with the custom of doing the thing better every time it is done, is proved to be time wisely spent. Knowing how to make *i*, means knowing how to make five sixths of all

* See page 78 of "Notes of Talks on Teaching."

the small letters, while the value of improvement *as a habit*, cannot be estimated.

Several devices are used to aid the little ones in their first learning to write; such as making the forms of the letters in the air; tracing the letters, and writing *with* the teacher, line by line; but the best device of all, and unfortunately the one which they are the least likely to have given them, is a teacher whose handwriting can be taken for a model.

SPELLING OR WRITING

As in after-life, spelling means—with few exceptions—the writing of words and sentences, it follows that teaching pupils to spell, consists in training them in the reproduction of the script forms of words and sentences, and includes capitalization and punctuation.

The children can hardly be put into possession of this means of expression too early; for the sooner this is accomplished the sooner writing (or spelling) can sink into the automatic, leaving the pupils free to expend their mental energy upon other and more important things. Besides, being mainly a matter of imitation, and in a great degree mechanical, the training may be commenced the first day the children enter school and completed in a few years.

The work begins with the careful copying of the first words the pupils learn to read; and this being one of the best means of fixing the forms of words in the mind, it becomes thus a part of the teaching of reading. Indeed, the two, writing (or spelling) and reading, cannot be separated, for the little ones write only what they have read, and then read what they have written. Then too, in spelling as in reading, the sentence should be reached as soon as possible, and for the same reason, *i.e.*, to gain the stimulus of the thought.

As forms impress themselves upon the mind very slowly,

many repetitions being required to fix them, the first year is devoted entirely to copying, and in this the children are trained to be absolutely accurate. The work is accomplished in two ways. First, the pupils are *taught* in regular lessons, given once a day by the teacher. Second, they receive a great deal of *training*—in the form of copying without assistance—done as Busy-Work. As it requires some skill to manage paper* and lead-pencil, these are not given to the children until the very last of the year, the time previous to this, being divided about equally between blackboard and slate work.

The two special requisites on the part of the teacher are skill in the technic, and skill in training little children. In other words, she should herself be able to write beautifully on the blackboard, and possess the power to train her pupils in the habits of attention, accuracy, and industry.

In the teaching of spelling there are two Medo-Persian laws for the teacher. First, erase all wrong forms as promptly as possible. Second, never allow any careless work.

DRAWING

As, in the course of the first year's work in school, the foundation of all scientific knowledge is laid; so the beginning of art education is also made during the primary year. Indeed, there is hardly a department of this work which is not taken up in some simple elementary fashion in this grade.

The illustrative work—the beginning of pictorial art—is a notable feature of the Primary Schools of Quincy, and one in which the pupils take the greatest delight. This is given as Busy-Work, and may be either general or applied to a particular study; for instance, to the solution of problems in Number. Another form of Busy-Work belonging to

* This is manilla paper, double-ruled for the purpose.

this branch is the making of designs with objects: blocks, toothpicks, bits of paper, leaves, beans, etc., the designs being afterward copied upon the slates. The commencement of copying from the flat is also made at this time, the children being occasionally set to copy the teacher's drawings of such objects and animals as are most commonly introduced by the little ones into their illustrative work. The pupils are trained too, to draw from the objects themselves, care being taken to call upon them to draw only such things as are bounded by simple lines.

The stated lessons in the technic of Drawing are given every day, and last from ten to fifteen minutes; but these form only a small part of the work done in this most practical of studies during the primary year. From the very first the children are constantly being given—either on blackboard or slate—opportunities for this second means of expression: besides, it is the best of Busy-Work. The love of creating, and the desire that they have to tell their thoughts in this graphic way, makes drawing always a delight to the pupils; while the change from slate and pencil to blackboard and crayon suffices in the way of variety, and prevents the small artists from becoming tired. Yet this work done under the guise of play, and considered as a pleasure, is work nevertheless, and accomplishes certain results, viz.: first, the training of the hand and eye in observation; second, skill in expression; and third, the exercise of the creative faculty.

Such is the obvious outcome of the practice of leading little children to draw anything and everything they have ever seen, before they are old enough to know the theory or understand the principles of the art. Beginning when they are still in the unconscious stage of growth, while the critical faculties are yet undeveloped, they work undaunted by any fear of criticism, and entirely unhindered by doubts as to their capacity to do whatever they will. The conditions

most favorable to success being thus secured to them, they draw with a strong sincerity, a pure realism that is in itself a power; and there is nothing which they will not attempt without the slightest hesitation, from the drawing of a derrick to the invention of a design, from the copying of a picture to the illustration of a song or story.

If the welfare of the children in after-life were the only thing to be considered, it is quite possible that this very faith in themselves, this confidence in their own ability, might prove to be the most important of all the results obtained.

CONCRETE EXPRESSION --MODELLING IN CLAY.

The most perfect of all forms of expression is expression in the concrete, and, as that term is commonly used, it is the most practical also.

When to these two considerations is added a third, still more significant, viz.: the accepted fact that little children have an intense desire to express their thought in things rather than words; that they love to do, better than to talk (unfortunately a preference soon outgrown), it would seem to be something of a mistake, that the concrete has been so utterly ignored in the scheme of common-school education.

It is only since the introduction of the Kindergarten idea into this country that the youngest pupils have been allowed to do anything in the schoolroom, but dog-ear books, and get into mischief; or were given any chance to express their thoughts except in words. Even now, Primary schools in which the little ones are afforded frequent opportunities to build, mould, model, or *make* in any fashion, are angelic for rarity, being few and far between.

The rising clamor for Industrial Education, and the founding of schools for Manual Labor, would seem to indicate --if "Coming events cast their shadows before"--that the

pupils of the future shall make, instead of memorizing; shall act, as well as talk; in brief, shall be taught *to do*.

It is, after all, only a part of the lesson given the world long ago by the Great Teacher. When it shall have been learned, the children of men will do away with "vain repetitions," shall no longer think to be heard for their "much speaking," and shall be trained to *do* the will of their Father which is in heaven.

[The lesson in "Clay Modelling," photographed in this Section, was selected more for the moral it chanced to embody, than because it can be considered a type of what such lessons should be. Indeed it is open to criticism, because it violates the law of unconscious beginnings.]

CHAPTER II.

A FIRST LESSON IN NUMBER.

PURPOSE OF THE LESSON.—*First.* To teach the use of the terms *more* and *less*.

Second. To teach the number *two*.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE TEACHER.—*First.* Devising how to lead the children to use the two new terms understandingly, and readily

Second. Arranging the details of the lesson.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE PUPILS—Whatever they have learned at any time, and in any way, concerning the limitation of objects by ones. Also all the ability to attend to the work in hand, that they possess.

PLAN OF THE LESSON—Begin by leading the children to think of, and then to say *more*, by taking an indefinite number of blocks, and adding more blocks to the pile myself and having them do the same. Then by taking blocks from the pile, teach them to use the word *less*. Next put back in the drawer all of the blocks but five, and let three pupils each take away one block. Have the class tell me how many remain. Now ask, if they should make the two less one, how many would be left? Follow this expression of the idea, by the phrase itself,—two less one, is one,—and have different children repeat it several times. Next ask for the ones in two, and lead the class to see that two ones are two. After they have gone over these, till they are in a degree familiar with the processes, show—two less two,—and close by teaching “in two are two ones.”

THE LESSON.

The teacher stands at the head of the number table, with four pupils on each side, and two at the end opposite her. She gathers ten or twelve blocks out of the deep drawer at the side of the table, and puts them in a heap at the head, the children helping.

Then she points to the blocks, and asks, "What have I here?"

"A pile of blocks!" is the chorus.

"Suppose that I wanted to make it larger, what should I do?"

A boy answers, "You'd have to put more on."

"Very well;" taking five or six from the drawer, and adding them to the pile. "Is the pile as large as it was before?"

Pupils (together): "It's larger."

"Why, Alice?"

"Because you put on some more blocks."

"Dannie, you may put on the pile what I give you;" and the teacher hands him one block. He lays it on the heap.

"Now is the pile as large as before?"

Children, all at once: "Larger!"

"Who made it larger?"

"Dannie!"

"How?"

"He put on one more block."

"Alice, put this on," handing her a block. "Henry, this one.—Ernest, here's one for you.—Lillie, add one.—Bridget take one and put it on.—Edgar put on one.—Madge add hers.—Bertha, here's one for you to place on the pile,—and Marcia, you may put one on. Now Alice, what did you do?"

"I put on one more block."

"Ernest tell us what you did?"

"I put on one more."

"Lillie."

"I put on one more."

"Bridget."

"I put on one more."

"Children, what did Edgar do?"

"He put on one more."

"And Madge?"

"She put on one more."

"Bertha."

"She put on one more."

"And Marcia?"

"She put on one more."

By this time the heap is quite a sizable one, and the teacher asks, "Is the pile as large as it was before?"

Class in concert: "Larger!"

Next the teacher takes a handful away—an indefinite number—and inquires, "Now is the pile as large as it was? Henry."

"No, it's littler."

"Some one else tell me. Marcia."

"It is smaller."

"That's better. Edgar."

"It isn't as big."

"Why isn't it as large? Lillie."

"You took some away."

"Yes, I took some away, and that made the pile—children—"

"A little smaller!" "Not so big!"

"I like to say *less*. Now, Alice may take off one block. Is the pile as large?"

Pupils: "No, it is less!"

"How much less?"

"One less!"

"Dannie, you may make the pile one less.—Bertha make

it one less.—Lillie make it one less.—Bridget make the pile one less.—Ernest make the pile one less.—Madge make it one less.”

The teacher puts away in the drawer, all the blocks but five. “Now my pile is very small, and Dannie may make it one less.—Henry make it one less.—Edgar may make it one less.—How many have I left in the pile?”

Children (together): “Only two.”

“If I should make the two less one, how many should I have left?”

Chorus: “One!”

“Who would like to take the blocks; show and tell me the story—two less one, is one? Madge.”

Madge places the two blocks in front of her, on the table, then picks up one, holds it for an instant, as if uncertain what to do with it, for the drawer is on the other side; finally she slips the hand holding the block, under the table out of sight, and says, “Two less one, is one.”

“Edgar take the blocks and tell the story.”

Edgar is in such haste, that he puts one block under the table, the first thing, and rattles off, “Two less one is one.”

“I don’t know about that, I didn’t see any two,” remarks the teacher.

So Edgar places both blocks on the table, and says, looking at them, “Two—” picking up one, and putting it under the table—“less one, is—” looking at the block left—“one.”

“Very well done; give Alice the blocks, and we will hear her story.”

Alice goes through the same performance, being careful to *indicate with the blocks* each step of the process. Bertha, Ernest, and Marcia are successively called upon to do the same thing, and do it in the same way, except that Marcia puts the block she takes away, behind her, instead of under the table.

Then the teacher gives each child two blocks, and says, "Show me one block in your right hand.—Show me one in your left.—One block in the right hand, and one block in the left hand. How many ones have you?"

Pupils (all at once): "Two ones!"

"Put them side by side closely, just as if they had grown together, and what have you now?"

"Two!"

"Two what?"

"Two blocks."

"How did you get them, Lillie?"

"I had two ones, and I put them tight together, and that made two."

"Bridget show me two ones." Bridget holds up a block in each hand. "Henry show me two blocks." Henry holding up a block in each hand, carelessly brings them together. The children raise their hands instantly.

"What is the trouble, Alice?"

"That is two ones he is showing you."

Henry looks surprised, and the teacher says, "Madge show him two."

Madge puts her blocks on the table side by side, places them exactly even, then grasping them tightly in one hand, holds them up, and says, "Two "

"Edgar show me two.—Bertha show me two ones.—Lillie show me two less one, is one.—Ernest show me two ones.—Marcia show me two."

The teacher takes a box of horse-chestnuts from the drawer, and gives two to each member of the class.

"Dannie show two less one, is one.—Madge show me two." The little girl has a great time trying to hold the slippery things close together, but accomplishes it after several trials, and holds them up tightly gripped, in her chubby fist.

"Bridget show me two ones.—Lillie, two less one, is one.—

Henry, two;" he is careful to get his objects close together this time.

The teacher holds out her horse-chestnut box, and the children drop into it their two. Then she says briskly, "How many blocks have I now?"

"Two!" is the chorus.

"If I make two less two,"—putting the two blocks on the table, and then putting them behind her,—“how many shall I have left?"

"Nothing!"

"Alice, show, and tell me the story of two less two, is nothing.—Bertha the same.—Marcia show me two blocks; now take them apart, and tell me how many ones you find."

"Two."

"Two what?"

"Two ones."

"Who wants to show me that story?—Ernest."

The boy holds up his two blocks clasped together in one hand, then takes them—one in each hand, and says, "Two, makes two ones."

"Yes," agrees the teacher. "You haven't asked me to tell a story; would you like to have me?"

"Yes'm!" is the eager response.

She places her blocks evenly side by side, on the table, looks at them, and says, "In two are"—separating them deftly—"two ones. Who else wants to tell the story? Bridget."

The girl imitates perfectly, both phrase and action of the teacher.

"Henry;"—he does the same. Then Edgar, Ernest, and Madge are called upon to tell and show the story.

When that has been done, the teacher says, "You may go to your seats, and draw a picture of a house, for me; don't forget the windows, nor the chimney, for I shall

want a fire some of these cold days. Then put a fence around the front yard, and those who know how, may make a picture of a bird-house too. I think that would be very pretty."

Notes and Comments.

The expert leading of the children *to think the thought* back of a new expression, and thus teaching the expression itself, is the first point worthy of note, in this lesson in number. The second is, that while the New Education has no place in its scheme of work, for the drudgery of the weary drilling, which formed so large a part of the old school exercises, still by means of repeated impressions—*repetitions without monotony*—the children are being taught, and all the time being taught far more effectually, than ever before.

ANOTHER LESSON IN NUMBER.

PURPOSE OF THE LESSON—Principally, to train the children to accurate and rapid Number Work. Beside this, to teach them the number four,—its separations, and combinations.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE TEACHER.—*First.* Deciding upon the arrangement of the work, *i.e.*: what the pupils shall do, and when they shall do it.

Second. Practicing the making up of problems and the manipulation of the blocks.

Third. Familiarizing herself anew with the combinations and separations of the number.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE PUPILS.—All of the Number Work they have done previous to this lesson, and all their ability to see and think, clearly and quickly.

PLAN OF THE LESSON—Have first a brief review exercise—not over a minute long—in the rapid recognition of numbers from *one to five*. Next, go through the multiplications and

divisions in *four*, with the blocks, myself, and have the children tell what has been done. Then let them take the blocks and make their own combinations. After this, give the pupils five or six problems to start them well, and then let them make a few. If now the class seems to be ready for *five*, close the lesson by sending four children to stand by the window, and having the class tell how many are there; then send another, and say that perhaps we will take *that* number next time. Test the pupils still further in *four*, by giving them illustrative work in that number, to do on the blackboard, as Busy-Work, for the succeeding period.

WHAT THERE IS IN 4.

In 4 there are four 1's.

Four 1's are 4.

In 4 there are two 2's.

Two 2's are 4.

In 4 there is one 3 and 1 over.

One 3 and 1 are 4.

In 4 there is one 4.

One 4 is 4.

$$1+1+1+1 = 4.$$

$$4-4 = 0.$$

$$2+1+1 = 4.$$

$$4-3 = 1.$$

$$3+1 = 4.$$

$$4-2 = 2.$$

$$1+2+1 = 4.$$

$$4-1 = 3.$$

$$1+1+2 = 4.$$

$$2+2 = 4.$$

$$1+3 = 4.$$

THE LESSON.

The teacher and children are gathered around the number table, upon which is a variety of objects, several of each. The teacher picks up a couple of things, and asks briskly,—

“What have I here?”

Pupils: “Two balls.”

“What here?”

“Four horse-chestnuts.”

"What now?"

"Three pencils."

"And now?"

"Three buttons."

"How many ones?"

"Three."

"Show me as many fingers as I show you beads." The children each hold up four fingers.

"Touch as many eyes as I show you balls." The little ones laugh as they put their fingers on both their eyes.

"Hop as many times as I show you marbles." They hop once.

"Say your name as many times as I show you cards." Here arises quite a Babel of voices, as each pupil pronounces his own name three times.

"Tell me what I have in my hand," opening it, and disclosing a button, a marble, and a horse-chestnut.

"Three things."

"That's nice! How many now?" adding a spool.

"Four things."

"Right. What do you know about four; anything?"

"Yes'm, all about it," declares the class.

"Do you? I am going to see." The teacher takes four blocks, and puts them on the table side by side, and close together. "I shall split these apart, and I want you to watch and tell me how many ones I get." With a quick, dexterous movement to right and left, she separates the blocks, and leaves them standing at equal distances apart.

After a glance at them, the children chorus "Four."

Sending them into a compact row with a sudden push of her hands, she asks, "What have I done?"

"Put the ones together."

"And made—"

"Four!"

"Alice may tell the story."

"Four ones are four."

"Yes. I am going to work very rapidly; keep your eyes open, and see if you can tell me what I do, as soon as I do it." With a single motion of each hand, the teacher divides the row of blocks in two groups. "Dannie, what did I show you?"

"There are two twos in four."

With a push she sends the blocks all together again, and calls, "Henry?"

"Two twos are four."

Again she separates them, three in one group, and one in the other. "Ernest."

"In four there is one three, and one over."

She shoves them together. "Edgar."

"Three and one are four."

Catching up all four as they stand, she holds them before the class and says, "How many, Bertie?"

"There is one four in four."

Still holding them, the teacher announces, "You may all take, so many, blocks."

The pupils go to the drawer, and help themselves. One very short boy, coming among the last to get his four, finds that the nearest having been taken, there is only one within arm's length. Immediately the teacher suggests,—

"If you see a little boy who can't reach, you might be kind to him, and help him."

Forthwith, every child in the class makes a rush for the drawer, and the little fellow has his arms full of blocks, before he has time to see what it all means.

"That's nice," comments the teacher, smiling at their sudden attack of helpfulness; "but he doesn't want all there are. Now, each make a story for me."

The children fall busily to work arranging their blocks, which being done, with a last look at the grouping, as if to

be sure that it is just what they want, they raise their hands, to signify that they are ready.

"Bridget!" calls the teacher.

The little maid's blocks are separated evenly, one from the other, and her story is,—“One, and one, and one, and one, are four;” touching each block as she says “one,” and then pushing them together, to make the four.

“That's good. Madge, what have you to tell us?”

She has three blocks standing together, and one by itself. Now, sliding the three and one into a single group, she says, “Three and one are four.”

“Lillie, your story.”

Her blocks are in one close bunch, which she picks up, and puts behind her, saying, as she does so, “Four less four are nothing.”

“Alice show us what she thought of ”

This child has two groups of blocks, two in each; of these she makes one, and affirms, “Two and two are four.”

“Can you tell me that story another way?”

“Two twos are four.”

“Ernest, what have you to say?”

His are all together, and he now takes two, puts them under the table, and says, “Four less two are two.”

“Bertha, your story.”

The girl takes one from her four blocks, which stand close together, and puts it out of sight, and declares, “Four less one is three.”

“Edgar, tell what you have done?”

His blocks are arranged thus:—one then two, then one, and he points to each in turn saying, “One and two and one are—” bringing them into one group—“four.”

“Move your blocks as I asked you to yesterday.”

The child puts the one against the two, and says, “Three,” then shoves the three up to the last one, and says, “four.”

"I'd like to have you all do that way, whenever you put your blocks together." *

"Marcia, let us know what you have to say?"

The child has her four in one group, and now catches up three, puts them behind her, and declares glibly, "Four less three is one."

"Dannie, have you anything new?"

"Yes'm." Moving his blocks as he speaks, "Two,—three,—four."

"Henry, yours is like some others."

"No'm." †

"Tell it then."

Henry—pushing his blocks together so as to make his words true, "One,—two,—four "

"Nice children," approves the teacher; "I don't know that I could tell any better stories if I should try, so I'll think up another kind. Hold your eyelids down and listen. I had two slate-pencils, then Madge gave me one yesterday, and Henry gave me one to-day: how many have I in all?"

The children open their eyes, and fling up their hands, the instant the teacher finishes the statement of her problem.

"Marcia."

"You have four slate-pencils."

"Four little girls went to Boston, one day, and two little girls went home again, how many were left in Boston? Bertha."

"Two little girls."

*This is a way of dropping out the objectionable *and*, for when the children have once learned all the combinations in a number, they are taught to name only the results.

†The children often change the arrangement of their blocks during this recitation, if the "story" they have selected is told, in order to get a new one

"I had three good stories from the girls' of my number class, and one good story from the boys; how many good stories did I have from all, Henry?"

"Four good stories."

"Annie gathered four roses from her rose tree, and gave three of them to a poor little sick girl; how many had she left, Lillie?"

"One rose."

"I made molasses candy the other day, and gave my little brother four sticks. He gave one stick to one of his playmates, and one to another; how many did he have left for himself, Bridget?"

"Two sticks."

"Hands under the table! Stand up straight! Take a long deep breath through the nose!—Now another!—A boy went fishing; for a long time he didn't get even a nibble. Then the fish began to bite, and he caught four, but the last one got off the hook, and swam away, and afterward one slipped through a hole in the basket, and was lost; how many fish did he have when he got home? Ernest."

"Two."

"How many cents must you have to buy two two-cent apples? Lillie."

"Four cents."

"Good girl! Who has a story all ready to tell? Dannie."

"Mr. F. had three horses, and he bought one more; how many did he have then?"

The children raise their hands, and Dannie calls upon Edgar, who answers, "Four horses."

"Dannie may go and stand by the window," decides the teacher, "and Edgar shall give us the next story."

"I bought four figs, and eat them all up, then how many figs did I have left?" Looking around upon the upraised hands, he selects Bertha, who says, "No figs."

"You meant *ate* them all," criticises the teacher. "You

may go and stand beside Dannie, and Bertha shall be the story-teller."

"I had one white kitty," said the little girl, "and three black-and-white kitties; how many kitties did I have?" She looks over the eager group gravely, as if the matter of selection was a serious one, and finally calls upon Alice.

Alice: "Four kitties."

At a gesture of the teacher Bertha joins the two beside the window, and Alice puts her problem.

"I brought my teacher three white roses, and one red rose; how many roses did I give my teacher?" Then she chooses Marcia, who says, "Four roses;" and Alice takes her place beside Bertha.

"How many children are standing by the window, class?"

All together: "Four!"

"Marcia, you may go over there too, then there will be—"

The group wait till she gets to the window, and then answer, "Five!"

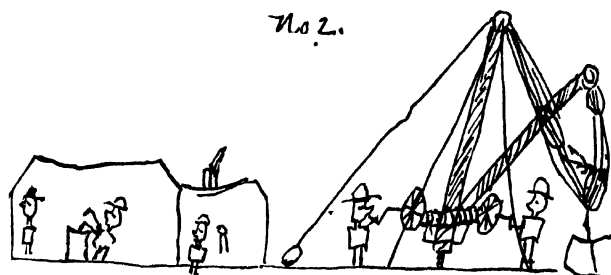
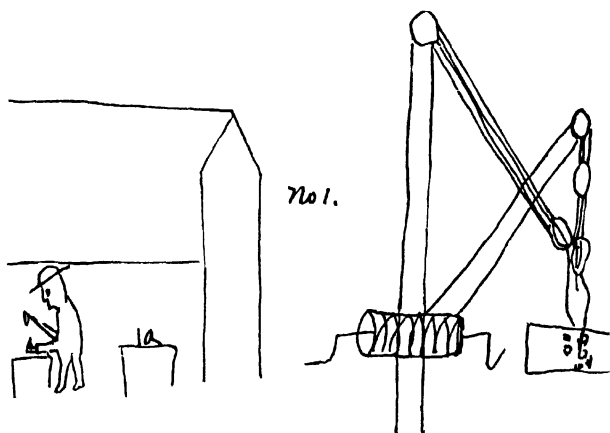
"Wouldn't it be nice, if your new lesson to-morrow was five?"

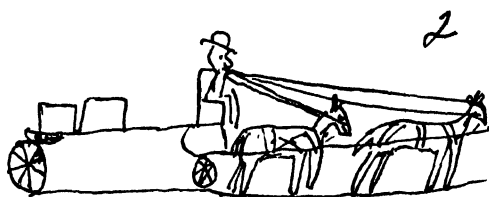
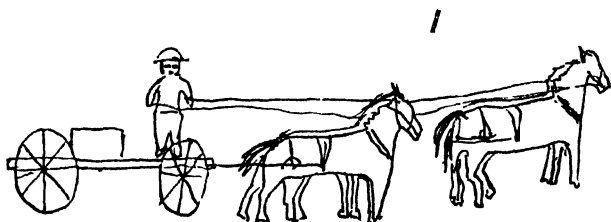
Spirited chorus: "Yes'm!"

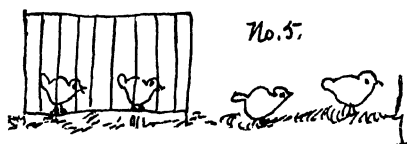
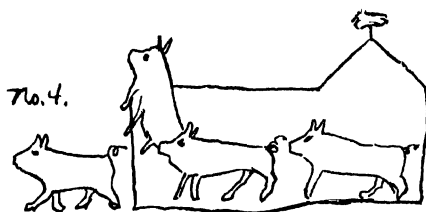
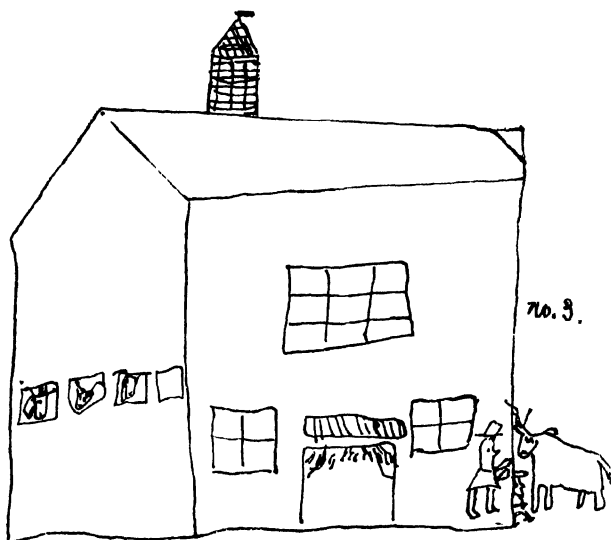
"Very well, I'll talk about four and one," pausing significantly, and the pupils add both the numbers and the word she waits for—"Five." "Now you may go to the board, and each of you make me a picture about four, while I am hearing Tommy's class read."

This announcement is received with great delight by the children, who are never happier than when given black-board space, and crayon, and left "fancy free," to draw whatever they will.

The stories illustrated by these youthful artists are here given, together with a few specimens of their work.







THE STORY—ILLUSTRATED BY NOS. 1 AND 2.

Mr. W. had four pieces of granite in his stone yard. A man came with a team and took two pieces away; how many did he leave?

THE STORY—ILLUSTRATED BY NO. 3.

A man had four cows in his barn, he took one cow out to drink; how many were left in the barn?

THE STORY—ILLUSTRATED BY NO. 4.

There were four pigs in a pen, and two jumped out; how many were left?

THE STORY—ILLUSTRATED BY NO. 5.

I had four chickens in a coop, and two of them got out; how many were left in the coop?

Notes and Comments.

Mental activity is as much a necessity and a delight to children, as physical activity, and teachers should possess the art to guide and control the force, that is constantly being generated in their pupils. When the mass of educators have acquired this skill, the celerity and certainty of mental grasp here shown by little children, will no longer be a remarkable thing, neither will a lesson like the preceding,—combining intense intellectual effort, with the emotion of pleasure,—be any more a matter of note and comment.

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CHAPTER III

TECHNICAL WRITING.

PURPOSE OF THE LESSON.—*Primarily.*—To train the eye to see, and the hand to make the letter *i*.

Secondarily—To form the habit of working carefully, neatly, and steadily.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE TEACHER —*Direct* —Considerable practice in drawing horizontal lines, and in making the letter *i* on the blackboard.

Indirect —All that she knows of the letter, herself, which enables her to detect instantly, the most faulty letters of each slateful of *i*'s; and all her experience in teaching writing, which gives her the power to examine rapidly, and correctly.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE PUPILS.—Whatever ability they possess to see, and reproduce form.

PLAN OF THE LESSON.—*First.* Have the slates cleaned.

Second. Have the class take the proper position.

Third. Have the children draw two lines and write *i* in the air, three times.

Fourth. Have them write on their slates.

Fifth. Pass up and down the aisles, and help the pupils.

Sixth. Examine and mark the slates.

Seventh. Have the children show their marks.

Eighth. Have the girls put their slates down, and then have the boys put down theirs.

Ninth. Give the class a few gymnastic exercises to rest them.

A GENERAL EXERCISE.

It is five minutes of two, and the teacher says, "Can you think?"

"Yes'm!" "Yes'm!" is the lusty chorus.

"Very well; let me see you look as if you were ready to think, and then I will tell you what to think about."

A general straightening process ensues, with most excellent results. At the end, the teacher commands,—*"Think of something that has—wheels."*

All the children are eager to tell what they have in mind, and they name a wagon, a cart, a wheelbarrow, a derrick, a baby-carriage, a bicycle, a chaise, a tip-cart, a velocipede, an engine; and one boy shows a comprehensive mind, by declaring that *"A mill has wheels."*

"Yes: tell me what has feet."

First comes, *"I have feet;"* then *"A man has feet."*

"A baby has feet."

"A dog has feet."

"A cat has feet."

"A rat has feet."

"A fox has feet."

"A cow has feet."

"A horse has feet."

"A donkey has feet."

"A sheep has feet."

"A spider has feet."

"A goose has feet."

"A mosquito has feet."

"A bug has feet."

"A duck has feet."

"A goose has feet."

"I want something that I haven't heard of before. I don't like the same thing twice," comments the teacher.

"A hen has feet."

"A worm has feet."

"A worm hasn't feet," contradicts another.

"Are you sure?" inquires the teacher.

"I don't think so," answers the boy.

"Wouldn't it have been better, and more polite besides, to have said that at first?"

"Yes'm."

"Suppose you tell Bertha so, and tell it as a gentleman would."

The child thus gently reproved, rises, turns toward the little girl, who said "a worm has feet," and repeats mildly, "I don't think a worm has feet."

Fully half the hands go up at this, and a small and very eager boy speaks out impetuously,—"I've seen 'em."

"Horace thinks he has seen *them*," looking at the corrected pupil as she pronounces her emphatic "*them*."

"Children I'd like to have you tell me to-morrow, whether worms really have feet or not. How will you find out?"

"Get a worm and look at it."

"Yes. Take out your slates and slate-cloths."

THE WRITING LESSON.

The training girl now goes briskly up and down the aisles, with a bottle of water, dropping a little on each slate as she passes. Then follows a great rubbing, mainly confined to the middle of the slates.

"How about the corners?" suggests the teacher. "I like clean corners."

The little washers now flourish their cloths in the corners.

"I like quiet slates too. When you are done," directs the teacher, "put your hands on your head, and then I shall know that your slate is nice and clean; that is just like telling me that you are ready for something else. Almost everybody is. That boy isn't. I see a little girl who knows

what to do. This is a good class that I have! Everybody with hands on the head, and everybody with a nice clean slate!"

"Now," passing down the aisle at the extreme right of the room, "you may all turn and face me. Put two feet on the floor, lean against the desk, and sit as tall as you can. Everybody put up the hand that is next to the clock, you know what that is called."

Chorus: "The right hand!"

"Yes; hold out that finger"—showing her forefinger—"toward the clock This is my finger, this crayon," touching it as she speaks. "My finger is whiter than yours. I want you to do with your finger, what I do with mine." She draws a line. "What is that, children?"

"A line!"

"Do again with your finger, what I do with mine. What have we made this time?"

"A line!"

"How many lines have we drawn?"

"Two!"

"See now, what I do with my crayon finger. I begin at the bottom line, and I move the crayon as if I were going to move it up to the picture, and when I get to the top line, I draw it back to the bottom, and move it up again to the top line, then I make this dot. See if you can do it. First, let me see all the arms straight, and pointing toward the clock. Are you ready?"

"Yes'm."

"Very well; begin at the bottom line with me,* and go up to the top line; now back to the bottom line, and now up to the top again. All make the dot, here. Let us make another. Ready! Begin; all go up, all down, all up again; dot."

* The children write in the air, as the teacher writes on the board.

"Once more. Straight arms; point toward the clock, and everyone work with me. Begin! up,—down,—up,—dot. That's good; see now if you can do it as well on your slates. I think you can. Be sure to keep between the two lines and make nice dots; don't put great balls on the heads of your *i*'s."*

The pupils at once, set to work busily, and the teacher and trainer pass around among the little writers, examining, directing and assisting. All effort is praised, no matter how crude the result, while no careless work is accepted. If any such is met with by the teacher, her wet sponge clears the slate, and her calm reprimand, "I cannot have such work; let me see something better when I come again," mortifies, without angering the child, and he falls to writing, this time with more care and pains.

Finding in the course of her rounds, a small urchin idly gazing into vacancy, as if he were not interested in the writing, she picks up his pencil, and says, "Call this that you are going to make, your little boy, and play that you have told him he is to stay in the street,—see!" slowly making the letter; "he goes up, and down, and then up again, but he mustn't go over this fence into the field, must he?"

"No'm!"

"Here is a little bird that has come to see him," making the dot.

The child now takes his pencil, and goes eagerly to work, as if he saw something attractive in the making of the letter *i*.

To a girl in the next seat, whose rows of *i*'s are irregular, the teacher says, "Your little boys are not good soldiers; they don't stand in straight lines, do they?"

*The slates are all ruled on one side, with a file or some other sharp instrument, the spaces being three eighths of an inch, and the sets of lines one inch apart. This spacing is for beginners; the next slate will have the spaces only one fourth of an inch

"No'm."

"Let's send them off"—wiping them out,—“and then you shall make some more for me, to march one just behind the other.”

Pausing by another pupil, who sat near enough to have heard the talk, the teacher says, “I see two or three little boys on your slate, that I do not like, because they have gone over the fence; we can't keep such naughty children,”—erasing them, “and there are some crowding each other, send them away too. I hope you will have a slate full of good boys when I come again.”

When seven of the ten minutes given to this exercise have expired, the teacher commences to mark the slates. Upon each she makes some comment, often mentioning a defect or error in the work, *but never finding more than one fault with the same slate*, and *always praising a little, if she can possibly do so*.

To each of the most careful workers she says, “You have tried so hard, that I must make a little picture for you,” and sketches swiftly, with her crayon, a flag. Upon the other slates, she makes carefully, yet quickly the capital O.*

The marking is *for effort only, and not for performance*, so all the writers get some kind of a mark, except those who have smeared slates. These she refuses absolutely to examine, saying, “I cannot look at any slate that is not clean.” Something in her way of criticising inspires the children to work, even more earnestly, after she marks their slates, and they still write on, till the teacher having finished her examination takes her place in front and says,—

“Let me see all the slates.”

The pupils raise them, with both hands, high over their

*This is a capital letter that the children have had occasion to make when copying, and this opportunity for deepening the impression of its form, already made, is taken advantage of, by the sagacious and experienced teacher who gives the lesson.

heads, and hold them there. Two only out of the seventy-eight have no mark.

"I am sorry to know that two of my children are not neat, is the teacher's observation regarding this, and the unclean slates are slowly and sadly lowered, and hidden away inside the desks of their uncomfortable owners.

"I am going to let the little girls put their slates down, and the little boys keep theirs up, and keep their ears open, and listen if they can hear any noise.—That was pretty well," as the small women lower their slates carefully to the desks and only one knocks the corner.

"Now the boys try to do it more quietly." The little men are especially anxious to accomplish this, and do manage it by great effort.

"I believe it was," decides the teacher. "Now when this bell strikes, what are you to do?"

"Fold the hands!" is the answering chorus.

"Yes, and I want to see every one doing it."

When all are in place, she says abruptly,—*"The smartest one will be the first to—stand!"*

The quick-witted ones are on their feet like a flash, and the slow ones follow after.

"See who will be the first to—" every one by this time is listening, intent, alert; "sit!" They are down on the instant "Who will be the last to put the hands on—" the hands are all ready to be placed; "the head." The arms are framing the smiling faces almost before she has uttered the final word.

"Hands behind!" is the next command, at once obeyed.

"Hands in the lap!" the small members are shifted from back to front, with lightning-like rapidity.

"Hands folded!" Then, almost before they have caught a breath, the teacher trolls out,

"All dressed in gray, a little mouse,
Has made her home within my house;"

and the children chime in merrily, and sing till they are rested, and ready for the next bit of work, their wise and skilful teacher shall set before them.

Notes and Comments.

The power which technical training gives a teacher, can hardly be overvalued. Take this matter of chirography alone. Mark the grasp of the subject, which the teacher has, and observe what she can accomplish by its means. Where an untrained instructor would need time for the examination of the slates, and then find the work requiring care and pains, this expert detects what is wrong, at a glance; sees in an instant the difficulty, and knows just how to set about correcting it. Nor is this all. Possessing not only the knowledge in her mind, and the practised eye, but the skilful hand as well, it follows that her pupils must of necessity become good writers, because they will never have any but correct forms set before them.

CHAPTER IV.

A FIRST LESSON IN SPELLING.—THE WORD.

Bordering the four walls of the schoolroom, in which this lesson is given, are low-cut blackboards, coming within a little over two feet of the floor. Running the whole length of one of the long sides of the room, these boards are divided, by red-painted lines, into slates, about sixteen inches wide by twenty inches high. Across the top of these, are two blue lines for the name, etc., and at regular intervals—perhaps two inches apart—down the red side-lines of each slate, are blue beginnings of lines, to aid the pupils in spacing, when they draw their lines for writing.

PURPOSE OF THE LESSON—To teach the children to spell, *i.e.* copy, the word *marble*.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE TEACHER.—Thinking out the device, and practising the writing of the word, between lines.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE PUPILS.—Their ability to reproduce forms, and their skill in handling the crayon.

PLAN OF THE LESSON.—Play that the crayon is a little boy, running around in a narrow yard—the space between the lines—and then tell the story of his wanderings, with tongue and crayon, having the children follow every move.

MEM.—Watch carefully to see that they keep together, as we go on, and that each pupil forms the letters properly.

THE LESSON.

The children have just come in from recess, and the teacher standing in front of the playful little people, announces quietly,—

"I don't know what I shall say to the last one, but I do know what I shall say to those who fold their hands first."

Every one present seems to consider this remark as personal, and all the hands are folded in short order; whereupon the teacher smiling down at them, continues,—

"I shall say that they are my very best children, and that I cannot help loving them, when they are so good. Now I'd like something; let me see who will be ready to give it to me first: a sentence, with this word in it,—what. Wilhe."

"What is the little boy doing?"

"Good! tell me something about,—where;—Nellie."

"Where are the birds?"

"Yes. I'd like a sentence with this in it,—have. Celia."

"Have you a hat?"

"To be sure. Here is something harder, tell me a story about,—that, and let this word come with it," writing on the board, *girl*; "Walter."

"That is a large girl."

"That is a smart boy," comments the teacher. "Some one tell me something that can do this,—writing the word, *jump*. "Susie."

"Children can jump."

"Yes,—Fred."

"A horse can jump."

"Something now that can,"—writing, *hop*. "Lula."

"Girls can hop."

"I think they can. Neddy."

"A hoppergrass can hop."

The class laugh, and the teacher says, "What does he mean, children?"

"A grasshopper can hop!"

"That's better. Why can a grasshopper hop?"—abruptly turning to the board and sketching—almost in the twinkling of an eye—the insect under discussion, saying as she

does so, "Here is his head,—I'll put in his eyes; here is his body, and now I am drawing his jacket or coat,—and here are his—"

"Legs!" chorus the lookers on.

"Now, who can tell me why he can hop? Arthur."

"I think it's because he's got such long legs."

"You mean because he *has* long legs. What do you say, Bertie?"

"I think so too."

"Do you suppose that you could hop as well as he does, if your legs were long, too?"

"Yes'm!" "Yes'm!"

"Well, perhaps; I am going to ask those who sit up very straight, to tell me what I am doing now." She sketches rapidly, beginning at the lower part, for the purpose of puzzling the little watchers, but in a moment they call out,—

"A rocking-chair!"

"Now what?" and she draws again.

"A bird-cage!" is the eager cry.

"Yes,—Now."

Before anything but the spout is finished, the children shout,—“A pump!” “A pump!”

"Oh, I can't do anything with you," is the teacher's laughing declaration. "You know too much! I am going to put you to work. The babies pass to the black-table, and build anything they like, but they must be kind to each other, and *very* still. The second row, sort the colored strips of paper that Miss D." (the trainer) "will give them; put all of the same color together, and let me see whose papers will look the most orderly. The third row may go to the front blackboard, and trace the words they find there; I'd like to have the fourth row draw a railroad train of three cars, and an engine; and the fifth group come with me to the blackboard slates."

Arrived there, the pupils arrange themselves, each opposite a slate, with their backs to the board.

"Face!" calls out the teacher, and they turn. "Take the crayon!" Each picks up his crayon, and stands ready to perform the next command, which is, "Place it on the upper blue mark at the left, look at the upper blue mark at the right, and draw!" The teacher having taken her position about midway of the board, draws her line higher up, and works with the children as she dictates.

The line is made, not quite straight, nor perfectly horizontal, but still, well done for such young drawers.

"Place the crayon on the second blue mark at the left of your slate," says the teacher, after an instant's pause to allow each to inspect his work, "look at the second blue mark at the right,—draw!" the second line is made, and they are ready to write.

"Let us each play that our crayon is a little boy who has come out to take a run in this"—indicating the space between the lines—"long narrow yard, let us see what he will do. First, he starts just here, at the lower side"—putting her crayon on the bottom line, near the left edge, and waiting until all of the children have done the same,— "and walks up to the fence,"—moving her crayon upward—the pupils watching closely, and imitating her movement to the best of their ability, "then turns around, and walks to the lower side of the yard, and touches the fence"—making thus the first turn of *m*—"then he walks back to the upper fence, turns around just as he did before, and goes to the lower fence, walks back again to the upper fence, turns around once more, and comes to the lower one and turns.

"Next he starts and runs along this way"—making the first line of the *a*—"then he walks back in just the same path he came, for a little, until he gets in a hurry, when he runs toward the lower fence, then around this way to the

upper fence, and walks back to the lower edge of the yard,"—the *a* is made.

"Now he starts again to run, and he runs up so fast that he gets out of the yard, so he has to climb over the fence to get in again. Harry, your boy went too far away. Just here, we will play that he sees a squirrel scampering along on the lower fence, and he jumps down and runs after the squirrel; but when he gets here"—at the lower line, completing the letter *r*—"that cunning little animal was up at the top of a tree!

"So up the boy goes after it, and now comes a great chase,—down on the other side of the tree, across the yard and back again up on the fence, to get to the next tree [*b*], and up that, and down the other side of it, over to the lower fence [*l*], and back to the upper. Edith, your little boy hasn't gone far enough. Then the squirrel turned around and ran with the boy after it, back to the lower fence, and just as the boy was going to put his hand upon it the squirrel ran into a hole in the ground, up here,"—touching the top line, [*e*.] "Now when this little boy came to look back upon the tracks he had left, he found that they made a word; what word, children?"

"Marble!"

"I think that was it. Wasn't that odd? All place the crayon again,—draw! place again,—draw! Now I want you to keep on taking that boy out to chase that squirrel, till I am ready to hear you read. Be very careful about where he goes, and see that he does the same things he did before, every time, and when he gets to the fence be sure that he touches it. Pretty soon I'll come to see how his tracks look."

Notes and Comments.

Mark the wisdom of this teacher, in thus leading the little ones, by a bit of childlike imagining, to take pleasure in

their first copying of words, and to work away gladly, and untiringly, at what would otherwise be a wearisome task.

Concerted action, *under the watchful eye of an expert*, has great advantages in the way of economy on the part of the teacher, and in the matter of enthusiasm on the part of the pupils. But if the interest of the children is not entirely enlisted in the work being done, concerted action becomes a most potent means of training in carelessness and inattention.

ANOTHER LESSON IN SPELLING.—THE SENTENCE.

PURPOSE OF THE LESSON.—To teach the children to spell—*i.e.*, copy—the sentence,—“Whose cat have you?”

PREPARATION MADE BY THE TEACHER.

General.—*First.* All the ability she herself had gained to reproduce form;—in this case,—to write.

Second. All the power she possessed to train others, to reproduce form.

Special.—Writing on the blackboard the sentence to be copied.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE PUPILS.—All the training they have hitherto received in copying, and in the habits of attention, accuracy, and perseverance.

PLAN OF THE LESSON.—*First.* Have the children write in the air, all the new words, and any others in the sentence which are not well known.

Second. Have them copy the sentence on their slates.

Third. Examine their slates, underline the most poorly written words, and erase any that are misspelled.

Fourth. Mark the slates *for effort*.

THE LESSON.

The afternoon session is about to begin. On the black-

board at the right side of the room, beautifully written—at noontime—between lines, is the sentence,—“Whose cat have you?”

When the gong strikes, the teacher says, “Take out your slates.” Then the trainer passes around with the water for cleaning them. As soon as she has supplied one row, the teacher begins, and the children join in and sing,—

“This is the way we rub our slates,
Rub our slates, rub our slates,
This is the way we rub our slates,
To make them nice and clean,”

moving their slate-cloths in concert with the music.

When it is time for all to have finished, the teacher takes her stand at the writing blackboard, and as the singers reach the end of the stanza, she says,—

“Who is the first one to put his hands—on the crown of his head?”

Slates are hastily laid down, cloths tucked into the desks, and the busy little hands placed high out of mischief, while the teacher mentally notes her slow or inattentive pupils.

“I think I should not like to be always behind the others in doing anything. Such little folks do not grow up to be smart men and women,” is her next observation, levelled at the aforesaid few. Each unready child colors, and hastens to imitate the rest of the class.

“All show me both hands.” They are flung up instantly. “Both hands in your lap.” They drop promptly into the designated place. “Face! Look at the sentence!” is the next demand. “Who will read it to me?” The hands are all up. “Charley.”

He reads indifferently,—“Whose cat have you?”

“I think some one can read it better than that,—John.”

“Whose cat have you?” inquiringly.

“Very well; now we will write it in the air. Raise your

right hand, point with the first finger, and we will begin—where?”

Class in concert: “At the left-hand side of the black-board, on the bottom line.”

The teacher here puts her right forefinger within an inch of the beginning of the first letter, on the board, and the pupils all point toward the same spot.

“Up!” directs the teacher, moving her finger over the first curve of the *W*.

“Above the line,” adds one of the children, meaning the line for the small letters.

“Around,” says the teacher, and all the hands move on together in the air, while she continues, “down to the bottom line—up again, as high as before,—down to the bottom,—up, not as high as the other lines. Now we take our fingers off, to be ready for the next letter.”

“Begin at the bottom line, close to the last we made, go away up high,—turn to the left,—come down to the bottom line,—go up to the top line,—down to the bottom line,—up to the top line,—now around and make an egg with one end on the top line and one on the bottom line,—out to the right, up a little above the line, back with a curve around toward the left touching the bottom line,—back again in the same line a little way, then up to the top line, turn to the left, around down to the bottom, up to the top. What have we written?” inquires the teacher.

Chorus: “Whose!”

“What is the next word?”

“Cat! we know how to write that.”

“I think you do,” assents the teacher; “what next?”

“Have; we know that, too.”

“Then what comes?”

“You,” pronounce the pupils.

“We haven’t had that many times,” asserts the teacher, “so we will write it with our fingers. Tell me where to begin,”

Children in concert: "Begin on the bottom line."

"All point your fingers there," directs the teacher, "and we will start together. Ready! Up,—down,—up,—down,—away below the bottom line,—turn to the left,—come back and cross on the bottom line,—up to the top line,—around—and make an egg with one end on the top line and one on the bottom,—now we go out a little way,—down,—up,—down and up. Then what do we put here?" pointing to the sign of interrogation.

"A question mark," declares the class.

"Yes; take your pencils and write."

Evidently the little ones are fond of this exercise, for they catch up their pencils and go to work, as if to copy were play, and play in which they took the greatest delight.

While the pupils are copying, the teacher spends her time in walking up and down the aisles, examining, and criticising the work. She inspects each slate at a glance, and draws a line under the most poorly written word. The child immediately erases this, and rewrites it more carefully.

Her criticisms are peculiar in some respects. First, she never calls attention to a mistake,—lest an impression of the wrong form should be made,—and second, a few of her most effective comments are made with her sponge. Occasionally she says, "I think you didn't try very hard just then;" or—"Here is a beautifully written word, but I don't like that one as well;" or—"How much better you write to-day than yesterday, but you need to tip (slant) those lines over a little more to the right;" and once, finding a slate with careless work upon it, she wastes neither word nor look, but sweeps her wet sponge across the whole, and passes on to the next, leaving the offender more humiliated by this swift, passionless punishment, than he would have been by half an hour's angry scolding.

When she finds that they have failed to copy accurately,

in other words, when they have misspelled, she quickly wipes out the wrong form with her sponge, and remarks, "You didn't see right that time, put on your spectacles and look again."

Occasionally a pupil seems to find it difficult to write well with the copy so far away, and for him, she places the sentence on his slate.

All this critical work is done with a celerity and certainty, which only years of training and experience could give; but perhaps the most remarkable thing of all, is the fact that this teacher knows *just the work that each child has previously done*, and hence is able to judge as to the improvement made at every lesson, and the effort put forth by each pupil.

This day at the close of the lesson she walks up the aisles, gives one swift glance at each slate in passing, and makes with her crayon, either one, two, or three short perpendicular marks. What this means the writers do not know, until after they have held their slates up high to be looked at. Then she announces, "All those who have three marks on their slates, tried the hardest, and they are my best children. Put the slates down quietly:" they are softly lowered to the desks by their gratified owners.

"Those who had two marks," continues the teacher, "tried, but not quite so hard as they might have done, nor as hard as they will try to-morrow, I hope. Put *those* slates down without any noise." There is another set of smiling faces.

"All those who had one mark, are my children too, but they didn't work very hard, and so I could only give them that. You may take your slates down just as still as you can, and do better in writing next time." This exordium is received in good part by the last set of little people, who look half-ashamed, half sorry, at her words of disapproval.

Notes and Comments.

The fact that the children have in this lesson learned to spell, capitalize, and punctuate the sentence given, is of small importance compared with the other fact, that they have, in the course of so doing, received most valuable training in the habit of accurate seeing. The first has, it is true, an intellectual and practical value, but the last has a moral force, since to see things *just as they are*, is the foundation of truth; and because of the lack of training in this respect, the world is filled with falsifiers who do not speak the truth, because they cannot see it.

CHAPTER V.

A LESSON IN TECHNICAL DRAWING.

PURPOSE OF THE LESSON — *Primarily.* To train the children to work accurately

Secondarily. To train their eyes and hands.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE TEACHER — Practising the drawing, on the blackboard, of vertical lines, a foot long, and an inch apart.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE PUPILS — All the skill of hand that they possess.

PLAN OF THE LESSON — Begin by having some gymnastic exercises and singing, to refresh the children, and get them ready to sit still. Then have them draw four vertical lines in the air. Next, have them draw the same on their slates, making the lines three inches in length.

MEM. — (1) Talk as little as possible, and tell the pupils nothing that they can see for themselves.

MEM. — (2) Sponge out all careless work.

Close with a few quick movements, and a march, to rest and prepare the pupils for the next exercise.

THE LESSON.

It is the middle of the afternoon; all the groups have read, and all of the number lessons have been given. The Busy-Work has been examined, and the materials put away. The children are in their seats, and the time for a general exercise has come.

Suddenly the teacher says, "Let us play that it is snowing. You may all throw snowballs!"

The scene changes as if by magic, the hushed orderly schoolroom of a second before, is now in the greatest confusion. Not a child of the seventy-eight is in his seat; not one is still. Some are stooping down scooping up the imaginary snow from the floor; others are in the aisles, making, throwing, or dodging the imaginary balls, that seemingly fly thick and fast, while all are laughing merrily at the odd conceit.

Into the midst of the mirth drops the tinkle of the teacher's bell, and presto! the ticking of the clock is the only sound to be heard in this room, filled with the demurest-looking little people, all sitting perfectly upright, hands folded, and eyes to the front, waiting for the next command from their leader.

Taking her place opposite the middle desk of the foremost row, she drops her folded hands lightly upon it, and begins to sing "Twenty little Froggies went to School." In ten seconds, every boy and girl present is singing with an *abandon* that would make the fortune of an Opera tenor. To tone down the enthusiasm thus evoked, the teacher next leads off with an airy carol beginning,—

" Little Cherry Blossom lived up in a tree,
And a very pretty little thing was she,"

which they warble hardly above the breath. At the close of this, she directs, "Take out your slates; I will listen, and I hope I shall not hear any noise." The slates are very carefully placed upon the desks.

Turning to one little fellow near at hand, who was among the first to do as she requested, the teacher now says quietly, "Eddie, you may put your slate back in your desk." The child stares at her in mute astonishment, while the rest of the class look on, and listen.

"I don't wish you to work this time; you need rest," she adds, smiling most benignantly upon him.

"N—No—I—don't,—I—I want to—to draw," stammers the youngster, getting red in the face.

"No indeed!" insists the teacher, sweetly but firmly. "I couldn't think of it. Don't you remember that you were so tired, you couldn't write,* a little while ago? and now you cannot draw; it is too hard for you. Lay your slate away, and rest while the others work." Her tone is exceedingly kind, but her inflections are not coaxing, and the child feels the unyielding will through the gentle manner, so he obeys, though with great reluctance.

Immediately the teacher, still smiling, turns to the class, and goes on with her lesson, thus:—"Each raise your right hand' put out your forefinger, and point to this place," stepping to the blackboard as she speaks, and making a dot thereon. The children do as they are told.

"Now draw with me, — a vertical line." They have heard this term so often, that they know what it means, and hence, are prepared to move their fingers in the air, in the right direction, as the teacher draws her crayon down the board, announcing when her line is about a foot long, "Here it is. All ready to draw another," she directs, as she places a dot an inch to the right of her first one.

The little hands are all up, the small forefingers pointing straight at the designated place. "Draw!" the hands follow the crayon down the board again. "Ready!" making a third dot, an inch to the right of the second, and the line is drawn simultaneously on the board, and in the air, by teacher and pupils. "Once more!" making her fourth dot. "Draw!" and the fourth line is made.

Now turning to the class, the teacher announces, "You may draw just as many lines on your slates as there are on

* The group to which this child belongs, was given copying as Busy-Work, the period previous to this, and Eddie had not seen fit to take his pencil, and go to writing. As he did not interfere with any one else, the teacher had taken no outward notice of his indifference until now.

the blackboard, and make them so long," holding up a card three inches in length. "Go to work," and without another word, the children begin to draw. Thus led by the teacher, the class has become absorbed in the lesson, and Eddie and his woes are quite forgotten.

Poor little sinner! He knows very well why he is punished, and child though he is, he feels the justice of his penalty. He sits gazing into space, the picture of misery, with grief, anger, baffled desire, and mortified pride raging in his young soul, until he can no longer control himself; when dropping his crimson face—down which the tears are streaming—upon his desk, he gives way to heavy fast coming sobs.

Just at this crisis, the trainer—who happened to be out of the room at the beginning of the affair—not knowing the reason for this outburst, hastens to the side of the child, and anxiously inquires the cause of his trouble.

"T-Teacher hur-hurted m-me," sobs out the unhappy youngster; whereupon she discreetly betakes herself to another part of the schoolroom, leaving the small culprit again alone with his sins, and their retribution.

Nothing of all this has escaped the teacher, who now apparently oblivious of his presence, proceeds to move calmly through the aisles, helping the small artists. These have become so taken up with their work, as often to be unconscious of her presence, until a card laid silently upon their slates, shows them that their lines are too long, too short, or about right.

Occasionally, the teacher comes across an expeditious young drawer, who impelled—perhaps—by the idea that

"Art is long, and time is fleeting,"

is filling his slate with lines, that are more showy as to quantity, than quality. For such a case, her remedy is simple, but efficacious: a wet sponge effaces the drawing,

and the serene remark, "I cannot have any careless work, try again;" cools the impetuosity of the precipitate youngster, who learns thus, that the more haste, the less speed," and goes to work again a sadder and a wiser child.

When, on the contrary, the first group of four lines is well drawn, she says, "I like those, make me four more," and leaves the pleased little one with a still stronger impetus to do good work. One slate she refuses to examine, saying, "I never look at a dirty slate;" adding with a glance of disapprobation at the owner's grimy hands, "and I don't like children that are not neat. Go out, and wash both your slate, and yourself," which he does with hanging head, and flushed cheeks.

By the time every slate has been seen either by the teacher or trainer, the fifteen minutes have expired, and the bell is struck for the slates to be put away. When this is done the teacher says, "You may put your hands—in your desk! In your pockets!" This occasions considerable smiling, and the next question is, "Would it look well to keep them there?"

"No'm!" comes in confident chorus.

"Very well. Take them out, and clap them just as many times as I made lines on the blackboard. Now, the girls may—face to the right!" They wheel like a flash, only one breaking the line.

"And all the boys face the—right!"

Several are caught by this device of the teacher to train them to listen well, and turn to the left, but shift suddenly amid the laughter of their mates.

"All—face! Stand! You may have a little march, and Mamie shall be the captain to-day, because she holds her head up, and keeps her shoulders back."

The little girl—all smiles and dimples—leads the line in the first aisle, and the small soldiers march off to the tap

of the teacher's triangle, while the trainer opens the windows and door.

"Eddie, I am afraid that you will take cold," says the teacher; "go and sit in Harry R.'s seat, out of the draught."

The forlorn little man rises slowly, and walks—without lifting his swollen eyelids—to the designated place, where he sits, watching sorrowfully his light-hearted comrades, in whose play he can have no part, because he has not chosen to work with them.

"Willie, Nettie, George, and Fred may be officers, to keep the rest in straight lines," announces the teacher presently, observing that her miniature militia are not marching well. These children instantly step out of the ranks, and assuming an air of grave responsibility, proceed to arrange themselves at about equal distances beside the line, and begin to even the row. The others obey these amateur officials with alacrity.

When the whole company is ranged in good order,—
"Clap your hands!" commands the teacher, and round they march, all of the older ones keeping a sharp lookout for any new-comer, who does not know where to go, and taking by the shoulders the little ones, as they come to the turns, to be sure that they make square corners.

At the end of three minutes from the time they began, the teacher says, "March to your seats!" and they break the line, passing up the aisles, and into their seats. The door and windows are shut, and a general lesson in language follows. But Eddie's tears are still falling; still he takes to heart his bitter lesson. Possibly, being so well studied, it will be all the longer remembered.

Notes and Comments.

An instructor of youth—like a doctor—needs to be ready for an emergency; for some of the most effective teaching ever done, is done incidentally, and as opportunity offers. Much to be envied are those teachers, that—like the one whose work has just been described—possess this wise readiness. Such can gain from any exercise, a means of training in desirable habits, or good manners; can use each careless or slovenly pupil, as an example; and make of every naughty little child, a great moral preacher; an eloquent expounder of the text,—“The way of the transgressor is hard.”

CHAPTER VI.

CONCRETE EXPRESSION.—CLAY MODELLING.

THE only *training* in expression in the concrete, given the pupils of the lowest Primaries in Quincy, is in Modelling in Clay; a lesson in which is herewith transcribed, together with the "General Exercise" which preceded it.

PURPOSE OF THE LESSON.—To give the children a good time, and in the course of it, to train them to model a spherical body.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE TEACHER—Working over and cutting the clay, and getting the sponges ready.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE PUPILS.—All the modelling they have ever done, and all the pleasure they have experienced in the doing.

PLAN OF THE LESSON.—*First.* Prepare the clay at noon.

Second. Let two children bring it from the closet to my table.

Third. Have the pupils place their slates on their desks.

Fourth. Distribute the clay as rapidly as possible.

N.B.—The children are not to touch it until we are ready.

Fifth. Tell them to make a spherical body, and begin to sing.

Sixth. Examine the work, and give suggestions to the pupils.

Seventh. Let those who sit in the front row collect the clay balls.

Eighth. Have the sponges passed.

Ninth. Dismiss.

GENERAL EXERCISE

The school day, and the school week are almost over. The pupils are tired, and decidedly fretful, while the teacher, if she were not a New Method-ist would be called cross; but as an apostle of the "New Education" is never that, she is only laboring under a heavy sense of the great responsibility of her position(!).

But this teacher is also a student, both of human nature, and of psychology, and knowing the usual tendency of humans—both young and old—to find their world a hollow mockery on Friday afternoons, she has prepared herself accordingly

Possibly, one reason for the slight ruffling observable in the disposition of this instructor of youth, is the fact, that the most of her noon recess was spent in this very preparation; *viz.*—working over the clay, and cutting it into small thick pieces, ready for modelling

At half-past three, the children come back to their seats from class recitations, stop their Busy-Work, and are given a general language lesson, reviewing certain hard words, that belong to their script vocabulary. The exercise is conducted in this fashion.

The teacher writes on the front blackboard, the word *after*, and says, "Tell me a story, and put that word in it." Several hands go up. "John "

"The cat ran after the rat."

"I think she did. Patrick."

"The dog ran after the cat."

"That is almost too much of a procession; use some other word besides ran. Peter."

"The boy walked after the man."

"Who will make me a story about himself, and not put in walked, ran, hopped, or jumped?" This interdict is rather hard on the little thinkers, it cuts off so many of

their sentences; consequently nearly all the hands go down, and the smiles fade. Of the few children still ready, the teacher calls upon Ellen.

Proud of her power to make a sentence when the others fail, she gives her head a little triumphant toss, as she says, "I am going home this after-noon."

The blunder is funny; but the teacher is not in a mood to be easily amused, so she answers with just the faintest suspicion of irritation in her low tones, "That isn't what I want; try again."

Poor little tots! they knit their brows,—stare at the wall,—bite their lips and try hard to think of something that will do:—at last a hand rises.

Clarence takes the floor, and announces, "The dog followed after me, when I went to get the milk."

"That is good," pronounces the teacher, and the gloom fast settling down upon the weary little workers, lifts, the faces light again, and the hands begin to come up. But she only wanted to set them to thinking, so the teacher takes another tack, and demands, "Ask me a *question* putting that word in it."

After an instant's hesitation to adapt themselves to the new line of things, a few signify that they have thought of something, and Georgia being called upon inquires, "Did you go home after school last night?"

"Very good; one more question." Several hands are in the air. "Harry."

"Did you go down town after supper?"

Turning toward the board, the teacher writes *them*. The first one ready is Tommy, a mischievous, happy-go-lucky little fellow, on the front seat, who is apt to look knowing, but seldom proves to be. Pleased by his promptness this time, the teacher gives him a chance to speak, and this is what he says:

"Them apples are red."

A shade of vexation, certainly, falls athwart the teacher's face, for a second, and her tone has rather a despairing cadence as she appeals to the class;—"Is that right?"

Fully half of the hands are up; fully half of the heads are shaking a negative, for there has been considerable mention of this very error, and every child—the teacher thinks—ought to be able to correct it.

"Clara, what do you say?"

"Those apples are red."

"Tell me another story about,—them."

The first failure was a damper, the children are tired, and they miss the stimulus of the teacher's usual cheery, genial presence. Besides this is difficult work for such young students, and they are too young to *force* their minds to act, so the mental machinery stops: only the teacher can start it again, which she does by saying pleasantly, "Let us play that the apples are in a basket; *now* tell me something." Quite a number have a thought. "Sadie?"

"I see them in the basket."

"Yes; Charley."

"When the boys run, I can catch them."

"That is nice; who will make me a *question* about,—them?" Being well started they go on

Frank says, "Did you see them?"

Carrie: "Do you run for them?"

Evidently that word is conquered, so the teacher writes, another,—*into*.

"Who is ready? Ned."

"I put my hand into the bag."

"Very good; Susie."

"The boy jumped into the water."

"Yes. Oscar."

"I ran into the house."

"We will have some questions. 'Gertie.'"

"Can the dog jump into the water?"

"Did Walter fall into the pond?" asks Mina.

The teacher writes,—*by*, and inquires, "Who is ready Percy."

"I said good-by, to my mother, when I came to school."

"That's a good sentence," commends the teacher, warned by the balking after the last correction, to change her manner; "but that isn't what this word means. You may come to me, and tell me whether you passed,—by—any chairs, or not."

The child does as he is told, and asserts, "I passed by one chair."

"You may walk back to your seat, and tell me something else that you passed by."

"I passed by John."

All the class have been attentive observers of this little lesson, and now many hands are in the air. "Mary."

"I passed by a house on my way to school."

"Mikie."

"The horse passed by the tree."

"You need not all use the word *passed*," expostulates the teacher, smiling, in spite of her irritation, at their uncomprehending dulness. "Tell me something that the horse did, and leave out *passed*, and put in—by. Sammie."

"The horse went by the post."

Now they have the cue, and everybody has something to say.

"Peter."

"The bird flew by the window."

"Jakie."

"The dog went by the yard."

Words enough have now been given for one lesson, but these must be reviewed, and the teacher is desirous of gaining the very best work from these children at the last, how shall she manage to do so when they are still more weary, than at the beginning of the lesson? The application of

a stimulant is her only hope, and this is the one she uses:

"How many of you would like to make me a spherical body out of clay, this afternoon?" Every hand is flung up with great energy, every face beams like the rising sun. "I thought so; I am going to have some other sentences made about these words, and if the stories are very nice, after they are told, we will play with the clay."

Now, every eye is fixed upon the blackboard, the busy brains are all at work in full force, and presently the hands begin to come up, but not rapidly, for the pupils remember that quality is a consideration.

When nearly all are ready, the teacher touches the word *them* with her finger and says, "Who has a sentence about this word?" Fully a third of the hands fall. "I wonder who has the very best story. Jennie."

"If I pick some flowers to-morrow, I'll bring them to you on Monday."

Both the sentence and the sentiment gratify the teacher, who answers heartily, "That is nice. Now for a story with *by* in it. Bridget."

"Mr. R. went by the schoolhouse in a buggy."

"That's a good one; let me hear something about *into* next. Arthur."

"I put my hand into the basket to get an apple."

"Good! Here is one more word," pointing to *after*. Many hands are waved eagerly, but it is the most quiet one that belongs to the child selected. "Katie."

"I go to bed after I eat my supper."

"Now, who will ask a question, and put in *after*? Lillie."

"May I collect the balls after we have made them?"

"After telling me such a nice story, I shall have to let you go and bring the clay." The child's face is radiant with pleasure.

"Alice may help. You will find the clay in the closet; take off the wet cloth, and leave it on the shelf."

The little girls go to a closet at the back of the room, and return bearing between them a board about two feet long, by a foot wide, upon which is the clay cut into small lumps, a little over an inch square.

THE LESSON

"Each one place your slate upon your desk, ready for a piece," directs the teacher, taking the board upon her left arm, and starting down the first aisle. Remember," she adds, pausing an instant, and looking her class full in the face, "that no one is to touch the clay, until I tell him to."

Up and down, she goes, dropping a lump on each slate in passing. This the children view with longing eyes, and impatient fingers, which they can hardly keep off the clay, till the word is given. The teacher speaks the instant the last slate is supplied, for knowing well the great temptation she has set before the little people, she feared lest some of the weaker ones would not be able to resist; but they do, and it is with a genuine smile that she announces, "Now we are ready to make a spherical body."

At this, every child catches up his chunk of clay, and begins to roll it between his palms, chiming in full hearty chorus the teacher's song,—

"Roll the hands, roll the hands so slowly,
As slowly as can be;
Roll the hands, roll the hands so slowly,
And make a ball for me."

A little after, follows the second stanza, which accelerates the movements of the happy little workers, the words running;—"Roll the hands, roll the hands so quickly," etc. At the close of the song, they model quietly for a few moments, most of the sphere-makers being completely ab-

sorbed in trying to get their balls round;—a matter requiring considerable skill.

Now and then, one of the younger ones will turn about and display his marble—as he calls it—to his friend in the rear; or two will fall to comparing results across an aisle; but there is little whispering and no confusion.

Meantime, the teacher—who is waiting for the children to have something to show her—is taking advantage of the interval, and their complete absorption in the modelling, to put her table in order for the close of the week. This being accomplished, and observing that some of the clay has begun to assume the appearance of a spherical body, she takes to the aisles, and begins her examination of the work done.

If not too much engrossed to notice her coming, the small artist holds out a hand with the clay ball upon it, for her judgment. Some of the first inspected, are flat, and the teacher turning to the class puts a few quick questions thus:

“Children, what are you making?”

“A spherical body!” is the ready chorus.

“How do you make it?”

“Roll it, and make it round.”

“How round?”

“All round.”

“How do you know that it is round all round?”

“When we can roll it every way.”

“Yes. Try your clay now on your slates, to see if it will roll every way; then we shall know whether it is a spherical body or not.”

All immediately perform the experiment, and forgetful of established custom, at once proclaim the result. “Mine will!” “Mine stands still!” “Mine is a spherical body!” “So is mine!” “Mine is a spherical body on one side, anyhow!”

"That will do, children. Jimmie,"—to the last speaker,
 "when is anything a spherical body?"

"When it will roll every way."

"But if it doesn't roll every way, is it a spherical body?"

"No'm!"

"Then yours cannot be a spherical body even on one side. Be careful not to press too hard; treat the clay gently, if you want it to be round. Sing, softly now, 'Roll the hands so lightly.'" When this is over, the teacher announces, "Only three minutes more, and then I must gather up the balls. See how round you can make them in that time."

This period is spent in silently and steadily giving their finishing touches; the little artists modelling with the utmost care and patience, and examining anxiously, the soft clay every second or so, to see how it is coming on.

When the time has expired, the teacher brings forward a water-pail, in which are five great sponges, wet, but well squeezed, and says, "Those who sit in the front row, may take their slates, and pass back collecting the clay-balls from the desks, as they go."

Five children rise at once, with their own balls upon their slates, and start down the aisles. As they pass each desk, the child there seated places his ball carefully upon the slate. Sometimes the modellers are all ready, but generally each rolls *till the last second*, and then giving his ball a final caressing pat, looks at it lovingly, as he lays it on the slate, and watches it down the aisle till he can no longer distinguish his own from among the others, in the lot.

"Place the slates carefully upon the block table," is the next direction given to those collecting the balls.

During this time the clay-workers have been cleaning their hands. The big wet sponges—one for each row—have been passed from the front, back to the pupils in turn: a quick rubbing upon these sponges, a hasty wiping upon

their slate-cloths, and their hands are left in at least a passable condition, until the children can reach home, where they are now about to go.

"Are you ready to be dismissed?" inquires the teacher. This brings them all up, suddenly,—alert, erect, and eager. "First row face! Rise! 'Pass!" The other rows are called in their order, till all the pupils have been out, got their hats, and returned to their seats.

"Good-night!" says the teacher.

"Good night, Miss B.!" call back the little ones.

Just at this moment, the double doors opening into the next apartment are folded back, disclosing another roomful of little ones, also seated, ready to go. A trainer now appears upon the scene with a metalaphone; upon this she strikes a blow, and the children in both rooms face; another, and they rise. Then she begins to play a lively air, and the little ones march off, falling into long lines, until they reach the rear of the rooms, where as the files pass the first and second aisles, the girls go up one, and the boys the other.

When the children of both rooms, thus divided, meet at the wide doorway, the two single files form a double file, the little ones taking hold of hands to keep them together. As the boys pass through the doorway into the hall, they put on their hats or caps—which up to this time they have carried in their hands—and stepping to the beat of a drum on the stairway, the children pass out into the yard, another week of their school-life having come to a close.

Notes and Comments.

As well plant flowers in the damp darkness of a cellar, and expect them to blossom, as to place little children in the same room with a nervous, irritable, or low-spirited teacher, and expect their mental powers to expand, and

grow. This is a truth, which some stolid instructors have not yet comprehended: just as a few stupid people do not believe in electricity, because they have never been struck by lightning. Whether it is benevolent to hope for a streak to penetrate the density of both classes, is a question of ethics still open for discussion.

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CHAPTER VII.

A LESSON IN SINGING.

It is as natural for little children to sing, and to love to sing, as it is for the birds; and they should be taught *how* to sing, as well as the birds, and in much the same fashion, —*i.e.*: by imitation.

The first teaching done in this branch of study is like all elementary teaching, foundation work, and should accomplish certain results.

First. It should awaken and develop a love for music.

Second It should train the voice and the ear.

Third. It should form the habits of using the voice properly, and of singing with distinct articulation and correct phrasing.

Fourth It should afford the little ones a large amount of recreation and enjoyment.

The means by which these ends are reached, are the following.

The first, through a great deal of Rote Singing, carefully, correctly, and sweetly done, the songs being learned entirely by imitation.*

The second, by the singing of the Major Scale—ascending and descending—considered as the *whole* or unit of measurement in pitch; and afterward, by teaching the relative pitch of each sound, presenting it objectively,—to the ear first, and then to the eye, by means of hand signs; or color notation.

* Which means—it probably does not need a note to state—that the teacher must be able to sing in this same beautiful manner

Tune should be followed by Time, taught in a similar manner.

The third point is gained by the constant and continuous practice of exercises, calculated to train the children to sing habitually, in the manner desired.

The fourth and last is not a matter of effort at all, though the amount may be added to, or taken from, as the teacher is wise, or otherwise.

Two or three cautions may not be out of place.

(1) *Don't* let the children sing as loud as they can; it ruins young voices, and vitiates the taste.

(2) *Always* omit exercise songs that require energetic action. Vigorous movements made while singing, interfere seriously with the production of tone, and are apt to lead children to sing without expression, giving them a jerky style of phrasing.

(3) *Never* allow pupils to sing while performing their gymnastic exercises: the combination is fatal to the well-doing of either, and might be fatal to the performer (?).

As the manner of giving a Singing Lesson does not vary materially in the different grades, the one here described, will be the only illustration of the teaching in this department of study, presented in the Primary Course.

THE LESSON.

"Children, if I find a great many handsome i's on your slates this afternoon," remarks a teacher of the first Primary grade, to her pupils, "I *may* think it best to give you a singing lesson."

"Oh, do!" "Please do!" is the urgent chorus.

"Let me see what sort of writers you are first: go to work."

Thus spurred on, the little people proceed to labor with most painstaking assiduity, until the time for the writing lesson has expired; when the teacher announces that the i's

are very good. The children then lay their slates carefully away within their desks, and assume immediately the attitude of attention as to body, and of expectancy as to mind.

"Sit up as tall as you can, and lean a little forward," is the first direction,—at once obeyed. "Are you happy little girls and boys?"

"Yes'm!"

"Very well; look so,—I like to be smiled at." This brings all of the dimples into full play. "That's better.—*Do-re-me-fa-sol-la-si-do,—do-si-la-sol-fa-me-re-do,*" sings the teacher, breaking abruptly from speech into song. "Now you give me the scale."

They do this with a considerable degree of confidence,—being inspired by the easy, assured manner of the teacher,—but not quite correctly.

"Yes; hear me,—*do-re-me-fa-sol-la-si-do,—do-si-la-sol-fa-me-re-do.* Now it is your turn!"

This time they sing with greater certainty and more accuracy.

"I am going to sing the names of the sounds,—*one-two-three-four-five-six-seven-eight,—eight-seven-six-five-four-three-two-one.* You may do the same."

They sing.

"Once more," and by this time, every one in the room is making some kind of a sound, either musical or otherwise.

"Who can tell what I am saying now?" inquires the teacher, making the shapes of the syllables—with a slightly exaggerated action of the lips, and lower jaw—but no sound.

At first, the children stare at her in dumb astonishment, then one or two catch the idea, and watching closely, call out, "Do, re, me, fa, sol, la, si, do."

"You may try if you like, but be sure to make the syllables very plain, or I shall not know them," which they are pleased to do.

Having thus called attention in an attractive way, to their manner of articulation, she proceeds to make use of the interest she has thus aroused. "Listen again,"—and she whispers the syllables, enunciating them with great distinctness.

"When I drop my hand, I want you to whisper the syllables, but make them very clearly, or I shall not be able to tell what you are saying, for you must not whisper loud, and I am going to look the other way."

Thus incited, the children make the sounds with great distinctness, and in this way gain considerable exercise of the language-making organs.

"Good! sing them to me very softly, and plainly."

"*Do-re-me-fa-sol-la-si-do*," warble the little songsters.

"That's nice; come down the scale, the same way." It is done. "Now I am going to show you something. This is the way somebody sings,—*do*," giving the note; "and this is the way he looks," holding out her hand doubled into a firm fist, held horizontally with the palm down. "Doesn't he look strong?"

"Yes'm!" from the interested children.

"Doesn't he sing in a strong way too? listen,—*do*," giving the tone.

"Yes'm!"

"Now, that is the father and you shall sing for him, when I show him to you. What kind of a man is he?"

"Strong!"

"Yes. Sing,"—holding out her fist.

"*Do*," sounds the class.

"Did we say his voice was loud?"

"No'm!"

"What did we say?"

"That it was strong."

"Make the *do* strong, but not loud;—sing!" presenting her folded hand again. They give it with a firmer tone.

"You may show me the father, and I'll sing for him." The small folks thrust out their tiny fists nimbly, considering it great sport.

The teacher sings *do*, pursing her lips, and making a very round mouth. Then she holds out her fist, and the pupils give the sound, involuntarily imitating her facial expression.

"Whom have you been singing for, children?"

"The father."

"Yes; hear this—*sol* isn't it a good sound? *sol*. That is the way the mother sings," making the sound again,—"*sol*; and here she is,"—putting out her open hand, held sidewise.

"Hear her,—*sol* Now, you sing for her "

"*Sol*," chorus the little ones.

"Once more,—*sol*," singing with them. "You may sing for the mother, alone."

"*Sol*," instantly sound the pupils.

"Good! sing for the father," giving the hand sign.

It is done, and well done.

"Now for the mother with me," presenting the open hand.

Full chorus,—"*Sol*."

"How does the mother's voice sound?"

"Good!"

"Yes; and the father's?"

"Strong!"

"Sing for the father."

"*Do*," sing the children.

"Now for the mother.—Yes. Well, this mother," showing the hand, "and this father," making the fist, "have a lovely little girl, and she sings too, very sweetly,—like this,"—singing *me*. "She looks like her mother a little, but she isn't so tall; see her?" holding her extended hand, palm down. "Who is this?"

"The little girl."

"Listen to her voice again,—*me*. You sing for her."

"*Me*," is the response.

"How does she sing?"

"Sweetly."

"Yes. Once more together."

"*Me*," sings the class.

"Let us all sing for the mother," giving the sign.

Everybody,—"*Sol*."

"And the father," showing the fist.

All the songsters,—"*Do*."

"Now for the little girl," stretching out the hand.

"*Me*," sound the pupils.

"Stand!" abruptly commands the teacher. "Raise your arms high up in front," suiting the action to the word. "Hold them! Drop them! Once more, put them up in this way," raising hers slowly. "Hold! Drop! Sit! Heads up! Shoulders back! Lean forward! Here is a new song I have found for you. This is the way it goes." Holding her hands in front, and taking the tip of the little finger of her left hand with the thumb and forefinger of her right, she sings in low sweet voice, and with singularly clear-cut articulation, these words;—

" 'This little bird lived in a tree, ' "

The children listen with happy faces, as if charmed. Catching the tip of the ring finger next, she goes on;—

" 'This little bird sang full of glee, ' "

taking the middle finger, she continues;—

" 'This little bird slept in her nest, ' "

then touching the first finger, she adds with some significance;—

" 'This little bird loved cherries best, ' "

and concludes with the thumb, which she designates thus;—

“‘This little bird sang chick-a-dee. Chick-a-dee-dee!’”

“Do you like that?” she inquires, as her last blithe notes die upon the air.

“Yes’m!” “Yes’m!” is the delighted chorus.

“I think it’s just lovely!” exclaims an enthusiastic little girl, speaking her thought straight out.

“I am glad that you do,” answers the smiling teacher.

“I thought you would. Now let us learn it; hear the first line again,” singing and illustrating with her finger,

“‘This little bird lived in a tree!’”

Which one was that, children?”

“The little finger!”

“Yes. Hold it up and tell me about it, only sing it, instead of saying it. All together with me!” and they sing the line in concert.

“Listen once again,—

‘This little bird lived in a tree;’

Sing!” and the children catch up the strain.

“It is my turn now,” and the teacher sings once more.

“You may sing.” They do, but not yet with expression.

“Talk it to me.—What about this little bird?”

“It lived in a tree,” affirms the class.

“Yes. Sing!”

“‘This little bird lived in a tree,’”

chorus the small people, as if they meant it.

“Yes, and,—

This little bird sang, full of glee,’”

carols the teacher. “What is it to be full of glee? who knows?” Several hands rise. “Carrie.”

“To be happy.”

"Yes. Tommy."

"To be jolly."

"Perhaps. Mary."

"To be glad."

"I like that best. This little bird couldn't talk; what could it do?"

"Sing!" agree the class.

"Wasn't that a pretty way to show that it was glad, or full of glee?" warbling joyously,

" 'This little bird sang, full of glee, '

You may be *my* happy little birds, and sing to me, -now!"
Children,--blithely and sweetly—

" 'This little bird sang, full of glee; ' "

"Yes. Sing the little finger again."

The pupils all by themselves;—

" 'This little bird lived in a tree ' "

"Now the next one "

Children's chorus;—

" 'This little bird sang, full of glee ' "

"That's nice; we will try to learn the rest next time. Sit up beautifully, look at me as if you loved me, and sing to me the story of 'Charley and his Kitty.' "

This is an old favorite, and the class starts off at once, in strong and full chorus:

" 'Where has my little basket gone? '
Said Charlie boy one day "

"Wait!" says the teacher. "Jimmie, what did Charley ask?"

" 'Where has my little basket gone? ' "

"Yes. Play that you are Charley, all of you, and that I am your mother." This conceit amuses the children, who smile quite audibly over it. "Now ask me."

“ ‘Where has my little basket gone?’ ” recites everybody in concert.

“ I don’t think you care much about it,—do you?”

“ Yes’m!”

“ Then talk as if you did. Ready!”

It is given with quite a little dramatic force.

“ That is better, now sing it as if you did.”

The pupils render the line so expressively that the teacher signals them to go on, which they do by adding,

“ ‘ I guess some little boy or girl,
Has taken it away ’ ”

“ I think you are not singing as sweetly as some little girls and boys that I heard a few moments ago. Begin—‘ I guess,’—and give it softly this time;”—which they do.

“ You may sing on.”

“ ‘ And kitty, too, where has she gone?
Oh dear! what shall I do? ’ ”

“ How do you suppose Charley felt when he said, ‘ Oh dear! what shall I do? ’ ”

“ Sorry!” “ Cross!” “ Bad!”

“ I think he felt *badly*. You may say it to me.”

“ Oh dear! what shall I do?” exclaim the class, with considerable feeling.

“ That’s better! Sing.”

“ ‘ O dear! what shall I do? ’ ”

chorus the children almost tragically.

“ Go on!”

“ ‘ I wish I could my basket find,
And little kitty too ’ ”

“ What kind of a kitty was it, class?”

“ Little.”

“ I’d like to hear that, a—*little*—” with emphatic distinctness—“ plainer.”

"Little!" with exaggerated enunciation and emphasis.

"Once more."

"Little!"

"You may be Charley again, and say to me what you wish. All together!"

" 'I wish I could my basket find,
And little kitty too ' "

"Tell me in singing." This brings the desired result, being sung by these little people in low sweet tones, with distinct articulation, and proper expression.

"That pleases me," cordially declares the teacher. "Clarence, I'd like to have you go and get your cap. Annie B. may get her hat and put it on. Then both come here. There is one of my girls that I cannot see. Has she gone home?"

The missing maiden raises a red face from under her desk, and does not again become invisible during the session. By the time this reproof has been administered, the little girl summoned to the front, has arrived there with her hat on, and the boy, cap in hand, has also put in an appearance, while the rest of the class are waiting, wondering what next is going to happen.

"Now Clarence, you start from that side of the room; Annie come and stand over here," placing them opposite each other. "Play that this," indicating the vacant space in front of the desks, "is Main Street. Clarence, put on your cap; you are coming up the street, and Annie is going down. Start children, and don't forget, my boy, about your cap."

They do as bidden, but do not show their usual self-possession, perhaps because of the novelty of the affair, and the number of spectators; when they meet, Clarence's cap most perversely sticks to his head, then both become embarrassed, and turn to the same side, then simultaneously each turns the other way, when the teacher—defly inter-

posing a hand—pulls the boy to the right, and they manage to get past each other, blushing like a couple of old-fashioned pinks.

“We will do that better next time,” assures the teacher comfortingly. “Both hold out your right hands;” they do so “Both point to the right, —yes. Now when you meet, both turn to the right. Boys, what does a gentleman do, when he meets any one that he knows on the street?”

Lusty chorus: “He takes off his hat!”

“I think he does. Girls, what does a lady do when any one takes off his hat to her?”

“She says, ‘Good-morning’ ”

“She says, ‘How do you do?’ ”

“She bows”

“Yes; she should always bow, even if she doesn’t speak. Now Annie, you forgot before. I know you won’t again. Start!”

The two children walk along in rather an embarrassed manner, until they meet, when Clarence gets his cap off with a jerk, and Annie gives him a hasty nod, with the side of her head.

“Who else wants to come out here?”

Louise and Bennie are selected. Having profited by the experience of those who have preceded them, these succeed, at the first trial; that is,—the boy gets his hat off, and the girl gives him a nod in passing.

Then come Fred and Eva. Without a trace of either awkwardness or embarrassment, Fred walks easily across the floor, pauses an instant, just as he reaches the little maid, and lifts his hat with a grace which all the masters of deportment could not improve upon, then replacing it walks on. Not so with Eva. She is a shy little creature, with a delicate, sensitive face, and heavy blue-veined eyelids, which she finds it impossible to lift when she meets her comrade; so with a slight droop of her golden head, and a

rosier flush on her fair cheeks, she passes on down the aisle, to her seat.

"Are we ready for recess?" inquires the teacher.

Of course they are, in a second after the question is put, and so answer briskly, "Yes'm!"

"Last row, face! Rise! Pass!"

Another hint has been given; more seed dropped into the fruitful soil of child-nature. A little—at least of that which is sown shall spring up; something of all this, must show in the women and men of the future.

SECTION SIXTH.

CHAPTER

- I. Preliminary.
- II. A Five-Minute Lesson upon the Cow.
- III. A Series of Plant Lessons.
- IV. Several Lessons in Geography.
- V. Reading.—A Lesson and an Exercise in Imitation.
- VI. Language Work.
- VII. Two Lessons in Number.
- VIII. Penmanship.—A Lesson in Tracing.
- IX. A Lesson in Spelling.
- X. Drawing.—A Lesson in Form.
- XI. An Exercise in Clay Modelling.

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The entire work of the Second year in the Primary School is presented in the photographs of lessons found in Section Sixth.

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CHAPTER I.

PRELIMINARY.

THE first year of the children's life at school, the most momentous and the most critical period of their scholastic career, is over. If their teacher has been a woman of high moral character, well-developed intellect, and inspiring presence; possessed of true ideals and a great love for children, she has been well fitted for her work. But if to these gifts and graces, she has added scholarly knowledge, a long, close study of child-nature, the skill of experience, and that power of presentation, commonly called "aptness to teach," her work has been well done. The crucial test has been successfully passed, and the following points, indicating various phases of the main purpose,—character building,—have been gained:

First. The transition from that spontaneous development secured through play, to the more conscious growth derived from real work, has been happily made.

Second. The children have been left free to act, as far as consistent with good order, and thus spontaneity—in right ways—has always been stimulated.

Third. They have received a year's efficient and persistent training in good habits.

Fourth. Their childish enthusiasm, instead of being crushed out, has been considered a great natural force, and used to good purpose.

Fifth. The little ones have already, quite an idea of taking

care of themselves; in other words, they are working toward self-government.

Sixth. The unintermittent use of the senses in the acquisition of knowledge at first hand, has given the children an impetus—most valuable—toward further work in the same direction,—*i.e.*, observation.

Seventh. Every advantage has been taken of the insatiable curiosity of youthful minds—especially regarding natural objects—to lead the pupils to discover, and investigate for themselves.

Eighth. The children having been allowed the supreme delight of self-activity, will never again be willing to forego that pleasure, or be likely to lose the strength they have gained by its exercise.

Ninth. They have been learning to think, and love to do so, even at their age.

Tenth. The power of expression has been developed at all times, and in every direction.

Eleventh. The teacher, having held steadily through all, and above all, to the motive of mind growth, her work will show corresponding results in the mental development of her pupils.

Twelfth. In brief, it has been a year of all-sided, and therefore symmetrical training and growth.

ZOOLOGY, BOTANY, AND GEOGRAPHY.

The first three chapters of this Section are devoted to illustrations of second-year teaching in elementary natural science. These lessons are simply continuations of the work begun during the weeks which preceded Reading, at the very beginning of the previous year.

The importance of Natural Science study is being admitted on all sides, but as a general thing, the work is relegated to the higher grades of the grammar school. This is not

only a mistake, but a great extravagance, because it involves a waste of power. At no later stage of the pupil's development, will they enter into the study of nature with half so keen a zest; at no other time, will the teacher have the impetus of natural desire so fully in her favor; and never again will the senses be so alive, the observation so keen and fresh, as now. For, next to themselves, little children love animals, and scarcely less in degree is their interest in growing things, while their joy in the

“Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,”

is a marvellous thing to see.

The lessons photographed, are essentially elementary in character, and are intended not so much to teach the pupils that which is novel and striking, as to train them to study more closely, the objects with which they are already familiar. These lessons do not consist of the memorizing of a vocabulary of strange words, to lumber the children's brains, and bewilder their minds, but are designed to bring about comparison, prepare for classification, and lead to clear and logical thinking. Child-like in presentation, and seemingly not learned in substance, this foundation work may appear to the unthinking, or hasty observer, so simple as to be insignificant: nevertheless, it is the small beginning of great things, since it places in their little hands, the clue which will guide the children through the grand labyrinth of science, and lead them to discover the secrets of Nature herself.

READING.

In his “Talks on Teaching,” Col. Parker states that “the process of learning to read, consists in learning a vocabulary of written or printed words.” Again he says, “a word is known, only when it recalls its appropriate idea.” In order to recall an idea, it must be associated with

an idea. The association of spoken words with ideas has been going on for some years when the children enter school, and the first work of the teacher is to strengthen those associations, already formed, by presenting them in new relations. This she does by means of a long series of systematic and varied language lessons, which precede, and prepare the way for the next work of the teacher, viz. : Reading.

Here she seeks to make a new association,—that of the written word with the idea, and also with the oral word. Beginning with the familiar and favorite words of the children, she stimulates the act of association by introducing the object, its representation, or the oral word when the written form is presented. Thus the written word is associated with the idea, and also with the oral word, by the fact that these are brought together in the consciousness of the children at the same time. If this act be sufficiently intense, this single act, through the operation of the marvellous law of association, has bound these things together forever: *i.e.* one will always—must always—recall the other.

After the pupils have learned a few written words, still another force is brought to bear upon the act of association, to wit; the stimulus of ideas in their relation, as expressed by the sentence. Meanwhile, as a means of training in articulation, and to assist the children in their learning of new words, many of the teachers bring in, all along, the daily drill in phonics. Later on, when the little ones, having acquired a vocabulary of about two hundred written words, can grasp the thought expressed in long sentences, instantly, the association of the thought with the script form is readily transferred—with all the power gained by these months of previous practice—to the printed words; and the children are ready to read from books, and to do it well.

One thing besides the words, the children needs must learn,—the idioms. But the teaching of these, forms no part of the teaching of Reading; it belongs to the work in Language. Hence the *necessity* for preliminary language lessons, to familiarize the pupils—especially the children of the ignorant and of foreigners—with such idiomatic arrangements of words as are common to written language.

As to expression, that the children have already. Let the teachers of these little ones, beware how they tamper with so divine a gift! Exceptions to all rules there are, and to this also. When such occur, either through disease, inherited defects, or bad examples at home, special drill *apart from all expression of thought*, is always helpful and in order. The Imitation Exercises are to hold up the ideal in expression to the pupils. If their ideal—and the teacher stands for that—is imperfect, what will their attainment be?

LANGUAGE.

“A word has but one use, and that is to recall its appropriate idea.” This postulate of Col. Parker's needs no proof; its truth is self-evident. Yet admit the statement as a fact, and the great mass of language teaching now done, is valueless, because it is the teaching of words apart from ideas. Back of all work in language, should lie its motive and stimulus,—the thought.

At first, the teacher seeks not so much to present to the children new objects of thought, as to strengthen their grasp upon what they have already gained. Similarly in the matter of expression, she aims more to train her pupils in different arrangements of words (idioms) previously known, than to add to their stock in hand. This idiom work, which is mainly a matter of unconscious imitation on the part of the children, is not confined to the regular lessons in language, but began with the first sentence the teacher uttered in

their hearing, furnished the leading purpose of the six weeks of conversational lessons prior to Reading, and has been continued in every exercise, and at all times ever since.

When the teacher has succeeded in getting the children to talk freely, she enters upon the training in expression. For one thing, she now endeavors to hold them steadily to the subject under discussion, and sets about correcting judiciously, erroneous language. Another thread of the web picked up about this time, is the training in observation, for which the preceding exercise of their observing faculties has prepared them. This last is absolutely essential, for without it, all ulterior language work will be loose, weak, and inaccurate.

Having in these ways gained the material for thought, the teaching in expression is the next thing to be taken in hand, and concerning this a word of warning will suffice. While it may not be objectionable to make the *training* in expression conscious work, all *teaching* of expression should—as far as possible—be unconscious.

NUMBER.

Having been thoroughly trained during the first year in concrete Number work, the pupils are now taught the use of figures. Besides the learning of this new language (figures) the children deal, of course, with larger numbers, ranging in this grade from ten to twenty, and often reaching twenty-five. During all this time the pupils are given objects, at first, but as soon as power is gained to think of them when not present, the objects are no longer used. With the exceptions just stated, the work does not differ from that done the previous year. In fact, there are no new processes to be taught, after the proper teaching of the number eight.

SPELLING.

The work in Spelling is peculiar, in one respect;—having progressed beyond the writing of single words, it consists entirely of the writing of sentences, instead of the oral naming of the letters of words; which means—it is probably unnecessary to state—that the old-fashioned spelling-book, is a terror unknown to the pupils of the Quincy Schools.

CHAPTER II.

A FIVE MINUTE LESSON UPON THE COW.

PURPOSE OF THE LESSON.—Especially, to interest the parents in the school, and at the same time, to lead the children toward the study of Zoology.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE TEACHER.—Devising how this can be accomplished, and reviewing mentally the differences between the commoner animals, besides giving some considerable study to the cow, and its uses.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE PUPILS.—Every time they really saw the animal, and all that they have gained through the interest they take in the subject.

PLAN OF THE LESSON.—Ask the children on Friday, to find out from their mothers and fathers, all about the cow, and its uses; and be ready on Monday to tell what they have learned. Open the exercise in some ingenious way, which will arouse enthusiasm at the very beginning, then call upon a child to describe the cow. Follow him closely, in order to be able to suggest some other animal, that his description will fit. Do this until the pupils have made a fair delineation. Then ask what the cow is good for, and if they omit anything, refer them to their parents for information.

THE LESSON.

Time. Five minutes of nine o'clock on a Monday morning in January.

Place. The C Primary room in the Blackwell School, in Quincy.

People. The teacher, and fifty little pupils—between the ages of six and eight years, belonging to several different nationalities, and coming from homes of “all sorts and conditions.”

The teacher begins. “Good-morning, children!”

“Good-morning, Miss D,” call back the little ones.

“There was something you were going to ask your mothers and fathers about.”

It is a statement, rather than a question, and delivered with the greatest repose of manner; but notwithstanding, it has started the mental machinery, and hands are being flung up on every side.

“You were going to find out”—proceeds the quiet speaker, calmly observant of the effect of her words—“something about it.”

Every arm is raised, every hand fluttering eagerly; but the teacher utters tranquilly, her third announcement.

“You were going to try, to find something to tell me about it, that I never heard of before.”

The outstretched arms have apparently, by this time, pulled the children up off their seats, and the room bristles with five rows of wildly waving members.

“What was it, Oscar?”

The little fellow called upon, springs to his feet as if moved by clock-work, stands perfectly straight with arms at his side, and answers briefly, “A cow.”

As the boy still stands, soldier-like and expectant, the teacher continues, “Do you know anything about it?”

“Yes’m,” is the laconic response, waiting as before for leave to go on.

Amused at his odd persistency and willing to humor it this time, the teacher says:—“Now Oscar, suppose that I never had seen one; can you tell me how a cow looks, so that I should know one when I met it?”

“Yes’m,” comes again, as prompt as a bullet.

"Very well," says the teacher, smiling in spite of herself; "you may try."

"She has four feet," asserts the sturdy little fellow; "and a head," nodding his own, at each fresh enumeration; "and two ears, and two eyes, and two horns, and a body." Here he comes to a stand-still, mental as well as physical, for he doesn't offer to sit, but seems to be going over again—in his mind—the parts of the animal being described.

"Well,—that's a goat, isn't it?" demurely observes the teacher.

Several laugh out at this, but Oscar answers, as serious and straightforward as ever, "No ma'am; she has a long tail, and a goat hasn't."

"That will do," dismissing him with a gesture. "Now I'd like to have somebody else tell me about the cow, so that I shall know when I come across one. Margie."

The little girl addressed, gives her curly head a toss that sends the ringlets flying, as she steps into the aisle and starts off glibly, "The cow has a large head and two horns, and two ears, and two eyes, and a nose, and a body, and a long tail,"—here she pauses, when suddenly recollecting, she adds, "and four legs, and—O ! and two toes on each foot," then drops into her seat with an air of having said all that there is to say.

"If it wasn't for the horns," is the teacher's criticism; "I might think that was a pig, Margie."

The small maiden fails to see the point of that joke, and turns toward the next pupil called upon, as if it had just occurred to her, that possibly she might learn something further about the cow.

Lina now takes the floor to affirm that—"It is larger than a pig—"

"How large?" is the teacher's quick query.

"About as tall as—your head," judges Lina, considering the matter, as she talks.

"Go on," urges the teacher.

"And it has a straight back, and two horns, and two ears, and a large nose," continues Lina, evidently following down the front of the head of her imaginary cow; "and it has,—a dewlap," after a little pause to see what next; "and four legs, and two toes on each foot."

"I think," decides the teacher deliberately; "that I might know a cow now, if I was told what color it was."

"Some cows are red," declares the first speaker.

"Some are black," asserts a second.

"Our cow is red and white," remarks the third.

"I've seen one almost white," is the contribution of a fourth.

"Mr. S. has one that looks brown," insists the fifth, in the manner of one who expects to be contradicted.

"You have given me an idea of how the cow looks; but you haven't told me what the cow is good for. Jennie."

"Good to give us milk."

"George."

"Good to make meat."

"What do we call the meat that we get from the cow," is the teacher's next question.

"Beef!" is the unanimous decision.

"What is it, Mattie?"

"The cow's skin is good to make leather."

"Arthur."

"The hair on her skin is put into plastering."

"Henry."

"They get glue out of her feet."

"My mother said," speaks out a child impulsively, "that they make jelly out of a cow's feet."

"My father told me," reports the son of a butcher, "that the legs are good to make soup of."

"I found out that people make combs out of her horns," notifies another little learner.

"They make buttons out of her horns," emphatically declares a small boy, with a look of defiance at the previous speaker.

"Yes, they make both combs and buttons out of the horns of some kinds of cattle," pacifically interposes the teacher.

"I saw a cow's horn that they kept powder in," exclaims an eager youngster.

"And I saw," reports the teacher, adding her quota of knowledge; "a sofa, and a chair, with horns for the backs, arms, and legs."

This astonishing statement opens their eyes a little wider than usual for a moment, then one more hand being raised, the teacher calls upon the owner, who says, "We boil their tongues;" and that seems to be the end of their knowledge on the matter of utility.

"There is one part that you haven't told me anything about," announces the teacher; "no one seems to have thought of it, and yet it is very useful," she adds impressively. "What is it?"

All the small foreheads are full of wrinkles; all the young minds are in a quandary, over this unknown or mysterious portion of the cow's anatomy.

"You told me," specifies the teacher; "of its horns, its hoofs, its hair, its skin, its meat; but you haven't said anything about its,—" here she halts an instant's space, as if to tantalize the curious little people, and then says, "bones."

There is a low murmur, as of surprise, when she utters the word, but not a hand is raised.

"Did anybody find out at home, what the bones are good for?" inquires the teacher, well knowing that if they had, they would not have kept their information to themselves.

The children look from one to another, but no one speaks.

"Then you may ask your mothers and fathers about the

cow's bones to-night; and I shall expect you to be able to tell me what they are good for, to-morrow."

Thus the children are given some bones to take home and gnaw upon, and thus the lesson ends; for now the gong strikes for school to open and the devotional exercises at once begin.

Notes and Comments.

Every strand of interest—however slender—stretched between school and home, helps to weave the cable that should bind together, those who live "for" and "with the children,"—the parents and the teacher.

CHAPTER III.

A SERIES OF PLANT LESSONS.

ONE morning, immediately after the devotional exercises, the teacher, of a certain school, directing her attention to a little blind boy who is a member of her class, says, "Charley, come to me."

Every eye is fixed upon the child, as he passes to the teacher's table in the front part of the room.

"What are these?" is her next demand, slipping into his hand something which the curious little ones cannot see.

"Beans!" is his almost instant decision.

"Hold them up so that the class can look at them. Is he right, children?"

"Yes'm!" is the full chorus.

"Tell him what color they are."

"White and black!" "Some are white, and some black!"

"They are black and white!" are the varying answers.

"I can see some spots on the white ones," asserts a child who sits nearest to the boy with the beans.

"What color are the spots, Fred?"

"Purple."

"Tell us what shape the beans are, Charley."

"Something like an egg."

"What are beans good for, class?"

"To eat!"

"Where do we get them?"

"Out of the ground!" "They grow!"

"What is this, Charley?" asks the teacher, taking a tumbler from her table, and putting it into the blind boy's hands, as he stands beside her.

The supple fingers grasp the object, handle it an instant, and the answer comes,—*"A tumbler."*

"We will place it here," moving the hands with the tumbler in them to her table. "Children, you may tell Charley what this looks like," picking up a pitcher, and pouring a clear liquid from it into the glass.

"Water!"

"Yes, and that is what it is. Charley, put your beans into the water," guiding his hand to the tumbler, while all the other pupils look on. "What have I given you now?" putting a small box into his hand.

"More beans," declares the child after a second's examination.

"Yes; put those into the water too.—Now you may go back to your seat. Who will tell me in a nice sentence what he did? Josie."

"Charley put some beans into a tumbler of water."

"Here are some little books that I have made for you," announces the teacher, bringing out from her desk a pile of miniature blank-books, consisting of sheets of manilla paper folded, and sewed. "I thought you might like to write down some things that we see. How many would?"

There isn't an arm that fails to go up, on the instant.

"Very well. Katie, John, Sophia, Mary, and Sammy may come here, count out enough of these for their rows, and place them on the desks as fast as they can. At the same time, the five little people who sit last in each row, may give out the lead-pencils."

When this has been accomplished, the teacher says, "We will each write our name on the outside of our new book, and we want to have it in our very best handwriting, so that we shall not be ashamed to have any one see it.

When we have written it, we will lay down our pencil, sit up very straight, and fold our hands."

It does not take long to do this, even as it is done,—with great pains,—and the children are soon sitting as requested.

"What day of the week is this?" is the teacher's question, as she steps to the blackboard, and provides herself with a crayon.

"Wednesday!" comes in quick concert.

This the teacher writes high up on the board, in admirable chirography.

"What month, and what day of the month?" is her next interrogatory.

"March fifteenth," is the answer.

"I don't care to take the trouble to write all that; what can I do? Hattie."

"Write it this way," instructs the child, putting the abbreviated form, Mar. 15., upon the board, without hesitation.

"Is she right, class?"

"Yes'm."

"Very well," copying it on a line with the word "Wednesday." "What year is this?"

"Eighteen eighty-two."

The teacher adds that also.

"Read what I have written."

"Wednesday, March fifteen, eighteen eighty-two," comes in deliberate concert.

"What do we call that?"

"The date!"

"Let us place the date in our little books, at the head of the first page, and be sure not to forget—what?"

"The periods and commas."

"Where is the first period, Amy?"

"After M-a-r."

"Where is the first comma, Patrick?"

"After Wednesday."

"The second period, Guy?"

"At the end of all."

"The second comma, Ellen?"

"After fifteen."

"Each pick up your book, open it at the first page, fold back the cover so that it will lie flat, take your pencil and write."

The room is full of writers in a second, while the teacher passes through the aisles, rapidly glancing right and left, to see how the work is being done.

When the hands are all folded again, to show that the date has been written, the teacher turns to Josie and says, "Tell us now, what you told us before."

He repeats: "Charley put some beans in a tumbler of water."

"When did this happen? Hands!"

They are all raised, and calling upon one after another in quick succession, the teacher gets, "Just now!" "This morning!" "A few minutes ago!" "To-day!"

"I like the last best. Now put that with Josie's sentence, and we have,—Ada?"

"Charley put some beans in a tumbler of water, to-day."

"Who can place these words in some other way? Fred."

"To-day, Charley put some beans in a tumbler of water."

"That pleases me better. I will write it here [on the board], and you may write it in your books, just below the date."

While this is being carefully done, the teacher having finished her sentence, is examining theirs.

"Bennie is writing his beautifully," is the encouraging comment, after a look at one book. "I hope no one will leave out any of the little points we have to think so much about."

"I know what she means," remarks a boy in an under-

tone, without raising his eyes from the paper; "periods and things."

"Yes. When you have finished, lay your pencils down, close your books, lay them on the right hand corner of your desks, sit up like little ladies and gentlemen, and wait. Those at the head of the rows, may gather the books and bring them to my table, when every one is in position; those who gave out the pencils, may take them up, and put them where they belong. I am going to place this tumbler, which has the beans and water in it, here;" setting it upon a window-sill. "We will see how it looks to-morrow."

Thus ends the first lesson of this series.

The ensuing day, the pupils have a similar exercise, during which they write on the second page of their little books,

"THURSDAY, Mar. 16.—The beans begin to swell. They take up more room. The water is rising."

The day following, as the result of their investigation, is written thus:

"FRIDAY, Mar. 17.—The water is colored. It does not look clear. The black beans have changed. They look brown now."

The next entry made in their plant diaries runs thus:

"WEDNESDAY, Mar. 22.—There are not as many beans in the tumbler. We took some out, and put them in a box of earth. We planted them."

Then comes a blank space, followed by this explanation under the date of—

"TUESDAY, April 18.—We were not at school for two weeks, so we could not see what to write. We planted the beans quite a while ago, and now we are going to talk, and write about them. One of the beans has sprouted. There is a bean on the top of a stem. Some are growing tall. You can see leaves coming out. We let our last beans stay too long in the water."

The closing sentence becomes significant when taken in connection with the succeeding report of this youthful society of bean-growers, which runs as follows: "

"Thursday afternoon about three o'clock Miss D told Jack E—to get a goblet half full of water, and a tumbler too. She took a paper bag up off the desk, and took some beans out of it, and put some of them in the goblet, and the rest in the tumbler. She let them stay in the water a short time. Then she told Blanche to take two or three of each kind, and plant them here and there in the box of earth."

The subsequent account of proceedings is taken from the teacher's notes of Friday, "Asked the children to put some beans in water, yesterday; afterward planted a few, and left the rest to soak. To-day, distributed the soaked beans among the class, for examination. Had the pupils remove the seed-coats in order that they might observe the embryo. Led them to open the cotyledons and find the germinating plantlet. We called it the baby plant. At the close of the observation lesson, gave the children pencils and paper; and told them to sketch carefully, first, the bean (giving them whole ones for this purpose), then each half,—showing the rudimentary plumule,—for Busy-Work during the next period."

Two weeks later came a lesson which is here transcribed in full.

A LESSON UPON THE BEAN PLANT.

PURPOSE OF THE LESSON.—To interest the pupils in plant life.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE TEACHER.—*General.* All that she knew of the growth of the plant from the seed.

Special. Preparing the illustrations, viz.: the soaked beans, and the bean plant at different stages of development; and deciding the manner of gaining the facts discovered, from the children.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE PUPILS.—The points concerning plant life already known, and whatever power of observation they possess.

PLAN OF THE LESSON.—*First.* Have a march to rest the children.

Second. Call upon two boys to bring my bean garden to the front of the room.

Third. Find out whether the pupils know and use the name,—bean plant.

Fourth. Review rapidly, what has been done, and the results, as seen in the growth of the plant.

Fifth. Dig up plants, and arrange them in order upon the box, to show every stage of development; have the children file past these slowly to observe.

Sixth. Call upon the pupils to tell what they saw.

Seventh. Close by drawing their attention to that mysterious law of growth,—the ascending and descending axis.

THE LESSON.

It is late in the afternoon, and all of the reading, writing, and number lessons have been given. The little ones are tired, and somewhat restless.

"John, will you please open the window behind you, as wide as you can? Patsy, the one back of you? Henry, the one by the platform? Mary may fasten the door back. Sammy and George, take your places, and we will have a short march."

All of these orders are promptly obeyed. The breeze—fresh from the water—sweeps through the room; the children lay down their pencils, push back their slates, and sit ready to spring into their places in the aisles, while two little boys taking some odd-looking brown sticks out of their desks, pass to the front, and mount the small low platform, out of the draught and out of the way. Deftly

adjusting the mysterious articles just mentioned, between their fingers, they turn and face their comrades, with the seriousness and dignity of judges.

"Katie may be captain to-day. All ready!"

The class are on their feet. Lifting a triangle from her table, the teacher slips the ribbon, by which it hangs suspended, over her finger and steps out where the small musicians can see her rod. As it falls they give their hands a flutter and a jerk, the triangle tinkles, the clappers rattle, and the class step off briskly, just in time to the odd music; marching around the room, through the aisles, weaving in and out, following gayly, wherever their girl-captain leads.

"That will do, Katie," is the signal for the long line to break into five parts the next time it reaches the back of the room; each part passing up the aisle to which it belongs, the children slipping into their seats as they reach them. Thus in a twinkling all are once more in their proper places.

"Put down the windows and shut the door, children," is the next direction, instantly followed by,—"*Lewis, and Fred, please bring me that box of plants on the window-seat, and put it here in this chair?*" placing one about four feet from the front row of desks, and near the middle of the room.

The windows and door are speedily closed, but the box is heavy, and the boys have to come slowly up the aisle; yet, as they would decidedly resent the idea of being helped, they are left to stagger under their burden without interference. When the home-made window garden has been placed in position, it is found to consist entirely of young bean plants, of various sizes; some only just above the ground, and one of them large enough to need the support of the stick, around which it is twined.

"What are these, Nellie?" is the teacher's opening query.

"Beans."

"Sadie."

"Bean plants."

"What do you say, children?"

"Bean plants!" is the resounding chorus.

"Not quite so loud; I can hear very well. What is the difference between a bean and a bean plant? Willie."

"One is nothing but a bean, and the other is a bean after it's been planted."

"Ada."

"A bean is what you have at first, and a bean plant is what grows out of a bean."

"Carrie."

"A bean is something good to eat, and a bean plant is what the bean grows on."

"How do you know?"

"I've seen them growing."

"Ada said that a bean plant grew out of a bean, and now Carrie tells us that a bean plant is what a bean grows on. Who has anything to say about that?"

For a moment no one stirs, and most of the children look as if the statement was something of an enigma; then a boy, rather older than the majority, raises his hand, and when given permission to speak, explains, "Bean plants grow up tall, and have beans; and when those beans are put into the ground, they grow into other bean plants."

"That is pretty good thinking, Guy. How did I come to have these plants, Mabel?"

"They grew from the beans that we put into the earth."

"After they were planted, did we do anything else? Millie."

"We had to water them."

"What good did that do? Laura."

"The beans took the water in, and swelled, and the skins burst."

"Then what, Lewis?"

"The beans had two halves."

"What is it, Hugh?"

"The sprout grew too."

"How did it grow? Bridget may tell us."

"Down into the ground, and made roots."

"Belle."

"It grew up too, for the bean came to the top; I saw it."

"What do you suppose caused it to do that, Dannie?"

"I guess it wanted to get the sun and air."

"What have you to say, Mike?"

"Because it didn't like to be buried down in the ground. I shouldn't, anyhow," in a half aside.

"We will talk about that some other day," decides the teacher; "just now I want to find out how much your eyes are worth," and taking her place behind the chair, she gently unwinds the tall vine from its stick, then using the latter for a spade, proceeds to dig up some of the plants, shake the earth from their roots, and lay them side by side on the top of the box. To complete this collection, which includes every stage of growth, from the bean just sprouting, to the plant with leaves, the teacher now adds a few swollen beans from the goblet of water on her desk.

All being in readiness the children are invited to walk slowly—a line at a time—in front of the chair, for a nearer view. One by one the young naturalists pause before the objects to be studied, look closely, and steadily at the specimens for a moment, with a scholarly gravity eminently befitting the occasion, then pass on to their seats and begin to write what they have seen. Now and then, one softly lifts a leaf, or carefully turns a plant to look at the other side, but as a general thing, they observe with hands clasped behind, an attitude as significant as it is unconscious.

"Read us what you have written, Mary," commands the teacher, as the last little observer reaches his seat.

The child rises, slate in hand, and reads;—"Miss D. took a sharp stick, and dug up a bean."

"Sidney, what have you?"

"Now we call these bean plants," reads the boy.

"Yes. Lulu."

"The bean plant has roots." *

"What can you tell us?" inquires the teacher, turning to a little maid who sits on the other side of the room.

"One of the beans is decayed, and another had just got above the ground," is the prim and deliberate response.

"Raise your hands now, if you've any new thing to report. Gilbert."

"One of the beans has dirt on the leaves."

"I shouldn't wonder if it had. Nellie."

"The skin is coming off from one of them."

"Yes. Mabel."

"The skin of the bean is wrinkled."

"Always?"

"No'm; after it has been soaked," explains the girl.

"Arthur."

"There were two little leaves on the stem."

"Fannie."

"I saw two thick leaves, and two little leaves."

"Ida."

"The stem has roots."

"Robbie."

"There are some little sprouts on the beans."

"Tom."

"One half of one bean has gone away."

"Julia."

"The root grows down into the ground."

"Laura."

* All these children sat in the first row and have had time to get something written.

"Inside the bean there are two little leaves and a stem."

"Lewis."

"One of the beans has just sprouted a root."

"Mike."

"I saw a green stem; it was a sort of a handle."

"Millie."

"The baby we saw in the bean the other day, broke its house open, and came out, and turned into two green leaves."

"That is a charming story," commends the teacher.
"Dannie."

"You can see where some more leaves are going to grow."

"Gertie."

"One of the split beans is green."

"Herman."

"On one of the plants, there is half a bean on one of the sides."

"Belle."

"One half of a bean was in the earth, and the other half was out, and it was wrong side up."

"Bridget."

"There is a bud on the top of the stem."

"Bennie."

"One has grown taller than the others."

"Clara."

"The taller one holded itself up by the stick."

"What did you say?" interrogates the teacher.

"The taller one held itself up by the stick," hastily corrects the little maid, blushing at her blunder.

"That was better. Hugh?"

"There are two thick leaves on the top of one of the stems, and little roots coming out of the bottom."

"Louise."

"The leaves are folded together."

"Josie."

"I saw a bean just coming up above the earth."

"Stevie."

"Two little leaves stick out at the end of what was the bean."

"Oscar."

"One half of the bean has skin on it."

"Norah."

"The bean cracks open, and makes leaves on the plant."
Every hand is down.

"Is that all you can think of?" urges the teacher.

A boy signifies that he has something to add, and rises to remark—"One of the beans is whiter than the others."

This evidently does not please the teacher, who seems about to comment, but possibly recognizing the fact that she has only herself to blame for the silly answer, since she forced it, adroitly changes the subject by asking, "Does a bean pushing up through the ground, like this one," pointing to an embryo just appearing above the earth, "make you think of anything you ever saw before?"

There is silence for a little, then a small girl on a front seat who has been staring hard at the plant, speaks out, "Oh, I know! I know! It looks like a snail with its house on its back."

"I believe it does," agrees the teacher smilingly. "Isn't it wonderful that the little sprout should know how to grow both ways at once; down into the dark earth to make—"

"Roots!" promptly chorus the children.

"Yes. What end could we call that?"

"The root end."

"That is right; and the other end which stretches up, to find the air and sunshine, carrying the bean along with it; what is that?"

"The stem end!"

"What grows there?"

"Stem and leaves."

"Quite true. Now you may get ready for dismissal."

In a breath, the room is chaotic. Pupils are clearing out desks, picking up papers from the floor, cleaning the blackboards, arranging the block table, and making the drawers containing pencils, paper, etc., tidy. Two minutes of this, then the bell sounds, and order comes again.

"Who has been the housekeeper this week?"

"Susie C.!" declare the class with one accord.

"Next week, Fred M. may take charge of the school-room. Whom will you have to assist you, Fred?"

"Katie and Herman," selects Fred, deliberately.

"Very well. I think the pencils have been rather sharper than usual this week, and I haven't found a speck of dust on my desk," commends the teacher. "Let us see if Fred can make as good a housekeeper as Susie."

Here a gong strikes sharply.

"Rise!" As the pupils obey, the teacher, taking up the triangle lying ready at hand, says cheerily, "Good-night, children."

"Good-night, Miss D.!" is the smiling response.

Then the tinkle begins, the little ones stepping in time, file out, and the day and the week are over.

Notes and Comments.

These studies in biology are intensely interesting to the pupils; and the number of facts discovered even in the few exercises here described, is far greater, than would appear at sight. Take the process of germination with which these youthful students began. They noted first, the effects of moisture upon the seed,—the wrinkling of the skin, the swelling of the bean, and the bursting of the seed-coat. This was followed by the discovery of a rudimentary plant within the seed,—the embryo. Watching the growth of

the embryo, they observed the ascending and descending axis—the development of the plumule and the radicle. Their attention was also drawn to the cotyledons, concerning which they held divided opinions; some considering them the two halves of the bean, and some calling them thick leaves. All this knowledge acquired, and yet they were *told* nothing; merely *led to discover for themselves*. Only once the teacher taught them; when she spoke of that mysterious instinct in the plant, which always sends the roots down, and the stem up. The thought she hinted then, of obedience to the laws of life,—as unswerving in the meanest weed as in the grandest planet,—was a great one. It may grow in some young mind, until it lifts the thinker from Nature, up to Nature's God.

ANOTHER LESSON.—THE LEAF.

PURPOSE OF THE LESSON.—To find out what the pupils know about the leaf, and to teach them something more.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE TEACHER—*First*. Her study of the leaf, and her knowledge of the botanical terms applied to it.

Second. Her study of the children, and her knowledge of how to teach them.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE PUPILS.—Whatever they know about leaves.

PLAN OF THE LESSON.—Begin by getting the children to tell all that they see or know about the bean leaf,—especially its shape. End by teaching them its parts, and writing the names—petiole, blade, and veins—on the board. Let one group draw the bean plant, for Busy-Work, and have the others write what they can remember about the lesson.

THE LESSON.

The interest in plant life, aroused by this study of the growth of the bean, is kept up by a variety of exercises, either oral or written, until the little ones, having gained all that they can through their own observation alone, must be helped by the teacher; in other words are ready to be taught. This period arrives a few weeks later, and the leaf is selected as the part of the plant with which to begin.

The bean garden has grown so, that by this time, the leaves are large enough, but their number is not sufficient to supply the whole class, and several children have volunteered to bring a handful from home, for the purpose. These are given out, one to each pupil.

"Who has something to tell me? Robbie?" is the question with which the lesson begins.

"The bean leaf has a stem."

"Ida."

"The bean leaf is curved."

"Of what part are you speaking?"

"The outside, it is curved," repeats the little girl.

"You mean its shape. Has any one else anything to say about the shape? Luke."

"The end of the leaf is pointed."

"Tom."

"The sides at the top are broad."

"Fannie."

"At the lower part of the bean leaf it is narrow."

"Sophia."

"It is hollowed out where the stem is fastened on."

"Ellen."

"The leaf is flat."

"Jack."

"The leaf is thin."

"Very well. What is this, children?"

"The stem!"

"And this?"

"The leaf!"

"Sometimes we give these different names. This broad part we call the blade. Why do you suppose we call it the blade, Henry?"

"Because it is thin like the blade of a knife."

"Sidney."

"They call grass, a blade of grass, because it will cut. I cut my hand last summer on one, and it bled awfully, and hurt too."

"Perhaps. What is the new name for this?" touching the broad part.

"The blade."

"Yes; this,"—indicating the stem, "we call the petiole. I don't think you ever heard that before. Say it," and the class repeat.

"All touch the blade; all take hold of the petiole. What does this look like?" turning to the board, and drawing hastily.

"A stem!" "A petiole!" is the mixed answer.

"And this?" sketching an outline.

"A blade!" "A leaf!"

"It is the blade; it couldn't be the leaf, because the leaf means both blade and petiole," touching these parts as she speaks. "What do we call this?" putting in the midrib.

"A vein!" call out several voices.

"That's right; all together, once more."

"A vein!"

"Each put your finger on a vein in the blade of the leaf, that you have. How can you tell the veins? Dannie."

"Because they stand up."

"Clara."

"Because they show."

"Laura, what do you say?"

"Because they are hard."

"Are there any veins in the petiole?"

"No'm!"

"What is it, Stevie?"

"The petiole is like a big vein."

"Somewhat. Look now; can you find any more of these?" drawing quickly.

"Veins!" "I can!" "Yes'm!" "There's lots of them!"

"They are all over the leaf!"

"I think they are. Tell me something that you have learned, Gertie."

"I've learned that the broad part of the leaf is called the blade."

"That is nice. Oscar."

"The stem is called the pitiole."

"Not quite; pet-i-ole. Say it again.—This is the way it looks, children," writing it on the board; "and this word is—" pronouncing slowly as she writes,—

"Blade!" call out the pupils.

"Here is the other word I gave you," writing, and pronouncing—veins. "Where does the large vein run in the leaf, Stevie?"

"Down the middle."

"And the rest of the veins, Luke?"

"All over."

"All over what?"

"All over the blade of the bean leaf."

"Yes; and the last name you said, is the last name I will write. That was what, children?" writing as she speaks.

"Bean leaf."

"Here it is. Now, Katie's class may take their slates, and write all that they have learned about the leaf. If they think of some nice sentences, and read them to me very well, I may allow them to copy what they have

written, in their little books. Sammy's group* may pass to the blackboard, so softly that I cannot hear them go, and draw a bean-plant for me. The little folks in Lizzie's class may come out here, and we will find something new and nice to read."

Notes and Comments.

The opponents of the "New Education," when met at every other point, begin with one accord to declare—'We have no time to devote to anything except the practical studies—such as Reading, Writing and Arithmetic—in the common schools.'

By all means the children should master the "three R's" *in eight years* (and a few other things besides). Suppose they could be taught to read, to write, to cipher, even better than under the old dispensation, and yet learn something of themselves; and something of the wonderful world in which they live—knowledge quite as essential to their well-being, as the first mentioned—would it be an evil? Suppose again, that children could be so taught that they should gain their training in the "three R's" by means of the study of such hitherto neglected subjects as Botany, Zoology, Physiology, etc., what then? It is not impossible. It has been done in a few schools; it is being done in more schools; it will be done in most schools,—in time. These lessons in Botany will illustrate how. In the course of their work upon this one subject, these children have learned *practically*, something of seven other branches, making eight altogether; *to wit*, Reading, Writing, Spelling, Composition, Grammar, Rhetoric, Drawing, and Botany; but best of all, the little people have found this much study, not a weariness of the flesh, but a pleasure.

*The groups begin to consolidate during the second year, their number being less, and their size larger.

CHAPTER IV.

A FIRST LESSON IN CIVIL GEOGRAPHY.

PURPOSE OF THE LESSON.—To give the children some ideas concerning the laying out of a village.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE TEACHER.—Deciding upon the points to be presented, and devising the manner of their presentation.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE PUPILS.—Whatever training they have received in the habit of observation, and all the power to reason from cause to effect that has been developed.

PLAN OF THE LESSON.—Gain from the children *if possible*—if not, lead them to see—these items: (1) That a village should have its streets straight, or nearly so. (2) That the streets should be graded. (3) That there should always be sidewalks. (4) That the houses should be built back from the street, to allow for gardens, or lawn spaces in front. (5) That trees should be set out along the sides. (6) Incidentally, recall the cardinal points of the compass.

THE LESSON.

“Carrie’s class have written such good, long sentences, that I am going to let them come with me to the sand table, for a little play,” is the welcome permission that brings a dozen happy boys and girls around the large, shallow, pan-like box on legs, in which is nearly a bushel of clean sea-shore sand.

“Wouldn’t it be nice to make a village, and play that

these blocks," bringing over a double handful from the number table close by, "are the houses?"

"Oh yes'm!" is the ready chorus, as the little ones reach out for their blocks, which each begins at once to stick end-wise into the sand in front of him.

Standing at the head of the table, the teacher silently watches the busy workers, till she sees that for which she is looking, viz.: an expression of thought that touches upon some one of the points which she proposes to bring up in this lesson.

For a time the children seem to have no more of an idea of how a village should be laid out, than some of their ancestors had, when they scattered their houses among the bleak New England hills fifty years ago. Presently, a boy who has been looking at his blocks, placed irregularly here and there in the sand in front of him, gets a thought, picks his blocks all up and begins again, arranging them this time in two parallel rows.

A moment later the teacher speaks, the pupils all looking up to listen.

"Henry, why did you put your houses that way?"

"Because I am going to have my street straight."

Within one minute, every child at the table is pulling up his blocks, and setting them out in straight lines. Thus without a word of comment or discussion, does the citizen of the future accept improvement. When this has been done, the little ones having evolved no new thought, wait for some further direction from the teacher, who tries criticism.

"I wouldn't like to ride through your village, children; I am afraid that I should get tipped over." They do not see what she means, so she adds,—*"Besides, I do not like the looks of the sand, all up and down this way."*

Still they stand silent, and look from their work to their teacher, and back again. Then one face lights up, and a

little girl speaks out impulsively, "Oh, I know! smoothen it out and make it pretty."

"Yes, smooth it out," corrects the teacher, smilingly.

Immediately all of the blocks come up again, and the sand is evened and patted, until it is as level as the floor, when the juvenile highway surveyors begin for the third time to place their block houses.

The teacher having waited in vain for any hint of co-operation on the part of the little ones,—each intent upon his own street on the spot of sand directly in front of him,—now suggests,—“How would it do to have one long street down the middle here, and set your houses on each side of that?”

“I think it would be nice,” agrees a small girl, pausing—block in hand—in the midst of her building, and gravely eying the bare space referred to; “that would look like Washington Street.”

“But I want to make my street my own self,” insists a sturdy little fellow, who isn’t yet educated up to the co-operative idea.

“You may, only I thought that we could make such a pretty village, if we all worked together,” gently urges the teacher.

“I think so too, and I’m going to do it,” declares a resolute specimen of Young America, beginning without more ado to place his blocks in a row down the centre of the right hand side of the table.

This is enough to decide the rest of the group, who follow his lead, leaving the boy who wanted to work alone, rather too much alone, apparently, for after placing two or three blocks in position, he begins to feel a little forlorn, and stays his building to watch his mates, working so briskly and happily together. Three,—four,—five minutes, the struggle between the selfish and the social instinct in this small human being, goes on; while the teacher, reading his face like an open book, waits, and will not help, but leaves

him to learn this other lesson—more vital than geography—by himself, that he may know it better. At last, hastily snatching his blocks, he slips around to the side of the nearest child, and joins the other workers, on the common street.

Meantime, nearly all of the block houses have been set up, but one little maid has not placed hers in line with the others on that side.

The teacher now turning her attention to the group, discovers this, and inquires, "Katie, what made you put your houses so far back?"

"Because I wanted to have some flower beds in front," is that diminutive woman's response.

"That will make them charming," pronounces the teacher. "I think I should like to live in one of your houses;" whereupon every block house down the whole length of the street is picked up, and set farther back, to allow space for front yards.

"Does it look like Washington Street now?" queries the teacher, when this fourth amendment to their original idea, has been moved, and carried.

There comes no answer, so she adds suggestively, "What is there on Washington Street besides the houses?"

"Trees!" breaks out a child suddenly. "O Miss D—.! couldn't we have some little bits of branches, and just stick them up in the sand, and play they are trees?"

"Oh, yes! *do* let us," is the eager cry from the enthusiastic little geographers, who cluster around her to urge the matter.

"Well, Minnie and Frank may go and get some; and don't be gone two minutes for it is almost time for me to hear Jimmie's class read."

The couple hurry away, and the teacher turning toward the sand-table, proceeds to lead the rest of the group to see her last point; and does it thus.

"Where shall we set out our trees when they come?" she asks of the children; "show me with your fingers."

The pupils indicate the side of the street.

"Where are the horses and wagons to go?"

"Down here through the middle!" is the class chorus.

"And the people; do you mean to have them walk in the street too? They will get their shoes all sandy, and wet when it rains; what are you going to do about that?"

"They'll just have to wear their rubbers," nonchalantly decides an imperious little miss.

"No, we ought to have a sidewalk," protests a boy instantly; "we forgot that. Let's make one!"

The words are hardly uttered, before the thing is done, and when Frank and Minnie return, each with a hand full of twigs, the class has raised a sidewalk in the sand, and flattened it smooth, down both sides of the miniature street. Then the tiny trees are set out, and the little people stand back to view the effect.

"Which way does your street run, children?"

"East and west," is the instant decision.

"Very well. We will play that Katie lives in one of her houses; then if she looks out of her front windows, she can see my house, which I will place here," putting a block into the sand as she speaks. "Which way will she look?"

"North!" declare the pupils.

"And when I stand on my piazza, and want to know if Katie is on hers, I shall turn my face in what direction?"

"South!" is the response.

"Helen may move into my cottage, and Jennie shall live in this house that I put over here; in which direction will Helen walk when she goes over to visit her?"

"North-east."

"Suppose that Jennie comes half way to meet her; toward what point will she travel?"

"South-west!"

"George, Frank, and Willie may build a short street running south-east from Washington Street. Now," continues the teacher, turning to the others, as the boys named, start for the number table to get their blocks for houses; "if this street that they are to make should cross Washington Street, and go straight on, in what direction would it run?"

"North-west."

"That is right. What shall we call this village that we have begun to make?"

"Quincy!" is the prompt response.

"Very well; the little women and men that are building Quincy, may go to their seats, and copy on their slates what they find on the front blackboard. Write the answers to the first, second, and third, and make a picture for the fourth. Let me see if they can do that as well as they can build a village. Pass."

WHAT THEY FOUND, BEAUTIFULLY WRITTEN, ON THE FRONT BLACKBOARD.

1. How many petals have three cherry blossoms?
2. Mary is twenty-one years old, and her sister is nine. How much older is Mary than her sister?
3. How many sevens in seventeen.
4. How many horns have two oxen, one cat, two goats, eight robins, and four cows? (make a picture.)

Notes and Comments.

The beauty of this lesson lies in the presentation of the different points taught. In it, is found the union of those two conditions so difficult to combine,—entire spontaneity of thought on the part of the pupils, with a constant limitation as to the objects of thought, by the teacher; that is, the children are led so skilfully, that they are quite unconscious of the leading.

THREE LESSONS IN STRUCTURAL GEOGRAPHY.

PURPOSE OF THE LESSONS.—To teach how a pond is formed.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE TEACHER.—*First.* Studying up the matter of the lessons.

Second. Deciding the manner of its representation.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE PUPILS.—All that they know of geography, whether learned from previous lessons, or gained through their own observation of nature.

PLAN OF THE LESSONS.—(1) Review carefully all that has been gone over.

(2) Show the formation of a pond, by building a dam of hills near the mouth of the river on the sand table, and then pouring water through the river channel till the basin thus formed is full. After this has been done, get the children to tell about the way the ice pond is made. Furthermore, lead the pupils to draw constant comparisons between what they have made, and what they have seen; between the objects themselves, and their representation.

A REVIEW.

The class is gathered around the sand table. On it, a little to one side, are molded some hills, with an abrupt slope to the right, and a long gentle slope toward the left ending in a plain. There are grooves in the sand in different places, that show where river-beds have been washed out at previous lessons. The hills are built of pebbles, clay, and sand. First comes a review.*

* These lessons have been given at irregular intervals (never more than twice a week, and sometimes only once) for nearly a year, and the review involves, to some extent, all that has been taught in that time.

"Tell us what you see on the sand table, Amy," is the opening question.

The little girl who is standing at the left-hand side of the molded form, answers, "Nearest to me is a level plain; a little farther away it begins to rise."

"Arthur may put his finger where the rise begins." He does so, and Amy resumes.

"To rise a little at a time, until it gets to this row of rocks, then it is steep away up over these little stones, and from here, it goes on not so steep, up to the top."

"Ella, play that your forefinger is yourself, then you may start at the top of the hill, and run all the way down to the plain; tell us what you go over, to get there."

The small maiden places her finger on the crown of the molded hill, and moves it on as she speaks,—*"I run along down, and it isn't very steep, till after I get here to the stones. It is pretty hard getting over these, and when I come to the edge of the rocks, it is so steep, that I think I shall have to jump,"* and Ella stands holding her forefinger on the top of some small pieces of rock, set into the clay and sand in such a way, that their cleft sides are perpendicular, forming miniature precipices in the molded slope.

"Ho! I guess she'd be dead, if she jumped as far as that," exclaims Phil; while Jimmie says slowly, as if studying the situation, "She might get a long ladder and put it there, and go down on that."

George skeptically. "I'd like to know where she is going to get a ladder?"

At this juncture, finding that her class is rapidly resolving itself into a committee of ways and means, the teacher interposes, and averts the calamity thus: "Never mind; we will play that she is at the bottom. Go on, Ella."

"Now I run all the rest of the way down to the plain."

"How would two of you boys like to start at the top, and

have a race down the other side of our hills?" queries the teacher.

"I shouldn't like it at all," protests Horace.

"Why not?"

"Because it's so steep that we couldn't run; we would fall down."

"Did you ever see a hill as steep as this?" addressing the group, most of whom put up their hands immediately.
"Annie."

"That hill down by Mr. S.'s store."

"What has John to say?"

"I think the one in front of Mr. G.'s house is steeper than that."

"Yes, and either of them is as steep as this of ours. Do any of you remember the name that we gave to the sides of hills, when we talked about them the other day? Bessie."

"We called them slopes."

"What kind of a slope did we say this was, Jennie?" pointing to the right.

"An abrupt slope."

"And on this side [the left]?"

"A gradual slope."

"But it seems to me," objects the teacher, that the slope is not very gradual here." The hands are all up instantly. "Flora."

"No, that's a rocky precipice."

"Did you ever see a real one, children?"

"Yes'm!" in emphatic chorus; "we can see one now," glancing out of the window.

"I don't see any," persists the teacher, staring straight at the opposite wall.

The laughing children immediately surround her, and half pull, half push her about, to face in the right direction; a proceeding to which she smilingly submits, but drops her head, and looks at them instead of out the

window. As she is tall, they are nonplussed for a second, but only for a second; then a bright-eyed little girl gives a chair near by, a push that sends it to the teacher's side, springs upon it, and taking the teacher's head in her two hands, gently lifts it to the right position, while the others exclaim, "There it is! there!" pointing with great energy at the bare face of a crag, which rises precipitately out of the brown hill-side.

"Oh, yes! I see now," laughingly admits the teacher, then turning to the table, around which the children swarm again, like a lot of bees,—*"Ella has been making believe that she ran down the hill, but we saw something really run down the last time. What was it?"*

"Water!" is the quick chorus.

"Did it run straight down, George?"

"No'm, it made crooked paths."

"What is it, Annie?" .

"And some of them ran together."

"Yes. What did we call the water, when it ran in little crooked paths near the top of the hill? Flora."

"Brooks."

"Tell us what we called these brooks after they came together lower down, John."

"A river."

"Where did the river run to, Phil?"

"Away down on the plain."

"And then where, children?"

"It ran over, and down on the floor!" is the speedy response.

"It just leaked out," remarks a boy, which sets them all laughing, while the teacher goes over to her closet, from which she brings a slate with some moistened clay upon it.

THE NEW LESSON.

"I think we will change this a little now," she says, "and build up some more hills; they must not be very large, so we will call them what? Jimmie."

"Small hills."

George speaking out. "Low hills."

"That's just what I want made from this clay; a low hill put here," pointing to a spot on the table near the foot of the larger hill and a little to the right of the river-basin. "Bessie, you may build it."

While she is working, the others watch closely. After a little, John's hand comes up, and being called upon, he criticises, "I don't think that hill is high enough."

"It isn't nearly so high as our old hill; you may take some clay, and make a higher one between this and the other, that we have had so long." He does so.

"Do these look like any of the little hills you have ever seen?" inquires the teacher.

"Some of them do," admits Arthur with an air of lofty condescension.

"Why, don't you remember," breaks out Horace, laying his hand on the old hill, "that we made this just like the hill where Mr. R.'s stone shed is?"

"Well then this hill," reasons the teacher, indicating one of the new ones, "must be where Flora lives, and on the top of this (the little one) is Amy's house."

"But Amy doesn't live on a hill," objects Jennie.

"We can see her house from the window," casually remarks the teacher.

"Let's go and find out!" chorus the class taking their cue forthwith, and off they walk to the window.

After a moment or two of silent contemplation, Flora speaks; "It's a hill one way you look at it, and one way it isn't."

"If it's a hill one way, I should think it would be a hill all ways," soliloquizes the teacher.

"The ground comes up on one side," avers Jimmie.

"There's more dirt on this side," is John's way of expressing the same idea.

"Well, let us go and make ours like this; who can do it? Flora may try."

She fills in between the two hills, just made.

"Now, does our work look right?"

"It seems to me," specifies Horace slowly, as if studying upon it, "that we ought to put some clay in here," designating the open space between the old hill and the one next to it.

"Very well; you may put in some. Does it suit you any better?" queries the teacher, after this has been done.

"I think it looks more like truly land," reports Bessie, viewing it critically with her head on one side.

Just here, the teacher,—detects a slight languor in manner, together with a failing in the quickness of mental action, and knows from these signs, that the small brains are becoming weary; so,—without preamble or preliminary, she says sweetly, "Good-by, children," and the geography class is dismissed.

THE NEXT LESSON.

This begins, of course, with a review the final question of which is,—“What did we build the last time, Jimmie?”

“Those two little hills.”

“They look as if they grew right out of the big hill,” imagines Arthur.

“I think,” says Annie, “that they look like the big hill's children, standing right close up beside their mother.”

To which Flora adds her idea,—“Two baby hills; a little one, and a big one.”

"Who made the small hills?" asks the teacher.

"Bessie and John!" respond the class.

"Jennie may build a low hill just here beside Bessie's, and I think," pursues the teacher, "that I'll have a line of hills curving around this way," indicating a semicircle at the base of the large hill. "Who wants to make the next?" Every one, to be sure. "Phil."

The rest of the class look on while these are working, and presently George offers the following criticism.

"Jennie's hill is higher than the one John is making."

"I want some high ones," is the teacher's quiet reply. "Jimmie, you shall mold the next, Amy put in another, and Arthur make one more. Ella, you raised your hand; what have you to say?"

"I like Jennie's hill best; it is so steep."

"Do you? Suppose you let me see what kind of a hill you can build? Annie, try if you can get a hill in between Jennie's and Phil's. I think that will do. Oh there's George! he hasn't had a chance to work in the clay. There doesn't seem to be any room for a hill, except over where our line of little hills comes around to meet the big hill; you can put one in there."

"What a lot of babies the big hill has now!" exclaims Flora, as the busy workers put their finishing touches.

"They look as if they had made a ring, and were going to play something," invents Phil, laughing at his own conceit.

"What did Bessie and John do yesterday, to finish up their hills, class?"

"Joined them together!" is the answering chorus.

"You may join some of these, Flora. Bessie, you shall help her. John, and Horace may begin to fill in between those on the other side of the large hill."

The last called, work deftly and without pause, while those who built the hills, watch in their turn.

"Now they look as if they had taken hold of hands; don't you think so, Miss D.?" insists Phil.

"Perhaps," is the smiling assent; "I could tell better, if I should see a lot of girls and boys, standing as your hills do, but with their hands joined."

The children catch the idea in a second, and arranged as she suggests, look up with happy faces, waiting for her verdict, which is,— "I think that the little hills, and the little hill-makers do look somewhat alike, but I am not going to treat them one bit alike; for these I am going to keep here, till the next day that I can find time to show you something very nice, while the small folks who made them, I shall send directly to their seats to write me a slate full of r's. Go!"

THE LESSON THAT FOLLOWED.

This review covers all that has been taught, passing over the most familiar points lightly, and giving greater prominence to those last introduced. When it is over, the teacher takes from the window-sill a pitcher of water, and without a word of explanation, begins to pour a tiny, steady stream upon the top of the hill, so managing, that the water runs down through the old channels.

"O, Miss D.!" interrogates one of the class, all of whom are watching, with the keen, curious scrutiny of childhood; "are we going to have some more rivers to-day?"

As the teacher, seemingly absorbed in what she is doing, does not answer, the youngest member of the group alleges knowingly,— "I just thought that was what she was going to do."

Still the teacher says nothing.

"Oh, see!" exclaims a third; "the water can't get out,— the hills we made the other day keep it in."

"It holds the water just like a pan," adds a thoughtful little girl in a low tone, as if speaking to herself.

The teacher pours on.

"Just look, it's getting deep!" warns another, glancing up at the teacher, who apparently neither sees nor hears anything, except the water trickling from the spout of her pitcher.

"What if it should come up to the top?" queries one impressively.

Still the water falls on the pigmy hills, trickles down the tiny brook channels, rolls through the little river-bed, to the basin, formed by the semicircle of hillocks, now quite full, and the teacher does not open her lips, only keeps on pouring.

The excitement by this time has become intense, and when the water begins to run through the lowest gap between the hills, the children cry as with one voice, "Oh, it's getting out!"

Then the teacher stays her hand, sets the pitcher down, and asks, "What does it look like, John?"

"A dish of water," is his idea.

"What are these all around here, children?"

"Hills!" in emphatic chorus.

"Where is the water, Phil?"

"On the ground."

"Yes. Bessie?"

"It's close to the hills."

"Did any of you ever see any water near hills out of doors?"

The children think silently for a few minutes, then Ella ventures timidly, "There's the pond."

This is received with a non-committal "Well?" by the teacher, which keeps them thinking on, till Jimmie suddenly proclaims, "Why yes, it *does* look like the pond."

"It isn't big enough for a pond," contends Arthur.

"I think that's big enough to be a pond, if these are big

enough for hills," argues Horace, looking to the teacher for support, but she merely smiles.

"Of course it's a pond," maintains Amy; "isn't it, teacher?"

This direct appeal must be answered, so she replies, "We will call it a pond. Think of the largest pond you have ever seen, children."

"Over by the ice-house," is the ready chorus.

"I went there last summer, and didn't see any pond," affirms the teacher.

"It wasn't there last summer," admits Flora.

"How did it come there now, George?"

"Mr. O. put a dam in the brook, and that stopped the water from going under the bridge, and made a pond."

"How was the pond made here? We used to have a river; Jimmie?"

"The little hills stopped the water running in the river, and so it spread out and made a pond."

"I believe that was what happened. This will do for to-day, and next time we will see if we can find out anything more about ponds."

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Notes and Comments.

Says Emerson, "Your teaching and discipline must have the reserve and taciturnity of nature." Here is a teacher who possesses this rare gift of silence. She knows not only when to speak, and what to say, but where to stop. If teachers would talk less, they would make a far stronger impression when they do speak, and give the poor children a chance to talk, besides.

CHAPTER V.

A LESSON IN READING.

PURPOSE OF THE LESSON—To train the pupils to get thought from printed sentences.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE TEACHER.—Looking through the story to know what words it contains, with which the children are unacquainted; and arranging the manner of giving the lesson.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE PUPILS.—All the reading that they have ever done.

PLAN OF THE LESSON.—*First.* Have the children tell all that they can think of about the picture, and thus arouse an interest in the text of the lesson.

Second. Weave the unfamiliar words into sentences, writing and pronouncing the words slowly, instead of saying them in the ordinary way. This will introduce them in an interesting manner and help to deepen their impression.

Third. Let the pupils read, questioning them upon all points which could possibly be misunderstood, and discussing the meaning of any difficult words. In this manner, make sure that they have gained the thought.

Fourth. Call upon some of the class to tell all they can remember of what they have read. Use this as a means of testing still further, if the thought is in the mind.

Fifth. Place upon the board a list of new or difficult words, and let the children put them into sentences. This

will show whether they *know* the words of the lesson, *i.e.*, whether they can use them.

Sixth. Write a few words for the pupils to make stories about. This is the final test which tells if the word is known,—that they can use it properly in written work.

THE LESSON.

"The third division please face! Stand! File!" are the words that cause a group of little children to leave their seats, and pass quickly, yet quietly up to the teacher's platform, in front of which they arrange themselves in line, seemingly just as they happen to stand.

From her table, the teacher takes some second readers, and distributes them to the pupils, receiving from each in turn, a low-spoken "Thank you."

"Does any one remember the lovely story we read yesterday?" asks the teacher, of her class who are eagerly turning over the leaves of their readers.

"I do!" exclaims a lively little miss. "It was about a boy who wanted to play all the time"

"Please let us read it again;" pleads a pupil who has found the lesson referred to, and is all ready to commence.

"I think it would be better to read something new," advises the teacher, "and I have found a nice story for you. It begins on page one hundred and three."

"There isn't any picture," complains a boy, the instant his eye lights upon the designated place.

"Yes there is, on the other side," answers a youth, who has turned the leaf.

"It's a little girl making cake," asserts a child, smiling all over his face, as if that was a very laughable idea.

"Well, my mother lets me make cake some days," responds a diminutive woman, feeling called upon to show the young man that such things have happened.

"Yes! and I've made pies; little teenty tonty pies," triumphantly announces another small maiden.

"Who is ready to tell me a nice story about this picture?" interposes the teacher, bringing her wandering talkers back to the lesson. Everybody is eager. "Theo."

"I can see a girl, and there is a basket alongside of her."

"Give me a better word to tell where the basket is,—Sadie."

"Beside."

"Now Theo, try again."

"I can see a girl with a basket beside her, and there are eggs in the basket."

"Ida tell us something."

"The girl has a neck-tie, and her dress is buttoned in front."

"Paul."

"I see a bowl, and an egg outside of the basket."

"Jessie."

"I see a mug, and a dish, and a cake, and a book, and a knife alongside—I mean beside the bowl."

"She's told everything in the picture," asserts Tom impatiently.

"Not quite; I can see several things that haven't been mentioned," says the teacher. "Josie."

"The girl has on a white apron."

"Yes; Hattie."

"The girl has a bow on the top of her head."

"Paul."

"Her sleeves are rolled up, and she is holding her apron on."

"Ellen."

"I think she's just putting her apron on."

"What do you suppose she wears that for, Edgar?"

"So she won't spoil her dress."

"Gilbert."

"Because she is going to cook "

"What makes you think she is going to cook, Gilbert?"

"Because she has eggs."

"Who can think of something nice that we can make with eggs? Any one."

Then comes this list of good things to eat, from these little folks who love them.

"Custards."

"Cake."

"Poached eggs."

"Frosting."

"Custard pie."

"Pudding."

"Omelet."

"Squash pie."

"Doughnuts."

"That will do. Put your books down at your sides. Now I am going to write a word that tells what we have to wipe our mouths with when we eat, especially when we have on a very nice—"

"Satin dress!" calls out Tom, too eager to notice the amusement betrayed by the teacher's face, as she turns to the board to place upon it the word *napkin*.

"You may all say it slowly."

"This is a long word," the teacher continues, writing as she talks. "Perhaps when some one of you set the table for your mother, you—" pointing to the word; "Remembered," say the class; "to put a—" indicating the word; "Napkin," repeat the pupils; "at each plate. If you did that, I should call you—" writing and pronouncing slowly; "Thoughtful children!" read the little ones all together.

"Perhaps I would like to give you a—" writes; "Cupful," calls out the class; "of—" writing and pronouncing; "Raisins!" exclaim the children. "Then I should surely see some—" writing, and waiting for the pupils to read;

"smiling faces!" There is a whole row of them, when the teacher pauses to inquire, "How do people feel when they look smiling?"

"Happy!" is the unanimous response.

"Open your books, and tell me if the little girl in the picture looks that way."

"Yes'm!" "Yes'm!" is the instant assent.

"What do you suppose made her happy?"

"Because she is going to cook," avers Sadie.

"She remembered that somebody was poor and sick, and I guess she was going to give them something," assumes Gilbert.

"That's a good thought," commends the teacher.

"Because she is going to make squash pies," is Theo's idea.

"It made her happy to think of all those nice things for the poor," alleges Ellen, following in Gilbert's wake.

"I shouldn't wonder," begins the teacher, "if this little girl had been to the store to buy something, and had on her best dress. When she got home, before she began to cook, what do you think she did?"

"Put on her every-day dress," responds Josie, unhesitatingly.

"Put on a calico dress," is Ida's answer.

"Changed her dress," is the way Hattie puts it.

"That's it," agrees the teacher, writing *changed* upon the board, giving each sound, as she makes the letters which represent it.

"Now I think that when this little cook was ready to go to work, her—" writing; "Mother!" call out the class; "gave her some eggs, and told her to—" writing and pronouncing; "Separate," comes promptly from the little people; "the light part,—what is it called?"

"The white of an egg."

"Yes. The white; from that part of the egg which is this shape," making a circle.

"The yolk!" assert the pupils.

"What color is it?"

"Red!" proclaims a headlong youngster, without stopping to think.

"Yellow!" maintains the rest of the class in sturdy chorus.

"What shape is the yolk?"

"Round like a ball," explains Edgar, with his eyes fixed on the circle just made.

"I don't think so," contends Jessie.

"It's round anyhow, teacher said so!" flames up Edgar, assuming the defensive.

"Yes, it is round," determines the teacher, "like a ball, and the word we've been talking about is—" writing; "Yolks," say the little ones.

"She took these," the teacher resumes, pointing to the word just pronounced, "and—" "Added some flour," read the class, as soon as it is written; "and several other things," continues the narrator; "and then—" writing; "Baked!" say the class; "what she had made," concludes the teacher. "What was it?"

"A cake!" is the unanimous verdict.

"Now she took the whites of the eggs, put a little sugar with them, and beat them with a—" writing rapidly; "fork" prompt the children; "until they were—" writes and pronounces slowly; "Foamy," aver the interested little ones.

"Did you ever see anything that was foamy? Paul."

"The milk when it was just brought in."

"Jessie."

"When the waves splash up, they look foamy."

"Sadie."

"The soap-suds in my mother's wash-tub."

"What was this that looked foamy?"

"Frosting!" specifies the eager group.

"Oh, I do love it!" exclaims Hattie.

"Yes," giving that peculiar inflection to the word, common among the Quincy teachers, who use it with great effect. It seems to signify just enough gentle indifference, to hold the volatile and forward pupils in check, and yet denotes sufficient sympathy to prevent the impulsive from feeling any hurt to their pride or leaving the emotional with any sense of discouragement.

The teacher continues. "This is the way that it looks," beginning to write; "I mean the word," she adds, pausing with uplifted crayon, to glance archly over her shoulder at the lover of sweets, who laughs with the rest of the row, in full appreciation of the small joke.

Turning from the board where *frosting* has been written, the merry look dies out in the teacher's kindly eyes as she glances over the heads of her attentive little class, down the room and says, speaking gravely, in a clear low tone; "Clarence troubles me because he is not at work. I shall have to wait until he finds something to do." The idle boy fumbles nervously in his desk for a moment, and then taking out slate and pencil, begins to write.

"What is this story about?" is the question with which the teacher resumes the lesson; "look carefully."

The little readers are all intent upon their books.

"Ellen."

"The Young Cook."

"I can see a word in the column, that makes me think the little girl had some yeast. Who can tell me what it is? Ida."

"Raised."

"There is one that tells what she did with her napkin. Theo."

"Folded."

"I shouldn't wonder if the—" pointing to, and the children read,— "Raisins;" "she put into her cake, did this—"

writing and pronouncing; "Settled," repeat the class; "at the bottom," adds the teacher.

"I don't believe you ever saw this word before," she assumes, giving the slow pronunciation, as she writes.

"All together, say it!"

"Treasures!"

"Once again."

"Treasures!"

"Who can tell me what a treasure is?"

"I know; a baby!" exclaims Sadie eagerly.

"What makes you think so?"

"Because mamma says that our baby is her precious treasure," is the artless explanation.

"Yes; what have you to say, Tom?"

"I don't think it's a baby; it means something nice," expounds the candid Tom.

"Gilbert."

"It means gold, and jewelry, and pretty things."

"Well, we will read our story now, and perhaps we shall find out in that way."

At this announcement, every book comes up in front of the line of animated faces, and each child begins to pore over the open page as if everything depended upon his knowledge of its contents. Meantime the arms are flung up, the hands waving absent-mindedly to and fro, as an indication that the owners are desirous of being called upon.

After a moment or two of waiting for the absorbed readers to get something of an idea of the opening paragraph, the teacher asks, "Who is going to read first, and read very nicely?"

The limp arms straighten immediately, and the waving hands begin to flutter, while the faces are speaking a silent language, each urging its claim to be the one selected; but no word is uttered.

"I think Paul may begin to tell us the story," decides the teacher, choosing the child whose manner, though eager, is noticeable for its quiet self-repression.

The instant the name of the reader is given, the arms drop, and every pupil in the group becomes absorbed in his book, following the little boy, as he reads,

"Katie Clark and her mother have just moved to the country. Katie's father died not long ago, and her mother had to sell their large, nice house in the city "

The reading is remarkable distinct in utterance, conversational in manner, the voice sweet and low, and the thoughts as perfectly expressed as if they were the reader's own. But no one seems to be surprised; the class take it as a matter of course, and immediately raise their hands each hoping to be the next selected, while the teacher begins to question.

"What is the little girl's name?"

"Katie Clark" is the chorus.

"Where did they live before they went into the country, Edgar?"

"In the city," is that young man's response, given without lifting his eyes from the paragraph he is reading silently.

"Why did her mother sell her house, Theo?"

"Because she wanted to get some money."

"Gilbert, your hand is up, what do you say?"

"I think," expounds the small man consequentially, "that she hadn't money enough to support her."

"Yes. Hattie may read this time."

"Katie is a good girl, and wishes to help her mother."

reports Hattie, as if she really believed it.

"Her aunt, who lives in the country, gave her some pretty white chickens, and she will sell the eggs, and give the money to her mother "

"What did she wish to do?" questions the teacher, selecting Jessie's from the line of outstretched arms, as belonging to the child who should answer.

"Her mother was poor, and she wished to help her."

"What kind of a girl was she, class?"

"A good girl!" is the emphatic chorus.

"Why was she going to sell eggs, Tom?"

"To get some money," hazards that individual, looking very wise.

"Paul."

"To support her mother."

"What does it mean to support any one?"

"To keep her up," propounds Tom, without waiting to be asked.

"Sadie," calls the teacher, ignoring the impetuous definer.

"To get food to eat," avers that ready little miss.

"I think it means things to wear," contends Ida.

"Or for the house," qualifies Gilbert.

"Then it means everything to live on," sums up the teacher. "Edgar may be the next reader."

"Her mother's birthday came just after they got settled down—"

"Oh!" exclaims Josie, instantly putting her finger on her lip as the teacher shakes her head in mute protest, and the reader, interrupted by the exclamation, having looked up too late to catch the pantomime, seeing nothing unusual, adds the remainder of his sentence—

"in their new home."

"You put in a word that didn't belong there, Edgar," says the teacher pleasantly, before he can go on. "We must be careful to read just what is in the book. Try that sentence again."

"Her mother's birthday came just after they got settled in their new home."

repeats the boy.

"Yes; read on till I tell you to stop."

"So Katie wished to surprise her with something nice. She walked to her aunt's who lived two miles away, and asked her kind aunt to show her how to make a large sweet cake for her mamma."

"What is it to surprise?" is the teacher's question put the instant the reader stops. "Josie."

"To do something, when somebody doesn't know that you are going to."

"I think it is. Who wants to tell me the next two stories?" All are anxious. "Ida may," is the teacher's choice, after a look of approbation along the line of intent little ones, each with eyes fastened to the book, which is held in one hand, leaving the other free for a signal, to denote his desire to read the paragraph he is now skimming as rapidly as possible.

The child lifts her head as her name is called, assumes a better position, lowers her book which she now takes with both hands, and says in the most interested fashion,

"So Katie and her aunt went out to the old barn, where the hens had made their nests in the hay, and found eggs enough to fill their basket. Katie was delighted, and ran quickly into the house with her pretty white treasures."

"Wasn't that a nice lot to find?" asks the teacher, entering into the spirit of the piece with as much zest as the youngest pupil in the group.

"Yes'm!" is the enthusiastic chorus.

"I found a whole hatful once," volunteers the irrepressible Tom; "but they weren't good ones."

"What were Katie's treasures, children?" inquires the teacher hastily, to prevent any further reminiscences on the part of her talkers.

"Eggs!" is the concerted reply.

"Yes. I think Sadie can tell us what happened next,"

is the teacher's remark, referring to a little maid who has been reading steadily on during the conversation.

"Her aunt then showed her how to separate the yolks and whites of the eggs and, with a silver fork, to whip the whites until they rose up in a foamy mound, like that you see in the dish,"

reads Sadie.

"She said that 'they rose up in a foamy mound;' what is a mound?" queries the teacher. "Hattie."

"A little hill."

"What are little hills made of, class?"

"Earth!" "Dirt!" "Ground!" is the confused chorus.

"When a very high hill is made of earth, we call it a—"

"Mountain!" proclaim the readers, as with one voice.

"What did Katie do with the whites of the eggs to make them look that way? Ellen."

"She whipped them."

"What do you mean by that? I don't think all of us know."

"She beat them with a fork," explains Ellen.

"Tom, talk the next paragraph to us."

Tom starts off, like a race-horse at full speed.

"Then she gave to her a large square box of raisins,—"

"Wait a little," says the teacher calmly, checking the reader at his first comma. "Begin again, and read more carefully next time."

Somewhat sobered and steadied by this correction, Tom reads very naturally, though a little faster than the subject requires, this sentence,

"Then she gave her a large square box of raisins, and told her to take a cupful, and take all the seeds out of them "

"That's better," is the teacher's comment; followed by,—
"Why did Katie take the seeds out, Paul?"

"So as to make the cake nicer."

"What is it, Theo?"

"So her mother wouldn't have to take them out, when she was eating the cake."

"You may read on, and see if it says what else the little cook put into her cake."

"Then she brought sugar in a bowl, and milk in a cup,"

reads the unaffected little lad,

"and added some butter, and taught Katie how to mix them with flour so as to make a large round loaf of cake."

"Hattie, you shall tell us what Katie did after that."

"When her cake was made and baked, Katie's aunt showed her how to make some white frosting, and spread it on the top and sides of the cake. Then when it was cool, Katie covered the cake with a napkin and carried it safely home."

"No, my dear, not quite; look at that once more."

Up comes the small forefinger to lead the eye along the page.

"Stand up very tall and straight, and hold your book with both hands, Hattie, then you will read better," is the teacher's adroit mode of preventing the child from pointing to the lines.

The little maiden obeys, and reads the paragraph again:

"When did Katie carry home her cake, Hattie?"

"When it was cool."

"Yes, I should *throw* that word down."

"Then when it was cool,"

emphasizes the youthful elocutionist,

"Katie covered the cake with a napkin, and carried it safely home "

"Very good. Why didn't she take the cake home when it was hot? Sadie."

"I guess she was afraid it would burn her," thinks that practical little woman.

"Jessie."

"Because it might break."

"If you handle cake when it is hot, what happens to it, Ida?"

"It makes it hard."

"Josie."

"It falls."

"Ellen."

"It makes it heavy."

"That's it; and I think you look as if you could tell us the next story nicely."

The girl reads, with all the grace and ease of childish talk,

"When Katie's mother awoke the next morning, and remembered that it was her birthday, and thought how things had changed with her since her last birthday, she felt very sad."

All the rest of the class are reading—as usual—the same paragraph silently, their guileless, expressive faces, varying with every change of thought in the story they are interpreting.

Now the hitherto sunshiny countenances wear a shade of seriousness, as the teacher asks, "What made Katie's mother sad on her birthday, Jessie?"

"Because, on her last birthday, her dear husband was alive, and gave her lots of things, and now he was dead, and she wouldn't get any presents," is the small maiden's commentary, delivered with befitting pathos of voice and manner.

This utilitarian view concerning a widow's bereavement, is so original and ingenuous, that the teacher ventures no further question but motions to Josie to read. While she is doing so, the teacher retires behind her desk-lid for a time, seemingly, to indulge in a sudden attack of coughing.

"Just then,"

reads Josie,

"Katie came in, bright and smiling, with a sweet kiss for her mamma, and carrying her nice cake carefully in her hands."

By the time the vivacious little reader has come to the close of her paragraph, the countenances of her listeners are beaming again, and one enthusiastic little girl exclaims, "Isn't that nice!"

"Oh but Miss D ! the next story is the best of all; I've just been reading it," reports Gilbert.

"Then you may read it again, to us," is the teacher's proposal.

Straightway the boy begins,

"Her mother folded her arms about her little daughter, and said, 'God bless you, my sweet child! you are my dearest gift, because you are always so kind and thoughtful.'"

Some of the class have followed the reading with their eyes upon the book, while the others have looked into the reader's face and listened, (thereby transforming the usual straight line of the reading class into a curve—which doesn't trouble the teacher in the least), but all have gained the thought; and when, as the last word is spoken, Josie exclaims, "Wasn't that just a beautiful story!" the rest of the class look, what the teacher says, "I think it was."

"Can't we read it again?" pleads Edgar.

"Perhaps, sometime. Who wants to tell me what they remember of this story?" From the eager aspirants, she selects Jessie, who narrates,—

"Katie Clark's mother's birthday came soon after she moved to her new home. Katie remembered it, and went over to her kind aunt's, and asked her to show her how to make a frosted cake to give to her mother."

"Very good. Has any one anything to tell that Jessie left out? Paul."

"She didn't say that they lost their money, and had to sell their house, and that Katie was going to support her mother."

"So she didn't. That will do for this morning."

"Please Miss D., won't you write some words on the board? We haven't had any for a long time," urges Sadie, as the pupils pass up their books to the teacher, receiving her thanks for each.

"Yes, we have time for just a few, because," slightly deepening her voice, and speaking to the entire roomful, "my other children—all but one—are very kind to me, taking good care of themselves, and keeping steadily at work."

Clarence, who has been sitting half way round in his seat watching the slate of his neighbor in the rear, revolves suddenly, and directs his attention to the blackboard near by, upon which are some words which he remembers all at once to copy.

Seeing her one little idler busy once more, the teacher turns and writes rapidly upon the board, the words, *remembered, country, mother, cake, frosting, basket, covered, and carefully.*

"Who has a story ready?" is her brisk demand, as she steps back a little to give the class a better view of her list. "Hattie."

The child looks at the board, and weaves the words she selects, into a sentence thus: "Katie Clark lives in the country, and she can have all the eggs she wants, and her mother can make frosted cake with them."

"Yes. Ellen."

"I had some eggs in a basket, and I covered them, and brought them carefully into the house."

"Edgar."

"I remember," begins the boy, "one summer morning, I chanced to see a bird's nest up in a tree almost covered

with leaves, and the boy that was with me, said he was going up to see if there was anything in it, and I told him not to," ending with an air of such conscious virtue, that the teacher feels obliged to recognize it, which she does by saying, "I am very glad you were there to keep that boy from going; Sadie, we will hear your story."

"My grandmother lives in the country," starts off the little story-teller, "and she has a great many eggs, and can make frosted eggs. Every morning I go out to the Boston Branch Store, and get eggs for my brother's breakfast; and sometimes my mother does not cook all the eggs, but she breaks them up, and makes cake with them, for she thinks she may have company through the day."

"That will be all we shall have time for. Now you may go," notifies the teacher, and at the word, the reading class disperses. Passing to another board, the teacher waits a second, till the pupils are in their seats, then as several reach for their pencils to go to work, she says, "Leave your pencils on your desks for a little, drop your hands in your laps, and look at me. We have been reading about a little girl, and this was her name," writing *Katie*; "and she lived in the—" writing *city*. "This little girl had an aunt whose home was in the—" writing *country*.

"Sometimes Katie went to visit her aunt, who had a great many pets, and some were—" writing *chickens*.

"You didn't dot the i in chickens," criticises the wide-awake Tom.

"That is true," dotting it carefully. "I like to be correct. Katie was a good kind girl, and tried to—" writing *help her mother*. "Now this lady was poor, and her little girl wanted to earn some—" writing *money*.

"What do you think she could do to earn money?" addressing the class.

"She could make butter and cheese, and sell them," predicates one.

"She might go out and wash for a lady, and earn money that way," supposes another.

"She could sell something," asserts a voice.

"She might pick some berries and sell them," specifies one of the older boys.

"She could do work,—go on errands," is a girl's thought.

"She could sell cranberries," calls out a child, who probably speaks from observation.

The financier of the group delivers himself thus: "She might go over to her aunt's and get some eggs, and then get an old hen and have the hen bring out some chickens; and when the chickens grow up they could lay eggs, and she could sell them, and get some money and then get more chickens."

"Perhaps she could do some of these things," acknowledges the teacher, "but she wished to help her mother in another way; she thought she would like to—" writing *surprise* "her. So she took a long—" writing *walk*, "out to where her—" writing *aunt*, "lived. When she got there, her aunt showed her how to make a—" writing *cake*, "for her mother's—" writing *birthday*.

"Now I should like to have you put these words into some stories, which you may write for me while I am hearing the second division read" announces the teacher as she turns away, leaving the young composers to do their work without further assistance.

Here are several of the children's "stories" copied *verbatim*.

My aunt Katie has twelve little chickens and their mother takes great care of them.

Katie went to her aunt and asked her if she would show her how to make a cake for it was her birthday

My mother was in great surprise when I brought her a bag of candy.

Katie is a very nice little girl for me to play with. She lives in the city and is very poor. To-day is her birthday.

Katie will you surprise your mother with a nice white sugar cake at her birthday and put it in a large dish?

One morning I went to see if the chickens had laid any eggs and I looked down with great surprise and saw a dozen of nice large eggs

A CASE OF DISCIPLINE.

The reading lesson is over, but Clarence is not yet disposed of, although the teacher takes no further notice of him until recess time comes. Then, rising with the others at the word of command, great is his astonishment when the teacher remarks quietly, "Clarence may sit down; he has no time for play this morning, because he has not done his work. Pass!" Filled with chagrin, the boy drops back into his seat, and his mates file out.

As the last child of the last line steps over the threshold, the teacher, without a word or a look at the culprit, opens the nearest window a little wider, tosses outside a flower that was withering at her belt, picks off a dead leaf here and there from the plants in the hanging basket, and rearranges the sprays that droop over its edge; then stepping to her table, she selects another blossom from the abundance there gathered, tucks it under the ribbon at her waist, and goes on into the adjoining room, to chat with the teacher there.

Nothing of all this has been lost upon the disappointed, angry child. He saw that she took pains to throw away the flower he brought her that morning; he feels that she purposely avoided looking toward him, and he knows why these things are done:—to punish him. He can hear the shouts of his comrades at their play, and imagines that they are laughing because he is kept in. A little bird singing clearly and sweetly in a tree near by, seems to be mocking at his misery. Even the wind blowing cool and

fresh through the airy room, and rustling the leaves of a book lying open upon the teacher's desk irritates him. So hate takes possession, sullenness sets in, rage gathers, and he sits with lowering brows and pouting lips, the very image of youthful rebellion.

At last the teacher comes back, the bell rings, the children troop in, warm, rosy, and brim full of fun.

"Clarence, you may go out for five minutes," says the teacher.

He doesn't want to go; he hates her because she speaks to him, but something in her tone and manner makes him rise and pass down the aisle. Just at this moment everybody begins to sing—

"I wish I were a sunbeam,"

and that he feels is another insult. He sits down on the doorstep, and spends his recess in spitefully kicking every pebble within reach, and dully wondering how he could ever have liked such a hateful teacher.

When the class begin to sing—

"What do birdies dream of?"

he goes in, never looking at anybody, except one little girl, who happens to smile up in his face as he passes by, and at her he glares fiercely, wishing he could give her one good push.

After the singing come the lessons, in which he takes no part, but puts his head down on his desk and thinks. He cannot cry; his temper is too hot for that: it burns,—a slow smouldering fire of rage and hate. How long it seems,—this hour! but the end comes, and his row is called. Rising, and passing with the others down the aisle, he has almost reached the door, when he hears a voice—low yet firm, "Wait Clarence; I wish to see you."

His first impulse is to run out through the doorway. He is bound, and she could never catch him. But he does not go; he turns instead, back to his seat, and drops his head again upon his desk. He does not hear the other pupils pass, nor does he hear the door close as the last one leaves the entry, and the teacher's step is unheeded as she comes slowly up the schoolroom to his seat. He is so filled with rage, that he cannot hear. But he feels a light hand laid upon his head, and roughly shakes it off. Then two hands seize his head, although he tries to hold it down, and some force that he fails to conquer, makes him lift his eyes up to the teacher's face. For a moment he meets that kindly leadfast gaze, with one of fiercest hate; then the gentleness, the sadness, the pity he sees in that face begin to exercise the demon that possesses him, and before the teacher takes her eyes from his, the tears begin to rise, his lips to tremble, and in another instant, his whole frame is shaken with the sobs he tries in vain to control. The evil spirit has fled away.

Then the teacher sits down by the weeping child, and weeps.

"How could you be so naughty, Clarence, and make us both so unhappy?"

"I-don't-know," sobs the boy.

"Just think how many times we have talked about being little workers; and I thought that you were going to be one of my little workers; and instead of that, I had to speak to you twice, you troubled me so this morning."

"I didn't mean to," bursts out the child with a fresh accession of sobs.

"I don't think you did,—at first," agrees the teacher, quick to accept this childish apology; "but afterward—" and she pauses, to let the wrong-doer fill in the picture from his own recollection.

"I don't know what I shall do with you, resumes the

teacher, after a little sad spell of silence, unless you learn to love work. Clarence, did you ever think what kind of a man, a lazy boy grows into?"

"No'm."

"He doesn't make a good man, and people don't love him. You wouldn't like to be such a man, would you?"

"No'm," responds the sober little fellow, and raising his tearful eyes to her face, he adds, "I won't Miss D.; truly I *am* going to work next time."

"I am glad to hear it," responds his mentor cordially, though it is quite possible that knowing his inherited tendencies she has some doubts as to the stability of his purpose, but she would not for the world dampen his ardor in this hour of repentance and resolve, by allowing him to suspect it.

"Now let us shake hands, and be good friends again, and this afternoon we will begin all over new, and see what we can do. Good-bye."

His "Good-bye Miss D." is a little unsteady, and the teacher feels, as she stands looking after his little figure till it disappears at the turn of the road, that one more good fight has been fought, and one more victory for the right has been gained.

Notes and Comments.

"Learning to read," says Col. Parker in his "Talks on Teaching," "is learning a vocabulary of written and printed words;" a process which this lesson well illustrates. The twelve words taught are not new to the children, because these words are already included in their oral vocabularies, but the young readers are not familiar with the written and printed forms. To make them so, is teaching them to read; and this the teacher successfully does. That she may be quite certain that she has accomplished her

purpose, the teacher employs three tests. First, the recognition of the printed form at sight; second, the test of use in oral language; third, the reproduction in written form.

AN EXERCISE IN IMITATION.

It is just fifteen minutes of four o'clock on Friday afternoon, when the teacher strikes her bell for the busy little workers in her schoolroom to put away their slates and pencils, sit up straight, and look at her.

"I have been very much pleased with my children to-day," announces the teacher to her attentive audience.

The flattered little folks immediately assume such a triumphant air of duty done, that she hastens on to the next clause of her discourse, lest she should be tempted to laugh in their faces.

"I thought that we would have something especially nice before we go home. Would you like that?"

"Yes'm!" "Yes'm!" "O do!" "Do!" is the enthusiastic chorus of assent to her proposition.

"Please tell us another story?" pleads a small boy.

"O Miss D.! won't you sing a song for us?" comes a little girl's appeal.

"I'd rather have you say a piece of poetry, than anything else," is the plain-spoken preference of a Scotch lad, whose mind is always made up as to what he does, or does not want.

"I sang for you day before yesterday, and I told you the story of the 'Palace of Truth,' last week, so I think I'll recite a little poem to you to-day, if you will do something for me. What do you suppose it is?"

"Recite some poetry to you," guesses a diminutive Yankee.

"That's just it. Let me see every one sitting tall and straight, with his chest out, so that he will have a sweet voice. That is better; now you look charming. If you only recite as well, I shall be very proud of you. I would like to hear the one you learned last. Begin!"

"'Seven times one,'" say the small people in concert *

"There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,"

call out the little ones, exultantly;

"There's no rain left in heaven

I've said my 'seven times' over and over,"

proclaim the children, and then repeat it once more,—

"Seven times one are seven "

As they render stanza by stanza this exquisitely child-like poem, their eyes sparkle, and their features light up with ever-varying expression: they are full of spirit and movement. The poem lives in them, and they act it out. Yet this recitation, so full of real feeling, so free from affected vivacity, and that labored ease common to imitative work, was taught by imitation; and the pupils interpret the poem as the teacher would (only better).

The vast difference between this, and the ordinary imitative teaching, lies in the fact that the children are here led to reproduce the teacher's rendering *unconsciously*. Their attention has been called to the thought only,—or to the words as recalling the thought; but no allusion has been made to emphasis, inflection, cadence, or pause; and their knowledge of how to use these elements of expression, has been unconsciously absorbed

When the last stanza, with its jubilant—

"I am old' you may trust me, linnet, linnet—

I am seven times one to-day "

* The pupils have been nearly the whole term, memorizing this, it having been given four lines at a time, and the children called upon to repeat what they had learned, in some unoccupied minutes, during each day.

has been given, the dramatic little reciters having finished their part of the entertainment, wait for the promised recitation from the teacher.

Stepping forward a pace, she stands, for perhaps a second, looking straight into the eyes of the children, as if she loved them; then without a word of preface she recites Wordsworth's "Pet Lamb" in her very best style. As this is uncommonly good, she holds her listeners from the first word to the last, and then breaks the spell by asking, "How many would like to take that for our next poem?" The vote is overwhelmingly in favor. "Very well; let us begin to learn it. Here is the first stanza," repeating—

"The dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink,
I heard a voice it said, "Drink, pretty creature, drink!"
And looking o'er the hedge, before me I espied
A snow-white mountain lamb, with a maiden at its side."

"What time did all this happen, children?" is her first leading toward the thought.

"In the evening," is the ready chorus.

"How do you know that?"

"Because the stars were out," argue the small logicians.

"In this stanza it says—'The stars began to blink:' what does that mean?"

"To shine," states one.

"To wink," conjectures another.

"To twinkle," hazards a third.

"I think that the last is the best meaning," decides the teacher, immediately reciting, the four lines again. "Who can tell me what was heard in the evening?" Nearly every one apparently, and Mollie is selected.

"Somebody told the lamb to drink," is her version.

"Who told the lamb to drink? Any one."

"A maiden!" is the assertion in concert.

"That means?" interrogates the teacher.

"A little girl," explains the class.

"What color was the lamb?"

"White."

"How white?"

"As white as snow."

"Yes, I'll say it once more;" which she does, following the repetition instantly with the query, "Where was the lamb?"

"Behind the hedge," report the children.

"So it was. Now I am going to repeat it again, and if any of you can say it with me, you may."

All eyes are fixed upon the teacher, and most of the lips move at intervals during the rendering of the lines, but only a few voices are heard.

"That is good for the first time," concedes the teacher encouragingly. "Let us try once more."

Nearly every one succeeds now, in remembering something of the stanza, and the phrase—"Drink, pretty creature, drink!" having caught their fancy, is given with quite a full chorus

"Monday," promises the teacher, "I'll recite it to you again." Just here the gong for dismissal strikes, stiffening up the limp backs like an electric shock.

"Good afternoon, children," says the teacher cordially, and the affectionate little people call back, as they throw her a kiss, "Good afternoon, Miss D."

A moment after, there comes the tap of a drum upon the stairs. The class still sitting, whirl to the right. Another drum tap, and they rise like one body. The drum begins to beat, and the class to march. The five rows fall into one long line, which as it passes over the threshold into the hall, divides in two, the girls turning toward the left, and the boys to the right, to reach the hooks where their hats are hung. When these are on, the pupils rearrange themselves in double file, the boys marching shoulder to shoulder out one doorway, as the girls file out the other.

CHAPTER VI.

LANGUAGE.—A LESSON WITH A MORAL.

THE circumstances under which the following lesson was given are these.

A visitor to the school—an experienced teacher under the old *régime*, but entirely unaccustomed to the new ways of working, although an enthusiastic believer in them—asked, and obtained permission to conduct an exercise in composition writing, with the pupils of a certain room.

The lesson as given—though a sample of unskilful teaching—is presented for two reasons. First, because it strikingly illustrates what should *not* be done in the beginning of written language work; and second, because it emphasizes—by force of contrast—the fine points in the exercise which follows this.

The three worst faults of this lesson are,—first: too many subjects of thought presented, resulting in, —second: a partial development of each subject; consequently allowing, third: too wide a range for the writers.

PURPOSE OF THE LESSON.—To give the children something to write about.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE TEACHER.—(1) Thinking up what to say to the children.

(2) Selecting a story to tell.

(3) Bringing a picture to present to the class.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE PUPILS —*First.* Whatever ability they have acquired to observe closely.

Second. Every bit of training in consecutive thinking that they have ever had.

Third. All the power of expression in written language which they have gained.

PLAN OF THE LESSON.—Open the exercise with a conversation which will lead the children to ask for a story. Then narrate the story of "The Rabbits." Follow this with the presentation of the picture. Afterward tell the class the purpose for which their stories are wanted, in order to make them anxious to do their best.

THE LESSON.

The regular teacher—Miss D.—directs the entire class to put away everything except slates, and pencils, and to sit up in the attitude of attention. She then retires to the rear of the room, out of the range of the pupils' vision, in order to throw the class more completely into the hands of the temporary teacher.

This individual, who has been in the room before, and who is therefore not an utter stranger to the children, comes forward smilingly, and says, "Miss D., I haven't been introduced to these little folks."

"Does any one know who this lady is?" inquires Miss D. Several hands go up.

"What is my name?" asks the new teacher, of a little maid near by, who looks as if she wished to tell.

"Miss X.," is the assured reply.

"How did you happen to know?" pursues the questioner

"My sister told me."

There is no disputing either the fact or the authority, so Miss X. bethinks herself of her first point, and proceeds to make it thus: "What could I do for you that you would like?"

This is such an unexpected query, to come from a stran-

ger, that their usual alertness deserts these self-possessed little people, for a moment; but only for a moment; then a voice suggests laconically, "Write."

"I am not a good writer," confesses the new teacher, "I shouldn't wonder if you could write better than I can. Isn't there something else I could do that would please you?"

"Tell us a story!" exclaims a bright-eyed little girl in a back seat.

"Yes, tell us a story!" comes from all parts of the room; and one demonstrative child, catching up Miss X.'s hand that happens to be resting upon her desk, caresses it softly as she pleads, "O please do! please!"

"I don't know what kind you like," prefaces the new teacher, "so perhaps I shall not suit your taste, but I'll tell you one that I think is good. But before I begin, let me ask you, where do you suppose I got it?"

"Out of a book," is the first guess.

"No."

Then follows,— "Out of a paper."

"No."

"Out of the *Spice Box*." *

"No."

"Out of the *Patriot*." †

"No."

"Out of your brain."

"No, somebody told me."

"Oh I know! Miss D.?"

"No!"

"Mr. B." (The Superintendent.)

"No."

* A small sheet published monthly by a grocery firm as an advertisement, and distributed gratuitously.

† The local paper.

"Your sister."

"I haven't any sister."

"You heard it when you went to school," hazards one of the eager, curious roomful.

"No; that was too long ago."

"You read it in a book."

"No; I couldn't do that, because it never was in a book."

"You heard it at home."

"No."

"Then you heard it when you were visiting," reasons a thoughtful looking little fellow, drawing his inference with ready accuracy.

"Yes, and how large do you think the person was who told me?"

"As large as Miss B." (the Primary principal, and to their minds a model in every way).

"No, not nearly so large."

"As little as Miss J." (the smallest teacher in the building).

"No, smaller yet, it was a—"

"Little child," chorus the young guessers with one accord.

"Yes, a little girl, about as tall as you are," indicating one close at hand. "How old are you?"

"Eight years," affirms the small maid, rising instantly, and standing beside her seat as she gives her answer.

"This girl hadn't lived quite as long as you have; she was one year younger. She was—" looking toward the class,— "Seven," is their brief conclusion.

"Yes, and this was the story; she made it up herself."

"Once upon a time there were two rabbits. They were the Father Rabbit and the Mother Rabbit, and they had—how many Baby Rabbits do you guess?"

"Three!" "Seven!" "Five!" "Two!" "Six!" "One!" "Four!" call out the juvenile Yankees, glad of an opportunity to exercise their native talent.

"There were five," proclaims the narrator, "all white, with what colored eyes?"

"Pink!" predict the tiny zoologists.

"Yes, and these rabbits lived in a hole in the ground, in a spot where there was plenty to eat. But they did not like this place, for all that, because it wasn't pleasant. I don't believe that you could ever imagine what the trouble was."

"Because the dirt fell down!" conjectures a boy, too eager to see that he is interrupting.

"That wasn't it," denies the new teacher, smiling at his eagerness.

"It was too small," presumes another.

"They didn't mind that," asserts the narrator.

"I think," ventures an interested little miss, "that it was because there weren't any flowers there."

"That was just it," acknowledges the story-teller. "These little creatures loved flowers and trees so much, that they didn't feel happy away from them. So the Baby Rabbits teased the Mother and Father Rabbit to move; and at last they did, and went to live in a lovely hole just at the foot of a tree, that stood in the middle of a flower-garden."

"I guess the Baby Rabbits had a good time then," predicts a small soothsayer, who is completely absorbed in the story.

"Yes, they were very happy for a while, until they found out that they couldn't get anything to eat around there. The Father Rabbit and the Mother Rabbit hunted and hunted, but they couldn't find a bit of food, and the Baby Rabbits got so hungry, that they thought they should starve, and began to cry."

Here the new teacher finds that the sober faces, and sympathetic "Oh dears!" are working too strongly upon her risibility, and hastens on. "Just then, who do you suppose came along?"

"A hunter!" prophesies one, with tragedy in his voice.

"No."

"An Indian," forebodes another looking very serious.

"No, it wasn't."

"It might have been a dog," alleges a sensible-looking little fellow, who hasn't spoken before.

"Yes, it was a good, kind dog," acquiesces the new teacher, "and when he heard the Baby Rabbits crying, he asked the Mother and Father Rabbit, what the trouble was, and they told him that their young ones were hungry. Then the dog turned round, and went straight home and brought back some—guess what?—for the rabbits."

"Bread!" "Beets!" "Clover!" "Cabbage!" are the instantaneous answers, all negatived by the narrator, who affirms impressively, "Meat and potatoes."

The astonishment of her small listeners is slightly tinted with doubt, which a boy voices by insisting bluntly, "Rabbits don't eat potato and meat."

"I know they don't," meekly admits the new teacher, "but the little girl who told me the story lived in a city, and she thought that rabbits ate the same things that dogs did, and *she* said that the rabbits were very glad to get this food that the kind dog brought them," hurries on the troubled story-teller,—fearful of losing her hold upon her auditors—"and they ate it all up. Now after the dog saw the poor little starved things eating, he went home, into his house, and laid down, and went to sleep. After a while he thought in his dream that he heard a noise, and it woke him; and there he saw—"

"The Baby Rabbits!" anticipate the children, taking their cue at once.

"Yes, they had come to see him, and had brought him what?"

"Nuts," calls out a voice.

"No."

"Potatoes and meat," supposes the young objector to that sort of food for rabbits.

"No; they had eaten all of that themselves, they were so hungry. I hardly think you would guess this, and so I'll tell you. But first, how many Baby Rabbits were there?"

"Five."

"Yes, and there they sat on their hind feet; what color were they?"

"White."

"And their eyes?"

"Pink."

"Can you see how they looked?"

"Yes'm!" in solid chorus.

"Well, the cunning little creatures sat there all in a row, each holding a bouquet of flowers in his right paw."

"They'd brought them to the dog," explains an eager little maiden.

"Yes; what do you think they did that for?"

"Because they were so glad," expounds one.

"Because they were so thankful," interprets another.

"That's what I think. Now, how do you like the story that the little seven-year-old girl told me?"

"I like it," is one emphatic answer.

"I think it's good," pronounces a second critic.

"I wish she'd make up some more," desires a third.

"Now children, how long do you suppose you will remember me?"

"As long as you live," declares a small boy instantly and with great warmth of expression.

"Will you?" doubts the new teacher, much amused at the truly masculine readiness and fervor of his protestation.

"As long as I live," promises the affectionate little girl on the front seat.

"I fancied you would soon forget me," Miss X. goes on, "and so I have brought you something to help you re-

member. It is a picture to hang on the wall of your school-room, and when you look at it, you may think of me."

"Your picture?" inquires an impatient youngster, while the new teacher is unwrapping the gift.

"No, something prettier than that, here it is," holding it up. "What does it say at the bottom, can you all see it?"

"The First Lesson," reads the class.

"What does that mean?"

"They are learning their A-B-C's."

"What for?"

This is a poser to these pupils, who have never been taught their letters, but after some thought, one presents his solution of the problem thus: "So they can get them out of words (!)."

"Perhaps. Now will you take this to remember me by?"

"Yes'm!" in resounding chorus.

"I live a long way from here," continues the new teacher, "in a State called—I don't believe you ever heard of it before,—Pennsylvania. There I meet a great many teachers, and I want to tell them about the children who go to school in,—"

"Quincy," interpolates the class.

"Massachusetts," adds a voice.

"If now," pursues Miss X., "you write me some very nice stories, I shall take them to show to the teachers who teach where?"

"In Pennsylvania."

A girl here puts up her hand, and being called upon says, "I have a cousin who lives in Pennsylvania."

"Have you?"

"I have an uncle who lives there," volunteers a ragged urchin, without being called upon.

Is it so? "How many are going to try to write a nice long story for me?"

All the arms are up immediately.

"I am very glad. You may go to work. What is it?" speaking to a small miss whose hand is fluttering wildly in the air.

"We don't know what to call it."

"Anything you please," responds the new teacher graciously, quite unconscious that she is hindering, instead of helping the young composers.

"May we write about you?" inquires a boy, who with a number of others, does not manifest the usual Quincy readiness to commence to write.

"Yes, if you like," smilingly acquiesces Miss X., after a slight hesitation.

This permission is evidently a help to the slow beginners and they start off directly it is gained.

"I don't know how to write your name," complains a troubled little one.

"I'll put it on the board for you," answers the new teacher, placing it there in her very best handwriting. "Anything more?"

"You didn't tell us how old you are," observes a specimen of Young America, who is possessed of an inquiring turn of mind.

"Didn't I? How old do you think I am?" asks Miss X., appealing to the class, curious to know their ideas upon the matter.

"Seventeen," surmises one of the older children.

"I am older than that," rejoins Miss X. laughingly.

"Eighteen!" decides the class without one dissenting voice.

"Older than that," reiterates the new teacher.

"Nineteen!" chorus the children.

"No, I am older than that, but I'll tell you what to do," interposes the new teacher, seeing them making up their mouths to say twenty; "If you want to write anything

about my age in your stories, put in them how old you think I am. Will that suit?"

"Yes'm," agree the small inquirers after useful, and entertaining knowledge, and settle down to their work.

No further conversation occurs, until a boy calls upon the new teacher to spell Pennsylvania.

"Certainly," she replies. "P-e-double n Penn, s-y-l syl, Pennsylv, v-a va, Pennsylv-a, n-i-a nia, Pennsylvania."

The little fellow lays down his pencil, and stares at her in blank amazement.

"Can you spell it now?" she asks, as she finishes the final pronunciation.

"No'm; it's too -fast," explains the boy.

"Was it? Then I'll spell it more slowly," volunteers the accommodating new teacher, beginning,—as the boy picks up his pencil, and sits ready to write. "P-e-double n Penn, s-y-l syl,—v-a va,—n-i-a nia. Pennsylvania."

"That's too fast, too," insists the boy, who has not made a letter, but has sat all through the spelling with uplifted pencil, looking straight in her face, as if dazed.

"Now I'll try once more," consents Miss X., "and make it very slow. P—e—double—n,"—Just here a peculiar sound as of smothered sobs, arrests her attention, and looking up, she encounters the astonished gaze of fifty pairs of wide-open young eyes, and behind their owners she beholds the regular teacher, evidently struggling with an uncontrollable fit of laughter. As soon as she can command her voice, the teacher of the room steps to the side blackboard and says, "This is the way Pennsylvania looks, children," writing the word as she speaks.

Suddenly it dawns upon the bewildered Miss X., that these children have never heard any oral spelling, and do not even know the names of all the letters, not having been taught the alphabet. They learned to spell with their fingers (holding pencil or crayon), instead of their tongues,

and the absurd process of calling the names of the letters of a word, was to them an incomprehensible jargon.

No wonder the *naïve* little innocents thought it was "too fast"!

Half amused, half vexed at her stupid blunder, the new teacher concludes to run no further risk of embarrassing episodes, and makes at once her parting speech.—"I know you will write me some nice stories, children, so I will leave you now and call to-morrow, and get them from Miss D. Good-by."

"Good-by, Miss X.!" is the children's chorus, and with a bow she passes out, leaving them once more in the hands of their own beloved, and skilful teacher.

Notes and Comments.

The pupils' expression is the means by which the teacher knows the pupils' thought. To read what these children wrote, is like looking in upon the workings of their individual minds.

Take Number One—for instance. It is plain that the writer had but a single idea, concerning each of the points touched upon in the exercise, but these ideas were perfectly distinct and clear.

NUMBER ONE.

Miss X—.

I think that she is seventeen years old Miss X. told us a story about five rabbits She has on a silver watch. She gave us a pretty picture. In the picture there were two little girls learning their A B C's.

Number Two is a complete contrast in every way, and is an interesting example of the worst outcome of this kind of faulty teaching. That is, the young writer has so many different things given him to write about, that his mind

wanders from one to another, and thus he produces a hopelessly mixed result.

NUMBER TWO.

This morning we have Miss X to talk with. She is a very nice lady and she is about twenty-one years old. Miss X is kind of tall. She wears a red dress trimmed with red velvet. She is a young lady. She told us a story about five little rabbits, that a little girl seven years old told her. She has a silver watch and chain. The little rabbits lived in a hole. But they didn't like it. So they told their father and mother. So they moved. She showed us a picture of two little girls learning their A B C's. The biggest girl's name is Annie and the littlest girl's name is Katie. Annie is learning Katie her A B C's. Miss X has a ruffle around her sleeves.

Number Three is better than either of the preceding. The author has more thoughts upon each subject than the writer of Number One, and shows less tendency to confusion, than the child who wrote Number Two.

NUMBER THREE.

We were told a story by Miss X. She is a very nice lady and she is about twenty years old. She lives in Pennsylvania. This story was about five little rabbits, and their mother and father. Miss X gave us a picture of a boy and a girl learning their A B's. And this picture is to remember her by, we are going to hang it up in the room. This lady had a wine color dress on, and her hair was crimped. She is very pretty.

In Number Four the writer selects fewer subjects still, and keeps each different topic quite by itself. The style, in its direct personal appeal, is truly "child like and bland," and the *naïveté* of the phrase "us children," very charming.

NUMBER FOUR.

Miss X.

I think you are twenty-one years old. You are not very tall but you are tall enough. You have told us children a story about five little rabbits who lived in a hole in the ground and did not have anything to eat at all. You said a little girl told you the story. You said that you would take all the good stories and show them.

The two following;—Numbers Five and Six—are, under the circumstances, really remarkable productions; proving their authors to be most emphatically, clear-headed, straight-forward thinkers. Number Five shows also, excellent powers of observation, and for a child, fine descriptive talent. Number Six is, in all probability, a better reproduction of the story, than many an older person could have given.

NUMBER FIVE.

On the twenty fifth of June a lady came all the way from Pennsylvania to Massachusetts to see some scholars in the Livermore C Primary school. She came in our room this morning and she told us a story about some little rabbits. Miss X has very long features. When she speaks she is very quick. She gave us a picture to remember her. Miss X is just like Miss D, I think. She is quiet in her ways. The color of her dress is wine color. Her hair is very crimpy. On the skirt of her dress there is box plating. In the waist of it there are stripes of velvet. She has a little pocket to keep her watch in.

NUMBER SIX.

I will tell you a nice story that Miss X told us. She said a little girl about seven years old told it to her. She said there were a father and a mother rabbit and they had five little rabbits. They lived in a nice hole, but there were no flowers around it. The little rabbits did not like this place. So they asked the mother and father to move. The large rabbits said they would. So they found a nice place with some nice flowers around it. The little rabbits began to cry. A dog came along. He asked the large rabbits what they were crying for. The large rabbits said that they didn't have anything to eat or drink. So the dog went back to the house. He came back with some meat and potato. He gave it to the five little rabbits then went home and went to sleep. He heard a noise and he opened his eyes, there were the five little rabbits with a bouquet of flowers.

If it be necessary to point out the moral that adorns this tale, it may be found in that witty jingle of King Lear's wise fool :—

“ Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest ”

A bit of advice that is respectfully commended to the serious

consideration of Miss X., and all the other teachers of her kind.

N. B. These "stories" have not been corrected, but were copied exactly as written.

LANGUAGE.—THE BEGINNING OF LETTER WRITING.—ANOTHER LESSON WITH A MORAL.

PURPOSE OF THE LESSON —Primarily, to deepen the enthusiasm already aroused concerning punctuality.

Secondarily, to teach the pupils the form of letter-writing.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE TEACHER —Thinking out the happy thought of using the occasion as a device.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE PUPILS —All the capability for enthusiasm which they possessed, either by inheritance or education.

PLAN OF THE LESSON.—Propose, to the children, that we write a letter to Miss L. telling her about our punctuality. Write this letter on the board, teaching thereby the heading and salutation, and their arrangement. Then gain from the children the expression of the thought for the body of the letter; leading the class—if possible—to criticise the language, and present different forms or phrases, and thus get them to frame a good sentence. Afterward send for Miss L. and give her a hint, that she may help to deepen the impression, that it is a great thing to be punctual.

MEM.—Hope no one will be late!

THE LESSON.

Precisely at fifteen minutes of two, the door of the Second Primary room in the Howe School opens wide, and standing

upon its threshold, is the trim figure of Miss D., the faithful teacher, whose cheery face and genial manner has been its sunshine for so many years.

One by one, the little people who belong to her, leave the play-ground, and gather quietly within. Some go to work upon their blackboard sketches; others wet their sponges and clean their slates; a few fill the tiny bottles that serve them as vases, with cold water, and place in them, the nose-gays they have brought to decorate their desks, while one helpful little maid, rearranges the flowers upon the teacher's table.

All this time the pupils have been coming, and in one minute after the gong strikes for the children in the yard to pass in and those at the boards to take their seats, every child but one, is in his place.

"How many have ready for me, the four-inch squares, that I asked them to cut out at home?" is the teacher's speech, as she stands looking down—with most gracious regard—upon her loyal young subjects.

Nearly all signify that they have the squares.

"Why not, Margie?" is the question put to one of the small minority.

"Because our baby was sick, and I had to rock her all the time."

"I hope you were quite willing to do so," observes the teacher.

"Yes'm," responds the small woman earnestly; "I was so sorry she was sick."

"That's a loving sister," is the cordial comment. "Well Robbie, what was the trouble with you?"

"I forgot," murmurs the boy dropping his head, and looking not a little ashamed of his excuse.

"That is bad," pronounces the teacher gravely. "I never knew a boy who couldn't remember, to amount to much when he got to be a man. Sidney, how about you?"

"I didn't know anything of it; I was absent when you told us," explains the boy addressed.

"Oh yes! you had to stay out to help your father. Well, I will tell you," says the teacher. "I asked each of the children to draw, and cut out a four-inch square, at home, and bring it to me this afternoon. You may bring yours to-morrow. Eva, Harold, Fritz, Ethie, and Bruce, will you please collect the squares, and place them on my table?"

This is soon done, though the collectors do not work as deftly as usual, their eyes being directed toward the door, instead of on the desks, where the squares are lying.

There is moreover, a peculiar, anxious restlessness perceptible among the pupils, which amounts almost to disorder; one or two of the children, sitting in the first row of seats in line with the open door, actually rising, and leaning forward, as if to peer out into the yard.

The teacher is too expert a reader of her pupils to be ignorant or unobservant of all this, yet she seems,—if there be any change in her manner—to be more affable and smiling than common, and makes not the slightest effort to quell the rising excitement.

This culminates an instant later, when the children of the first and second rows, who are stretching half-way out of their seats to look out of the door, sink back with sighs of relief echoed by all in the room, as a little girl appears in the doorway, panting and out of breath, just as the two o'clock gong strikes over her head.

Had these been grown people, the masculine element would have stamped its feet and hurrahed, while the feminine element would have clapped its hands and waved handkerchiefs, but being only babies—so to speak—they look straight to the teacher, to have her say their thought for them. Meantime she has been explaining *sotto voce* to a visitor, the cause of this commotion.

"Each row has a monitor," states the teacher, "who

reports the tardy or absent pupils in his line. We have been trying to get through the month, without a tardy mark upon the roll-book, and this was the very last afternoon. The little girl who came so near being late, is obliged to help at home, and often finds it difficult to be at school on time. The children were so anxious not to have their record spoiled just at the very last, that every one was on the watch, and that was why they acted as they did."

Turning now to face her enthusiastic little folks, the teacher meets their unspoken want by saying, "Isn't it delightful to think that we are through the month, without a single tardy mark?"

"Yes'm!" in emphatic concord.

"I don't believe that any other room has done so well, and I can't think what Miss L.* will say when she hears of it."

All the faces fairly sparkle with delight at this great praise.

"I've thought of something that we might do," proposes the teacher, "if you'd like; write Miss L. a letter, and tell her about it. Wouldn't that be nice?"

"Just lovely!" exclaims a girl, before the teacher has fairly finished her sentence.

"Yes'm!" "Do!" "Let's!" coincide the others, making quite a Babel of voices.

"Very well; but we must lose no time, because we want to have it all ready before she comes down, and then I'll send for her."

"Oh goody!" bursts out an impetuous young woman, who claps her hands instantly over her mouth as if ashamed of her speech.

"Don't take your slates yet," interposes the teacher, as several prompt youngsters reach for these articles; "let us

* The principal of the school.

make up our minds what we are going to say, first. Who can tell me what to begin with?"

"You have to write her name," instructs one of the older pupils.

"Yes, we must do that, or she will not know that we are talking with our pencils to her: but there is something that goes before the name, in a letter; who knows what it is? Ned."

"You put the date; my mother does, I've seen her," directs Ned.

"That's it," accepts the teacher; "the date,—what is it, class?"

"October twenty-seventh," is the concerted answer.

"Is that all?"

"You might put the year," suggests a child in the corner.

"What year?"

"Eighteen hundred eighty-one," say they all together.

"Suppose Miss L. was at her home in New Hampshire, and you were writing to her, how would she know where it came from?"

"By the postmaster's stamp," asserts a boy, who has evidently watched that official, when making up a mail.

"Sometimes that gets rubbed," affirms the teacher; "isn't there a better way?"

"We could put it inside the letter," thinks the little girl who so narrowly escaped being late.

"Yes, that is what we will do," decides the teacher, "and we will write it in the upper right hand corner of our slates. What is it we are to put there, Ikey?" she asks, abruptly addressing a child who has transferred a tiny bug from one of the flowers on his desk to his hand, and is now watching it travel around his palm.

"The name of the place where we live," repeats the young naturalist, without lifting his eyes from his specimen.

"And what is that, class?"

"Quincy!" is the answering chorus.

"Massachusetts," adds that ubiquitous pupil, who always has something further to say: in this case it happens to be just what is wanted, consequently the teacher writes—watched intently by all the class—*Quincy*, then puts in the question,—

"What mark here?"

"A comma," agree the children.

"Shall I write the whole word *Massachusetts*?"

"You needn't," explains a wise-looking youngster; "you can write it this way," and springing out of his seat he steps to the nearest board and puts the abbreviated form, (*Mass.*) upon it.

"What is the dot for, lkey?"

The child who seems to be intent upon his bug, as far as his eyes are concerned, is evidently attending with his ears, for as before, he answers promptly and correctly;—"Because that is not all of the word."

"Very well," copying the abbreviation beside the word *Quincy*. "I will place the date just below this," observes the teacher, writing *Oct*, then pausing to fling this question over her shoulder; "what shall I put now?"

"A period," reply the class.

"And here?" having made the 27.

"A comma," call out the children.

"And last of all?" writing 1881.

"A period!" comes the chorus.

"Now, how shall we begin our letter?"

"We have not had any tardy for a whole month," dictates a child, without a moment's hesitation.

"That's what we are going to say," grants the teacher; "but what shall we put before that?"

"Oh, I know now!" speaks up a little girl suddenly; "I just remember. You ought to put *Dear Miss L.*"

"How came you to know that?" queries the teacher.

"I saw it in a letter sister Kate showed me to see if I could read writing, and I did read most all of it," triumphantly proclaims the child.

"We will write Dear Miss L. on the left hand side of our slates, a little lower down," informs the teacher without further preliminary, anxious to bring her pupils back to the point under discussion; adding for their instruction, "look at the mark I make at the end. Now, how shall we word our letter? every one think of a very nice way to tell Miss L. what we want her to know."

This sets all the busy little brains sentence-making, and perhaps a minute passes, before any hand goes up.

The first one raised, belongs of course to the boy who had his ready before, and being called upon, he submits it again.

"We have not had any tardy for a whole month."

"Yes, that's one way of saying it," allows the teacher, anxious for more material before she begins to criticise.

"Who else has his sentence ready; Melville?"

"There wasn't anybody tardy for a month."

"That's true. Mame."

"We all came early to school this month."

"So we did. Harold."

"Nobody was late in our room this month."

"These are all pretty good," pronounces the teacher, "but can't we do a little better? Use just as few words as possible. Ettie."

"We have not had one tardy for one month," is that small rhetorician's idea of terseness.

"You have said one twice; you can change that, Ettie."

"We have not had one tardy for a month," is the instant modification.

"That is better. Can any one think how we might improve Ettie's sentence as she gave it last? Say it again, Ettie."

"This the little girl does, when a hand flies up like a flash; and permission being granted, a boy reports,—She didn't say when it was."

"How would you put it?"

"We have not had one tardy *this* month."

"I like that correction," admits the teacher, "but the sentence does not suit me yet. Molhe, what have you to offer?"

"I think we might say, We have not had one tardy boy or girl this month."

"Yes, that's—" begins the teacher, then catching sight of a boy whose whole face has lighted up with the thought which has come to him, she leaves her own remark unfinished, and turning toward him, says, "Well, Herman?"

"We could say child, and that would be shorter than boy and girl."

"So it would," concedes the teacher, bestowing an approving smile upon the young thinker. "Now say our sentence for us, and let us hear how it sounds."

"We have not had one tardy child this month," repeats Herman.

"That will do nicely," determines the teacher; "now I will write it just here upon the board," indicating the proper position for the body of the letter; "and you may go directly to work on your slates. We are going to write this—"

"Very carefully," promise the children in concert, as they place their slates in position, and pick up their pencils.

"I hope so, because I want Miss L. to see how much you have all improved in writing lately."

With this last admonition, the teacher leaves them to their task, and applies herself to the writing of the sentence on the board—which she does in good style—placing a line at the bottom of the communication, where the signature should be. After this, she walks the aisles, hovering over

the bowed heads of her earnest, and absorbed young pupils, as eager and pleased as they, with the innocent little plot.

The small fingers get badly cramped, about this time, while the writhing tongues and working jaws have considerable exercise for every child is absorbed, heart and soul, head and hands, in doing his very best.

"You will see where to put your names," directs the teacher presently, "if you look at that line below the sentence on the board, and these must be the most beautifully written of all. When you have finished, lay down your pencils, put your slates in position, and sit with folded hands, that I may know."

As soon as all are in the proper attitude, the teacher begins;—"When I send for Miss L. and she comes down, what are you going to say to her?"

"Tell her to look at our slates," proposes the boy who always gets his word in first.

"Oh dear! I hope not," comments the teacher ruefully. Then as no one else speaks, she adds suggestively, "What do you always say to her, when she comes in here?"

"Good-afternoon!" "Good-day!" "Good-morning!" is the mixed response.

"To be sure. What then, will you say this time?"

"Good-afternoon!" comes in solid concert.

"But I don't like the way you say it," objects the teacher, "and I am sure she wouldn't. Play that I am Miss L. and you try to bid me good-afternoon as if you were glad to see me. Now;"—placing herself in the open doorway.

"Good-afternoon, Miss L.," is the beautifully modulated, and cordial welcome.

"That's nice!" commends their critic. "What else have you to say to me?"

"Look at our slates," demands one laconically.

"We want you to look at the letter we have written you on our slates," is another's comprehensive way of putting it

"Please look at our slates," is the gentle phrase proffered by a child whose refined face, and quiet ways tell of happy home-influence.

"I like that," approves the teacher. "Now let us—" here she pauses abruptly, stayed in her speech by the changed looks of the children, upon whom consternation seems to have fallen.

Their gaze is bent upon some object beyond her in the entry, and turning, she discovers the principal, Miss L. Stepping to one side, that her visitor may enter the room, the teacher expects to hear the accustomed greeting from the pupils, but they sit dumb, looking in an embarrassed, stupid fashion from one woman to the other; while Miss L.—quite at a loss to account for the perturbation into which her appearance has thrown them—waits silently for further developments.

"Why don't you speak to Miss L.?" prompts the teacher, sorry for the failure of their little drama.

"G-G-ood-after-n-noon, Miss L.," stammer the class in a very half-hearted style.

"Good-afternoon, children," briskly rejoins Miss L. in her most genial manner.

Then conversation comes to a stand-still, and it devolves upon the teacher to set the ball rolling again, which she does, by asking encouragingly, "What were you going to say to Miss L. when she came?"

"Please won't you—" "Please to look at our slates?" is the roundabout fashion in which the confused little folks manage to make the speech, they were rehearsing so glibly.

It is quite evident that Miss L. not only understands children, but that she comprehends the situation, and is enjoying it to the full, for she promptly takes her cue, and consents graciously,—“certainly; I hope you have nothing bad to show me.”

The pupils are rejoiced to find that they have not betrayed

themselves, and to think how surprised she will be, when she learns that she feared just the opposite of the truth. Consequently they watch her with ill-concealed pleasure, as she steps forward, and takes up the first slate in the row nearest the door, and begins to read audibly what is written upon it.

"Quincy, Massachusetts. October twenty-seven, eighteen hundred eighty-one.' This looks like the beginning of a letter," she soliloquizes, loud enough for the eager boys and girls to hear. "'Dear Miss L.," she goes on; "it must be for me. 'We have had one tardy child this month.'"

As she skips the *not* everybody in the room looks anxious, every face in the room but hers shows perplexity for the space of half a second, and then clears, as it occurs to all that Miss L. must have read the sentence wrong.

"Look again, please—Miss L.," urges the teacher, as the principal finishes by reading the name signed at the end of the letter; "I think you made a little mistake."

"Did I?" responds Miss L., cheerfully; "Let me see," and she begins again. "'We have *not*,'" emphasizing the omitted word, "Oh, yes! 'We have *not* had one tardy child this month.' That's good," she pronounces, glancing down the line; "it was a nice idea," she continues, "to put all the prompt pupils in one row."

This speech creates a great sensation, all the other children looking as if they *must* speak out at once, and tell her; but their teacher holds them silent with a gesture, and requests, "We would like to have you read the slate at the head of the second row."

"With pleasure," replies Miss L., and reads again; "'We have not had one tardy child this month.'" Her expression as she comments, "What! another row of good children?" is gratifying to the small conspirators, and they smile quite broadly when Miss D. picks up the slate at the head of the third row, and asks Miss L. to read that too.

"Three rows!" she exclaims with a face of surprise, hastening to add; "all the tardy ones are over there, of course," indicating the remaining lines.

The children have much ado to keep down their mirth at this idea, and watch her delightedly, as she takes up the slate at the beginning of the fourth row.

"No tardy ones here, either? ah! I see," shaking her head with well-simulated sadness; "all the late children by themselves: that's a good plan, Miss D."

The little people are now stuffing their fists and handkerchiefs into their mouths, to keep from shouting outright, and the last line are absolutely all on their feet—while she reads the slate at the head of their row—ready to burst out the instant she has read it, and discovered her mistake. Her look of astonishment, changing rapidly into one of pleasure and approbation, caps the climax of the little comedy, and the children break out into peals of laughter, in which both teacher and principal join.

When this burst is over, the mirth subsides, but the principal's words as she leaves the room—"I am very glad, Miss D., to know that you have such good boys and girls; I am truly proud of them," raises the children to the highest pitch of enthusiasm.

"Perhaps she is going to tell Mrs. C.,"* conjectures one imaginative youngster, as the door closes after Miss L.'s retreating form; "and won't she wish that *she* had such nice children?"

"Of course;" avers another, in the most matter-of-fact way: "*her* children couldn't do as well as that, they don't know enough, but—" lifting his little figure to its full height—"we big folks do."

"I just guess," hazards a third, "that the great big boys and girls in Miss K.'s room, didn't go so long without somebody's being late."

* The teacher in the adjoining room.

But the enthusiasm culminates when an earnest little fellow rises to pledge himself impetuously, "Miss D. I am never going to be late again, as long as I live."

"That's good," assents Miss D., heartily; "I hope you won't: now we must go to work, and let me see if my nice children are good workers, as well as early comers. The first division may do what it says on the north black-board."

Turning to look, they find this:

1. How many legs have four frogs and three eels?
2. John is twice as old as Henry, and Henry is nine. How old is John?
3. How many angles in two triangles and four squares?
4. A man walked three miles east from the schoolhouse, and another man walked four miles west. How far apart were they? (Make a picture.)

"The second division may pass to the blackboard slates, and see how many things they can write about eighteen, before I get there. The third division may draw on paper this object,"—placing upon her table in full view of the line of sketchers, a child's boot.

"The fourth division may provide themselves with paper and lead-pencils, and write me some stories about anything they please."

At this last announcement, the boy sitting in the first seat of the row and the girl behind him, come quietly to the teacher's table, open a couple of drawers, take from one some fine manilla paper cut in small sheets, (seven inches long by four and a half wide), and from the other, a box of lead-pencils, all sharpened ready for use. These they distribute down their line.

By the time the teacher has reached her mathematicians in the back part of the room, all the pupils in the seats are at work and working too as if they enjoyed it.

A few specimens of what was written by the busy-workers

of the fourth division, are here given, and a single sample of the drawing done by a member of the third.

“STORIES.”

I

Did you hear it thunder ? What did you do yesterday ? Can you get any flowers this season ? The birds are flying all around everywhere. I can tell time by the clock

II

Mary went to school yesterday, though she had a very bad headache,* and her teacher sent her home, for she thought that a little girl that had a headache ought not to come to school

My mother has a lot of work to do but sometimes I help her.

III

We all have come to school this afternoon and I am trying to do my best work and I hope the others are too.

Miss D asked the children to bring her a leaf from an elm tree but not to take it from the tree in the school yard

IV

I have a pretty bird at home and when I get there he will sing sweetly to me. If it rains or snows I always go to school

V

I have a brother at home and his name is Fred Last Saturday he made a raft and asked me if I would come down and see it I told him that I would and when we got down there it was out so far that we couldn't reach it.

VI

The muff is made of fur It is made of beaver skin. There are two holes in a muff and they are made to put your hands in. The fur on the muff is soft and smooth.

Notes and Comments.

To make a point in morals whenever occasion offers, requires a high degree of skill. But to seize each accident and make it serviceable, as happily as in the lesson here described, demonstrates a power beyond the skill of the worker,—it shows the inspiration of the artist.

* This word happened to be on the blackboard.

"TALKING WITH THE PENCIL."

PICTURE LESSONS. — The picture lessons given in this grade, are quite similar in plan to those of the previous year, the only difference being, that now, each oral lesson is followed by a written exercise. That is, the C pupils talk about a picture, first with their tongues, and afterward, with their pencils.

This second form of language work—viz.: "talking with the pencil"—may come the same day, or the day following the first lesson, but *never immediately after*, lest the children remember their phrases, and so fail to gain the greatest amount of language training possible.

Two descriptions of the same picture, written by pupils during the Second Primary year, are here inserted.

GRANDPA'S PET.

This is a picture of a little girl and her name is Gracie May. She is not very old. I think she is seven years old. She is a very pretty little girl and she has very light hair. Gracie has a white apron on and a red dress. Her Grandpa is sitting on a big squash and he has a corn cobb in his hand and there is sweet corn on it. They are in the barn. On the floor of the barn there are lots of squashes. Gracie has her hat full of eggs. She is showing her hat to grandpa and as she shows it to him he smiles. Gracie's grandpa has a white hat on and blue pants.

GRANDPA'S PET.

One day a little girl came to visit her grandpa. And she was her grandpa's pet. Her name is Annie Ford. Annie was a very clean little girl and she was a good girl too. She wears a little red dress. Once her grandpa told her to take her hat and find some eggs. She took the hat and got ten eggs. Don't you think she is a smart girl? When she had lessons to learn she learned them very well. Annie has a white apron on and she has blue eyes. Annie has her yellow hair combed. She wears red stockings and black kid shoes. Annie's grandfather is sitting on a squash. He has a lot on the other side of the barn. Annie's grandfather is old and he is very nice to her.



OBJECT LESSONS.

Aside from the regular exercises in language, coming in their places in the teacher's plan of work, there are many excellent little lessons dropped into the pauses "in the day's occupation." The five minutes before nine or two o'clock; the minutes that the pupils sometimes sit waiting for the gong to strike, at the close of the sessions; the odd intervals in the day's programme purposely left free for a general exercise, are always utilized by the wise teacher; and often for brief object lessons, conducted in this manner.

One day the teacher holds a conversation three or five minutes long—as time serves—with the children, concerning an object. The next day, or the day after that, whichever is most convenient, at some Busy-Work period, the teacher says to her pupils, "Write me all you can think of about"—that object.

If the thing discussed be new to the children, the written work is called for on the same day with the oral lesson, but does not follow directly.

Here is what a little child found to say—with her pencil—about a clock.

THE CLOCK.

The clock has twelve figures It has two hands. One of the hands is little and one is large The face is white It has the Roman Numerals on it. It is black This clock is very pretty It has a little door The clock can tick. It is a very large clock. Do you see the hands on it?

JUVENILE WEATHER REPORTS.

Another exercise in language peculiar to one of the Quincy C Primary teachers, consists in calling upon the pupils for reports of the weather.

She begins by asking the children what day of the week it is, then what day of the month, and occasionally, she asks the year. This date she places in her most elegant

handwriting high up on the blackboard, while all the pupils look on.

Then she inquires what kind of a day it is. Immediately the hands go up all over the room, for everybody—little as well as big—can talk about the weather. One will say (provided circumstances warrant), that it is a fair day; another, that it is a clear day; a third, that it is a sunshiny day; a fourth, that it is a pleasant day; a fifth, that it is a bright day, and so on.

The different descriptive words that she gets—fair, clear, sunshiny, pleasant, bright, etc., the teacher writes upon the board as fast as spoken, just below the date. Now when the time comes that she needs Busy-Work for any of her groups, she will say to that division, "Write me some 'stories' about these words." She receives in response to this request, various and sundry weather reports, which, while they lack the terseness of "Old Prob's" style, are decidedly more interesting. Here are some, transcribed as written, at different seasons of the year.

SPRING.

It is pleasant but I think the wind is a little cooler than it was yesterday. I saw a bud of a buttercup the other day in the field close by my house.

The leaves that are on the trees are green. It is a lovely morning and the air is very cool and the blossom on the tree is white. Don't you like cool air when you go out?

SUMMER.

When Frank and I was going down to the beach to get some shells it began to rain and we got wet. It is June now and the birds are on the apple trees singing a sweet song for Mary.

I saw a nice fresh buttercup this morning and I saw some nice blue and white violets. I picked some honeysuckle for Mrs. C.

AUTUMN.

It was very damp last night and when I went up into the woods I got my feet wet. It is very misty out doors and I had to wear my coat to school.

It is very pleasant this morning and the wind blows very hard. There are

some pretty flowers in the garden I am going to take my rake and pick up the dry leaves that are on the road and put them in the stable for my horse

·WINTER.

When I was coming to school this morning it was snowing very hard It is very gloomy to-day and it is unpleasant too. Did you see the flakes this morning?

This morning the snow came in large flakes but the sun has come out a little. I hope it will not rain to-morrow because I'm going to Boston.

A CHILD'S STORY.

To get the child's thought in the child's own words, is the first aim of the teacher in this written language work. After she has gained these, she can mould both the thought and its expression.

What more interesting illustration of the accomplishment of this primary purpose could be found, than the following "story" written by a little Quincy boy for his teacher?

"Once I asked my mother how old she was, and she said she was just as old as her little finger, and I asked her how old her little finger was, and she said it was just as old as she was Then we had a real funny time."

CHAPTER VII.

NUMBER.—AN EARLY LESSON WITH FIGURES.

PURPOSE OF THE LESSON.—To fix in mind, the combinations and separations possible in the number fifteen; and to train the children to see clearly the objects presented to their mental vision.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE TEACHER.—Thinking and writing out the plan of the lesson.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE PUPILS.—All of their previous experience in number work.

PLAN OF THE LESSON—Begin by adding one to the last number learned, to get the new number. Then play that we go shopping in Boston, and by means of this device, make up problems in multiplication and division, which the children work out with splints, afterward writing their answers and the reasons why, on the blackboard-slates. Next, have different pupils read the work on the board, while the rest examine their own states. Now have all erase and write again the answers, then let each move to the next slate and examine his neighbor's work. After this, have the answers once more erased, and let the children give them orally. Follow with an exercise in recalling the additions and subtractions in fifteen, by having two or three of the slowest ones take naps, while the others hide some of their splints, and then let the sleepers tell how many splints are missing. Give an exercise to train the ear, and close with some examples to be illustrated on blackboard and paper.

THE LESSON.

"I'd like to see the third division in Number."

Immediately a group of children leave their seats, and gather around the low table where the teacher stands.

Watching,—with a smiling face—the little ones as they come, the teacher reaches a welcoming hand to the least trusty of her class, and dexterously finds him a place next to herself; then before an eye can wander or a thought can range, she begins—without a word—to set the blocks apart, singly and in groups, the children calling out as she moves the blocks, "One,—three,—six,—seven,—nine,—ten,—fourteen." Speaking for the first time, she says, placing it, "Now, one more;" and the children answer, "Fifteen."

"Why?" is her question.

"Because fourteen and one make fifteen," instantly respond the pupils.

"Write it!" is the quick, low-spoken command.

The group scatters instantly, yet without confusion, each passing to his usual position at the blackboard-slates near by, where he writes "14 and 1 are 15."

The teacher does not move, but still standing at her place beside the table, sees everything that is put upon the board, and presently observes, "Somebody has made a mistake; find and correct it."

In a second, the child who has made the error, discovers his blunder, casts a swift, half-ashamed glance at the teacher, and then sets to work to erase the figures, and write the statement correctly. Meantime, the other little mathematicians having carefully written their sentence, after a second's scrutiny to be sure that it is all right, have taken their places again around the number table.

"Now look out, for this is a new number," is her friendly admonition, as she passes to the pupils her box of splints,

from which each takes fifteen, to aid him in working out the problems given.

"How many have been to Boston lately?"

"I have!" "I have!" is the eager chorus suppressed by the direction,—

"Talk with your hands, children, not with your tongues. We will all go there shopping, this morning. What store shall we visit first, Jennie?"

"I'd like to go to Jordan & Marsh's."

"Very well. What shall we buy? Harry."

"Buy some toys."

"Johnnie."

"I want a pair of boots."

"Patrick."

"Get a drum."

"Susie what do you say?"

"We might buy some cloth."

"How much shall we pay a yard for it, little woman?"

"Three cents."

"Children, how many yards of cloth can we get for fifteen cents, at three cents a yard?"

All rapidly separate their splints into threes, then raise their hands.

"Charley."

"Five yards."

"Why?"

"Because there are five threes in fifteen."

"Write it."

The children drop their splints on the table, and start for the board. In their eagerness to get to their places, one boy, hardly conscious of what he is doing, shoulders another to one side.

"I wouldn't push, if I were a young gentleman," is the quietly spoken reminder, that brings him to his manners instantly.

"I think we will look at the writing when we get through," is the next notification, seemingly *apropos* of nothing, but really aimed at a reckless youngster, who is putting his work on the board with more haste than care, and who hereupon erases his last figures, and makes them over again, with considerable more pains.

"What else shall we buy?" is the teacher's query to her pupils, when they are all back at the table again, waiting with splints in hand. "Carrie."

"Dolls."

"What shall we pay apiece for them, Carrie?"

"Four cents."

"That is rather cheap, but never mind. Who is ready to tell me how many we can buy for fifteen cents?"

The children group their splints dexterously, and Mary is called upon.

"You can buy three dolls, and have three cents left."

"Write it."

They go to the board, and set it down.

"That is all we will buy there," informs the teacher, when they come back. "Where shall we go next to shop? Nellie."

"To the Five Cent Store."

"A good idea! How many ever went to the Five Cent Store?"

Nearly all, judging by the show of hands.

"What shall we get, Arthur?"

"A ball."

"And how much will it cost us?"

"Five cents."

"How many balls can we buy for fifteen cents?"

Annie primly, "You can buy three balls for fifteen cents."

"Put it on the board."

"Where shall we go now?" queries the teacher of these

wide-awake little folks, as they stand around her, when this is written. "Mabel."

"White's is a good store."

"Yes; what do you wish to buy?"

"A hat."

"What will be the price of it?"

"Six dollars."

"Then our splints must be dollars instead of cents. How many hats can we get for fifteen dollars? As soon as you find out, you may write it on the board."

This they do without the slightest reference to each other, even by a glance.

"Let us shop a little more here. Patrick, what would you like?"

"A drum."

"What must we pay for it?"

"Five dollars."

"You are going to have a large one. How many can we get with our fifteen dollars? Johnnie."

"Three!"

"Three what?"

"Three drums."

"Put it down."

They are off like a flash, and write,— 5) 15 (3

"How many fives have we here?"

"Three."

"A little girl went into a store, and saw four oranges on the counter, she wanted to buy fifteen, how many more would the store-keeper have to put with these, to make enough?"

Class: "Eleven!"

"Tell it to me, Jennie."

"Four and eleven are fifteen."

"Write!"

When they return the teacher reports,— "I had fifteen

cents, I lost six of them; how many had I left? Tell me with your crayons."

They fly laughing to the board, and write,— $15-6=9$; or 15 less 6 is 9.

"All touch the first line you have on the board," is the next demand. "Carrie read it."

She reads, "Fourteen and one are fifteen." Each child looks at his own slate, and makes either a cross or a cipher opposite.

"Every one point to the second line. Read it, Mabel." In this way, all of the work is gone over, and examined.

"I wonder if you could write the answers again?"

"Yes'm!" respond the group, unhesitatingly.

"Very well; erase!"

The right hand row of figures on each slate is rubbed out.

"Work as fast as you can. If you come to anything you don't know, go and get your splints and find out. Look at the first line and set down the answer." They do so. Look at the last line and write the answer."

This is done; and thus they continue, taking the lines alternately from the top and bottom,—to prevent the pupils from associating the answers with their position on the board,—until the results are again written. .

"You may all move down one place, except Charley [the child standing opposite the last slate of the row], he may go up and take the first place."

In this way the spaces are exchanged.

"Examine carefully the work on your new slate, and if there is anything wrong, put a line through, but use no erasers. If it is all right, mark it 100." .

The little critics work away busily, and soon all the hands are up, showing that they have finished their inspection.

"Take your own places. How many had their work correct? The whole class. Very well. Erase the answers.

Tell me now, quickly, without writing. Susie, the last one; —Annie, the second one."

When all have been given, the teacher says, "Clean the boards, and come to the table. Nellie may go to sleep, and the rest may put some of their splints away; then she may wake up, and tell us how many were put away."

Nellie lays her head at once upon the table, with her face in her hands, and the others expeditiously separate their fifteen splints, holding a part under the table, after arranging the rest in the shape of a fan so that they can be seen at a glance.

"All ready!" calls out the teacher, when this has been done.

Nellie walks around, and looking closely at the first handful of splints, says, "Arthur has taken away six."

"That is right," agrees the boy.

"Jennie has taken away four."

"Wrong," declares Jennie, and brings up five splints in her other hand from under the table, to prove her declaration.

After this, Nellie is a little more circumspect, and goes the round of the whole class without another error, amidst the most intense interest.

"Now, Charley may take a nap, while you hide some of your splints, and then he may try to tell how many you must put back to make fifteen."

Immediately Charley drops his head, the splints are shifted, and a part put out of sight; then the boy is called upon to tell what has been done.

"Begin here," specifies the teacher.

Charley scans the different handfuls of splints, and calls out tersely, "Three, five, nine, one, seven, fourteen, four, five, nine, seven, one, fourteen;" while the children whose splints he reckons, nod assent.

"Very good," concedes the teacher. "Play that my

splints are money," catching up a few and spreading them in her hand. "How many more dollars do I need to buy a fifteen-dollar picture, that I want to hang up in our school-room? Anybody!"

"Nine!" is the instantaneous chorus.

"Yes. Shut your eyes, and tell me what this means." She taps on the table with a block three times, then three times more, and so on until she has given fifteen taps. Mary."

"Five threes are fifteen."

"Good! Listen again," tapping four times, then five times, and lastly, six times. "Annie."

"Four, five and six are fifteen."

"I think so. How many would like to make pictures about some stories which I am going to give you?" Every right hand comes up, and every countenance glows with pleasure. "Mabel, Charley, and Annie, may put their work on these sheets of paper, and the rest of the group may go to the blackboard."

"I bought three tops," states the teacher. The children begin at once to sketch with clever dexterity, the designated objects, and she waits till this is done. "At five cents each," pausing till the little artists can draw the cents; "and three pencils," she continues;—the children make the pencils, "at two cents each. How much more did I pay for the tops than the pencils? Write the answer and—'because.'"

While the class are thinking and writing out their answers, the teacher walks past the slates and notes a poor figure here, a crooked line of cents there, some especially careful drawing or writing in another place; and occasionally suggests a point like,— "Don't forget the dot after ans. and bec." (This last is their abbreviation for because.) "Have you finished?"

Seeing that all stand with backs to the boards, as a sign that their work is done, she puts her second problem,

which is this. "Mary had fifteen cents. She spent three for candy, lost two, and gave four to her sister. How much money has she now? Work fast." This is soon disposed of, and she gives the next example.

"I have fifteen cents. I wish to buy oranges at three cents each. How many can I buy?"

This is easy too; a moment of swift sketching and writing, and they are ready for the last which runs thus:

"If five barrels of flour can be carried on one cart, how many barrels can be carried on three carts?"

A few of the carts are quite elaborate and really well done; one sketcher even attaching two fiery steeds tandem to his; but the great difficulty is, to arrange the barrels just right, some having to make more than one trial before getting in the requisite number. However the children are accustomed to this work, and shortly accomplish it, making rather rough sketches, it is true, yet still resembling the objects sufficiently to be recognizable.

One of the papers drawn during this lesson, though not nearly so good as the blackboard sketches, is here reproduced to give an idea of what this work is like.

As fast as the pictures are finished, the teacher comes around, to inspect and criticise. When comment has been passed, the young artist with one last fond look at his creation, sweeps the eraser over it, rubs the board clean, and goes to his seat where Busy-Work in designing, with squares and triangles of colored paper, is all ready awaiting him.

Notes and Comments.

The remarkable thing about this lesson, *as seen*, was the lack of helpfulness on the part of the teacher, and her happy serenity of manner. Quiet, yet alert, serene but forceful, with her silent tongue and friendly eyes, she was the re-

served force of that schoolroom; the power that moved everything within its walls. But the children saw for themselves, thought for themselves, and spoke for themselves; in brief, were trained continually in that quality so rare, and so greatly to be desired,—intellectual independence.

NUMBER.—ONE MORE LESSON WITH FIGURES.

PURPOSE OF THE LESSON — Mainly. To familiarize the pupils with the number twenty-four, and prepare them for twenty-five.

Incidentally. To train the children in the habit of readiness, and in careful workmanship.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE TEACHER.—Arranging the details of the lesson, and devising the written problem.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE PUPILS.—Their power to separate and combine rapidly the numbers in twenty-four, and their power to recall these separations, and combinations.

PLAN OF THE LESSON.—*First.* Lead from twenty-four to twenty-five, and give the children problems in twenty-five, and twenty-four, which one child works out with blocks, while the rest look on. Then have three or four write the answers on their blackboard slates.

Second. Write an example containing several questions, on the board, for the pupils to read and solve, having them whisper the answers in my ear, and afterward, all write them.

Third. Examine, and number the slates, according to the care and pains manifested.

Fourth. Close with some rapid oral work.

THE LESSON.

"The first group in number may pass to their places." As the teacher speaks, fourteen little boys and girls rise, step out of their seats, fall into line, and walk to the black-board-slates on one side of the room, where, after arranging themselves—one opposite each space—they stand with backs to the board in the best of good positions.

The teacher going to the number table close by, gathers some blocks together, and setting off a couple, looks toward the children, who say, "Two;" then she sets off four more, and they say "Six;" and so on until she has set off twenty-four, when she adds another block and the class say, "Twenty-five."

"How many are there in all?" is her first question.

"Twenty-five!"

"Now, we will call these cents; how many cents have we?"

"Twenty-five cents!"

"I wish to have you go to Mr. W.'s store with this money, and buy something. What would you like?"

"Bananas."

"Yes; they are nice; we will get some bananas at so many cents apiece [holding up five of the twenty-five blocks]. How many can we buy? Julia, come here and show us."

Julia separates the blocks into groups of five each, and answers, "Five."

"Why?"

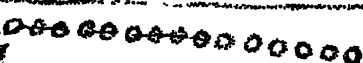
"Because there are five fives in twenty-five."

"Julia, Nellie, and Henry, may write that."

These turn to their slates, and place upon them the sentence given, while all of the rest look on.

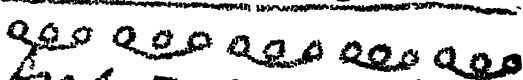


Ans. 9 more
 $\text{Bec. } 15 - 6 = 9$

2. 

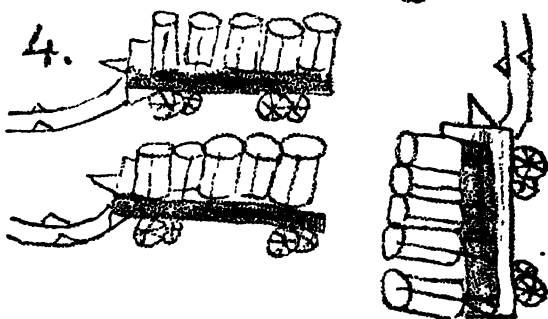
Ans 6 cents.

$\text{Bec. } 15 - 9 = 6$

3. 

Ans. 5 oranges.

$\text{Bec. } 15 \div 3 = 5$



Ans. 15 barrels.
 $\text{Bec. } 5 + 5 + 5 = 15$

"If they cost five cents apiece, how much would five cost? Eddie."

"Twenty-five cents."

"Why?"

"Because five fives are twenty-five."

"Write it, Eddie, Edith, and John."

They do so, and the others watch.

"I have so many cents here," pointing toward the twenty-five blocks; "shut your eyes tightly."

The pupils obey, when immediately the teacher takes one of the blocks, and puts it with the large pile on the other side of the table.

"Now look, and tell me what I have done."

The children start for the blocks the instant they open their eyes, and Mary reaching the table first, begins to group the blocks in twos, the remainder of the class looking on; but before she places the last, the pupils, whose eyes have outrun her hands, turn to the teacher and call out, "You took away one!"

"How many are here?"

"Twenty-four."

"Tell me about it, Mary."

"Twenty-five less one are twenty-four."

"Mary, Maggie, and Frank, may write it. We will suppose now that these blocks are oranges. How many have we?"

Chorus: "Twenty-four oranges!"

"If I want to give you one half of them, what shall I do? Charley."

"Make two parts."

"You may do it for me."

The boy divides the group of blocks into halves.

"I will separate the blocks into these two parts [eight and sixteen]; are these halves?"

"No ma'am!"

"Why not?"

"They have to be equal parts."

"Divide them in that way." He does so. "Which of these would you rather have, Mike?"

"I wouldn't care at all."

"Why not?"

"Because one is the same as the other, sure."

"Write what you did on your slate, Charley; Timmie and Mike may place the same on theirs. If you had twelve apples" [putting twelve blocks together], "how many more would you need to make twenty-four? Susie."

"Twelve."

"Why?"

"Because twelve and twelve are twenty-four."

"Write it, Susie, Julia, and Edith. I'd like to have some milk this morning, and the milkman says he will charge me so many cents [showing seven blocks] for a quart, and this is all the money I have" [pointing to the twenty-four blocks]. "How many quarts can I get? Patrick."

"Three, and have three over."

"Three, and three what over?"

"Three quarts, and have three cents over."

"Why?"

"Because in twenty-four there are three sevens, and three over."

"Write it, and John and Mary may write it too. Now let us play that these blocks are marbles, and I have how many?"

Class: "Twenty four."

"Yes, and I wish to give you"—turning to Timmie—"one fourth of them. How shall I go to work?"

"Make them into fourths!" instructs the class.

"How many parts shall I have then?"

"Four parts."

"What kind of parts will they be?"

"Equal parts."

"What part of twenty-four has already been written, children?"

"One half of twenty-four."

"And that was?"

"Twelve."

"How many fourths does it take to make one half, Edith?"

"Two fourths."

"Come and show us with the blocks."

The little girl separates these into four equal parts, then puts two of the four groups together, and looking at them after it is done, answers, "Two fourths of twenty-four are twelve."

"Put it on the board, Edith, Henry, and Maggie. How many parts have I separated my twenty-four blocks into now, children?" [dexterously manipulating the blocks].

Everybody: "Eight!"

"What would you call one of these parts?"

"Eighths," answer the class.

"Let us play that these blocks are caramels. Are you fond of them, Henry?"

"Yes'm."

"How many caramels have I in each of these eighths?"

Class: "Three caramels."

"How many of these eighths would it take to make twelve?"

"Four!" is the answer in concert.

"Who will tell me this? Nellie."

"Four eighths of twenty-four are twelve."

"Write it; Timmie, and Susie, do the same. I am going to think of these blocks as twenty-four dolls, and I wish to make a present of them to twelve girls, giving the same number to each. How many will that be? Frank, take the blocks and find out."

Frank works handily with the blocks for a moment, while the class watch, and then answers, "Two."

"How many parts have you made?"

Frank, after a glance at the groups, "Twelve."

"What is one part called, class?"

"One twelfth."

"How many twelfths would six girls have, Julia?"

"Six twelfths."

"How many dolls?"

"Twelve dolls."

"Why, Frank?"

"Because six twelfths of twenty-four is twelve."

"You mean that six twelfths of twenty-four *are* twelve." corrects the teacher. "Frank, Patrick, and Mike, may write it on their slates. I have all these cents" [pointing to the twenty-four blocks], "and I want some one to go to the store, and buy pickled limes at so many cents apiece" [holding up two blocks]. "How many could you get, Charley?"

"Twelve."

"Why?"

"Because there are twelve twos in twenty-four."

"Write it, Charley; Nellie, Edith and Julia may do the same. If I had so many candy gooseberries" [pointing to the twenty-four blocks], "and gave one fourth of them away, how many would that be? Timmie."

"Six gooseberries."

"Why?"

"Because one fourth of twenty-four is six."

"Now, if I gave so many away" [indicating the six], "how many would I have left? Susie."

The little girl steps to the table, moves the blocks for an instant, and answers briskly, "Eighteen."

"Why?"

"Because twenty four less six are eighteen."

"Henry, Eddie, and Susie, write it. Let us play that

these [the blocks] are pencils, and I wish to divide them among twenty-four children. How many will each child have?"

Chorus: "One pencil!"

"What part of the whole will that be, Mary?"

"One twenty-fourth."

"Why, John?"

"Because one twenty-fourth of twenty-four is one."

"Write it, John; Mary, Mike, Charley and Susie may write it also. How many of these parts will it take to make one half? Maggie."

"Twelve parts."

"Why?"

"Because, twelve is one half of twenty-four."

"Write it; Frank, Patrick, and Timmie, do the same. You may all stand away so that you can see, and I will put a story on the board for you," announces the teacher, as these children finish. The class step out a little, and she writes. "Read, Eddie."

"I had twenty-four marbles."

"The one whose name I place here, may read the sentence in which he finds it."

"I gave Henry six of them," is this lad's ready response.

"The next boy who sees his name on the board, may say his part," continues the teacher, writing as she speaks.

"And I gave Charley six more," reads that little boy without hesitation.

The teacher writes again; "Susie, you may ask that."

"How many did I give away?" inquires the small maiden.

"When you have thought, you may come and whisper the answer to me," specifies the teacher.

One by one, the children go to the teacher, and whisper; she responds "Right," to each in turn. "Class tell me why?" is the mandate, when all have done this.

"Because six and six are twelve!" is the energetic chorus.

"Every one write it."

They spring to the board, and put the sentence down — — — quickly as they can well do so. While they are at work, the teacher is writing;—*What part did I give away?* and seeing this, the children read silently, solve the problem, and whisper the result obtained in her ear as fast as she can attend to them, all excepting one little boy, who goes first to the blocks, *sees* the solution, and then is ready to give it.

How many had I left, writes the teacher. "Put your answers on your slates," is her direction.

This is done while the teacher writes the last of her questions;—*What part had I left?*

"Edith may read us that"

The child does so. Then the pupils go again to whisper their results.

"Wrong," is the first decision, which sends a downcast little woman to the block-table, to work the problem out. "Wrong," is the next whisperer, and "Wrong," the one after.

"Right," declares the teacher to the pupil who comes next; but the one after is wrong, and then comes another who is right.

The group at the block-table is increasing, and the young faces are rather long, by this time.

"Think! think!" says the teacher; "you can think it out, if you try."

But the young mathematicians come no more with their answers; they are confused, and she must help them a little.

"What part did I give away, children?"

"One half!" is the quick chorus.

"What must I have separated the twenty-four marbles into, then?"

"Halves," is the instant response.

"How many halves had I at first?"

"Two," declare the children all together.

"Now who can tell me what part I had left?" Every hand is fluttering, for every child sees the point. "All together."

"One half!" is the eager concert.

"What else could we call this part besides one half? Maggie."

"Two fourths."

"Yes; any other name for it? Nellie."

"Four eighths."

"That is so. Can you think of still another one, Frank?"

"Six twelfths."

"Right! Patrick, you haven't had a question lately; tell me which you would rather have, one half of an apple, or three sixths of an orange?"

"Three sixths of an orange."

"Why?"

"Because I like oranges best," is the demure reply, delivered with perfect seriousness, and seeming innocence.

"That will do," hurriedly decides the teacher, smiling rather more than usual upon the baffled group, whose hands were all up to correct Patrick, but who are now somewhat taken aback by his unexpected answer.

"Let us look for the best slate," proposes the teacher, and they all turn to the blackboard, beginning at once with the gravity and deliberation of judges, to inspect the work.

"Teacher, I think John's is the nicest," selects Susie, after a prolonged survey of each slate.

"So do I," coincides Timmie.

"John, read, and we will see if the work is all right; sometimes it isn't, and we have to be very particular in looking it over," cautions the teacher.

John reads his examples, which are arranged thus:

$$\begin{array}{r}
 5 \text{ 5's} = 25 \\
 7) 24 \text{ (3)} \\
 \underline{\frac{1}{2} \text{ of } 24 = 1} \\
 6 + 6 = 12 \\
 24 - 12 = 12
 \end{array}$$

(The line is drawn to separate the problems given to him, from those given to the whole class.)

"That is a carefully written slate," grants the teacher. "The figures are well made, and everything is neat; we will call that 'Number One.' Which is the next best, children?"

Mary points to her neighbor's slate on the left, while Charley reports that—"Edith's slate looks pretty nice."

"Is that any better than this one?" inquires the teacher of the little critics.

"I like the finish of the figures here," gravely enunciates John, with the air of a connoisseur. The fact of his having had the best slate, seems to have given him a *prestige*, tacitly acknowledged by the class, who concur with his opinion that Edith's shall be, "Number Two."

In this way each slate is examined in turn, and numbered according to the excellence of the work. The one containing a mistake comes last, and its mortified little owner has no word to say for herself, though it is quite evident that the error is the result of carelessness rather than ignorance.

When the inspection is concluded, the teacher says, "Stand up straight, and tall, children, and think fast. How many fives make twenty-five?"

The hands are up, almost before she has uttered the last word.

"Maggie."

"Five."

"One fifth of twenty-five, Charley?"

"Five."

"Four fours are how many, Julia?"

"Sixteen."

"Two tens are how many, Mike?"

"Twenty."

"Threes in twenty-four? Nellie."

"Eight."

"Eights in twenty-four, Edith?"

"Three."

"Sixes in twenty-four? John."

"Four."

"Twelves in twenty-four? Eddie."

"Two."

"How many fours make twenty-four, Mary?"

"Six."

"How many must we take from twenty-four to leave twelve, Susie?"

"Twelve."

"Twelve is what part of twenty-four? Timmie."

The boy hesitates a second, and glances toward the blocks; then as if he had moved them mentally, he answers, "One half."

"How many eights make twenty-four? Henry."

"Three."

"Sixes in twenty-five, Frank?"

"Four sixes, and one over."

"What is the difference between three sixths, and one half, Patrick?" interrogates the teacher, suddenly turning upon him, with a glimmer of mischief in her face.

"Just the figures," retorts the young namesake of the Saint, grinning broadly at his own wit.

"How is that?"

"Why, don't you see?" writing the fractions upon the board. "They aren't the same; are they?"

"The class is dismissed," announces the teacher, quite convinced that one member, at least, understands fractions—as far as he has gone!

Notes and Comments.

Training pupils to guess, is one of the most vicious of the bad intellectual results of poor teaching; for when children have become habitual guessers, they need to be mentally born again. The certainty of knowledge shown by this class, is quite worthy of being noted; while the skill displayed by this teacher in discerning the critical juncture at which guessing would inevitably have set in, had she not come to the rescue, and in knowing just how much assistance to give, and just when to withdraw that assistance, is sufficiently rare to be commented upon.



CHAPTER VIII.

PENMANSHIP.—A LESSON IN TRACING.

THE lesson here photographed, was given in the only school in Quincy, where pen and ink were used by second-year pupils.

The credit of this new departure, is due to Geo. H. Shattuck, one of the "Spencerian authors," who took charge of the introductory exercise, and then left the work in the hands of the regular teacher, by whom the following lesson was conducted.

The originality of Mr. Shattuck's plan, consists in the new use of an old device,—tracing. Instead of trying to teach form, by means of tracing, as is usually done, he employs tracing merely as an aid in training little children in position, pen-holding, the careful use of pen and ink, and in movement.

Having the perfectly formed letter ready-made to his hand, the small beginner in the great art of penmanship, is freed from trouble in that direction, and can concentrate all his energies upon the performance of that difficult feat, which many larger people have never mastered, *viz.* the proper position and movement of his new tool,—the pen.

The last step in Technical Writing has been taken when the pupils have been taught how to use pen and ink. There is, consequently, no necessity for any further illustration of the manner of teaching, and no more lessons will be delineated in this branch in which the pupils receive con-

stant practice during the eight years of their school life, and steady training the first four.

PURPOSE OF THE LESSON.—To drill the children in the technic of penmanship.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE TEACHER.—Learning the signals, and what they are for.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE PUPILS.—The self-control to which they have attained.

PLAN OF THE LESSON.—Call the monitors.

Supply monitors with pen-holders, pen-wipers, and books.

Monitors distribute the same.

Class turn to side. (1)

Class place their books. (2)

Class arrange arms in position, and find, with right hands, the places in their books. (3 & 4)

Class open their books. (5)

Review the lines, and write two u's on the board.

Class open the ink wells. (6 & 7)

Class pick up their pens, place them in position, and notice points. (8 & 9)

Class take ink. (10)

Class write.

Class wipe pens, and lay them down. (11 & 12)

Class close ink wells. (13 & 14)

Class examine their books.

Class close books. (15)

Class face front. (16)

Monitors collect the books, pen-holders, and pen-wipers.

THE LESSON.

It is nearly time for school to commence. The airy, sunshiny room is almost as still as if work had set in. Indeed, it has begun, for standing at nearly every division of the

low blackboard devoted to drawing, are little children sketching, as busy and intent upon their pictures as any grown-up artists.

The teacher moving softly to and fro between her table and the book-case, absorbed in her preparation for the coming half-day's work, pays no attention to what is going on, until the quick patter of bare feet in the entry, causes her to look up at the child who is coming in.

Very red in the face, very brown as to hands and feet, with old turned-up trousers, and old turned-down, straw hat, crushing the blonde curls that stray from under it, this living image of Whittier's "Barefoot Boy" steps directly across the room to a vacant space at the board, whereon is an elaborate sketch of a sailing vessel,—the "Edith." Though somewhat original as to construction, and slightly peculiar as to perspective, the drawing shows some talent, likewise the toil of many days. Great then is the teacher's surprise, to see the little fellow snatch an eraser, and begin to destroy what it has taken him so long to create.

"Frank! Frank! why do you rub out your work?" she hastily inquires.

Pausing an instant, he explains. "Why, you see, George said there couldn't anybody get into the 'Edith,' and I thought it didn't look, just right, so I've been down to the shore to see some schooners, and I've found out what the trouble is," and he goes on erasing.

"There is something else that you haven't found out," gently intimates the teacher, with a significant gesture, that causes the child to put his hand to his head, and thus discover his hat.

"Oh! I-I-forgot," he stammers, expeditiously pulling off the article referred to, and disclosing to view numberless rings of damp hair, edging the snowy forehead into which the color rises as he passes out to hang up his hat where it belongs.

At this moment the bell rings, and the remainder of the class, immediately forming in line outside the schoolhouse, file in, silently take their seats and fold their hands, those at the blackboards doing the same.

Standing in front, the smiling teacher looks down into the happy faces before her, and begins to sing,—

"Buttercups every one
Bright like the morning sun,
Looking and smiling so gay,"

and the little ones all join in, some of the boys whistling the air, instead of singing. The effect is unique, certainly, and whatever may be thought of it as a musical performance, it is undeniably a success so far as the children are concerned, as one glance at the earnest pleased faces of the singers, and the vigorous puckerings of the whistlers, proves.

When all the stanzas have been rendered, a hand is raised, and the owner petitions,—“Please let us sing the ‘Dandelion Song’?”

Consent being given the girls carol the words—

“Dandy Dandelion, was a splendid fellow,
With a coat of green, and a crest of yellow.
He had lots of gold, he was very lazy,
So he chose to scold modest little Daisy,”

and the boys pipe up their whistling accompaniment with such hearty good-will that they nearly drown the singers, voices.

This being ended, the teacher intimates, “Now we are going to write; and first of all, I want to see you—”

“Sitting up straight!” chorus the children, finishing her sentence and verifying the words.

Lifting her bell so that all the erect, attentive pupils can see it, the teacher taps lightly, and eight of their number acting as monitors, range themselves directly in front of the platform.

"I see that Asa is absent," observes the teacher, after one glance at the line. "What is it, Charley?"

"He stayed at home, because he spilled the ink last time."

"I am sorry that the accident happened, but he need not stay out of school for that. He could not help spilling the ink when he fell down. Carrie, will you do his work to-day?"

"Yes'm," and in a second, the active little maid has joined the small officials, who might be taken as models of good deportment, so very erect is their carriage, and so dignified their bearing.

Turning to her table the teacher now takes from a drawer three box-covers upon which are laid in perfect order, a certain number of pen-holders, with the ends of the pens projecting over the edges of the lids; three other box-covers containing pen-wipers symmetrically arranged, and three piles of writing-books. To every third monitor she hands a cover containing pen holders, to three others, the lids with the pen-wipers, and to the remaining monitors, she distributes the writing-books, then touches her bell.

The nine little people whirl like so many automatons, and place themselves facing down the room, those holding the books and pen-holders, opposite the heads of the first, third, and fifth aisles; those carrying the pen-wipers, opposite the heads of the second, fourth, and sixth aisles, where they wait for the signals.

"One!" calls out the teacher.

Instantly each of the monitors with the books, lay one softly—face up—in the middle of the first desk at their right, while the monitors just behind them, with the pen-holders, each place one in the groove at the back of the desk, with the point out. At the same time, the monitors with the pen-wipers in the alternate aisles, each drop a pen-wiper, upon the right-hand corner of the first desk at their right.

"Two!"

Every monitor takes a long step forward, bringing him opposite the second desk.

"One!"

A book and pen-holder, or pen-wiper, is placed softly upon the second set of desks.

"Two!"

Again the nine monitors stride forward; thus they proceed, until they come to the end of the aisles, where all turn, those carrying the books and pen-holders passing to the right, and up the 3d, 5th, and 7th aisles (if double desks are used the three monitors go up the 1st, 2d, and 3d aisles, and down the 2d, 3d, and 4th aisles), the others turn around in their places, distributing up the aisles this time, and standing finally in a straight line in front of the platform, when all the desks have been supplied.

Relieving the children of their box-covers, the teacher makes a sign of dismissal, and they slip softly into their own seats, and fold their hands like the others.

"One!"

The pupils wheel in their seats, as one body.

"Two!"

Every book is placed in just the right spot, and exactly at the requisite angle.

"Three!"

All of the arms are arranged in proper position.

"Four!"

The right hands find the places in the books, the heads are up, and the eyes upon the teacher, waiting for the next signal.

"Five!"

Every book opens on the instant, without even so much as the flutter of a leaf, and the teacher,—standing at the board—has the entire attention of her young audience, when she puts her first question.

"How many u's on each line?"

"Two!" is the unanimous assertion, after a downward look at the open books.

"What kind of lines are these?" drawing two carefully, upon the board.

"Horizontal."

"What color are they in your books?"

"Blue."

"Find two lines running this way," drawing two up and down, upon the board.

The tiny fingers are all pointing at, without touching (for fear of soiling) the lines referred to.

"What do we call those?"

"Vertical lines."

"What is the name of this?" motioning toward the lower one.

"The base line."

"And this?" indicating the upper.

"The head line."

"On which line do we begin?"

"On the base line."

"Wait a moment till I am ready," says the teacher her hasty pupils, who have their mouths made up to give her the word to begin.

Selecting a long crayon, and placing the point at her base line, she utters—"Now!" and they start off together, the teacher writing, and the children counting—"One,—two,—three,—four, one," for the five slanting lines of the letter u.

"What shall I do with these vertical lines?"

"Don't do anything!" calls out a quick-witted youngster, before anybody else has time to speak.

"You mustn't touch them!" "Don't touch them!" are other directions given.

"What number did I call last?"

"Five!" is the assurance in concert.

"Six!" signals the teacher.

Every right arm reaches toward the ink well, every right hand rests upon the cover.

"Seven!"

The covers are lifted.

"Eight!"

Each pupil picks up his pen, and settles to position, as the teacher cautions,—

"Be sure that the elbow is resting upon the desk, and that the arm is in—what kind of a line?"

"Horizontal!" aver the little ones unanimously.

"Nine!"

There is not a child in the room, who is not at this instant, wrestling with his rebellious or awkward fingers.

"How should we hold our pens?" reviews the teacher.

"With two fingers."

"What do we call those two that are bent under?"

"Little feet."

"And what have they on?"

"Skates."

"Then let me see every hand gliding on its two skates all the time that we are writing. What is it that we must not touch?"

"The pen."

"Yes, only the holder. Ten!"

The pens are poised over the ink wells, and then dipped daintily into the ink.

"Let us all remember that we want but a—"

"Little ink!" interpolate the class.

"Because we are going to make,—"

"Light lines!" conclude the chorus.

"Ready!"

Every pen is placed in the proper spot, every eye is fixed upon that spot, and every ear listening for the count.

It comes,—*"One!"* the pens travel lightly upward over the traced lines on the pages; *"Two!"* they slide down; *"Three!"* they move carefully up again, following constantly the faintly outlined forms; *"Four!"* down; *"One!"*

up; and the little writers draw a long breath of relief as they lift their eyes from the pages before them.

A second's rest, and the command is heard, "Ready! One,—two,—three,—four,—one. Another u. Ready! One,—two,—three,—four,—one. Now wipe your pens, and lay them down, while we look at the letters we have made. I think you did quite well. Nearly every one sat up straight and almost all held their pens correctly. If you do any better next time, I shall have to invite Mrs. C.* in to look at you. All in position; pick up your pens,—take just a little ink,—place the pens. One,—two,—three,—four,—one. Next; one,—two,—three,—four,—one."

The children are on their mettle now; the little figures are rigidly erect, the arms are in perfect position, the pen-holders point in the proper direction, and the small hands are all sliding—in good style,—over the paper, on the skates before mentioned.

Watching her class as they work, the teacher feels that her pupils are doing their very best, that she has aroused them to the height of effort, if it be not the height of performance, and it does not fall far short of even that.

Accordingly, still counting for them to write, she moves toward the door leading into the next room, and taking advantage of a pause between two lines, she opens the door, and beckons the teacher to come in.

If it be possible, the backs are stiffer, the heads are held a trifle higher, the "little feet" are rather more obvious, and the pen-holders pointing in the proper direction, seem a shade more exact, as the invited guest steps over the threshold.

As for her, coming thus unprepared upon the scene, she finds it exceedingly difficult to preserve the proprieties of the occasion.

"Will you please stand here and watch my class while

*The teacher in the adjoining room.

they write a line? I thought I'd like to have you see them," remarks their teacher. "Ready! One,—two,—three,—four,—one. Again! One,—two,—three,—four,—one."

The long rows of rigid little figures, each sitting in precisely the same position, the small constrained hands all carrying the pens in such preternaturally good form, the demure little faces with downcast eyes, and an expression of affected unconsciousness of what remarkably nice children they are, visible all over them, form a tableau that appeals irresistibly to such a lover of children. For the space of ten seconds she wavers between the desire to laugh at the cunning looks of these innocent young hypocrites, and her longing to catch them up and hug them one by one, but as a matter of fact she does neither; only remarks in the most commonplace fashion, "I can see a great improvement since the last time I came in. I think if I were to draw a line down each aisle, it would touch every head in the row; their positions are very fine."

"I knew you would be pleased," assures the teacher of the class, as the visitor, not caring to trust herself further, retires with a very smiling countenance.

"What line next?" asks the teacher as the door shuts.

"The sixth!"

"Only a little ink. Ready! One,—two,—three,—four,—one. Again. One,—two,—three,—four,—one. John, you have gained since I spoke to you," is her encouraging assertion, addressed to an energetic youngster, who has been trying so hard that his tongue must ache, it having been thrust from side to side of his mouth with every stroke of his pen. The boy's face now fairly shines with delight, while he takes a still firmer grip of his holder, and prepares to conquer another u, with tongue and pen.

"Ready now, for the seventh line. One,—two,—three,—four,—one. I can see that the class are watching their left hands, to keep them just where they belong."

At this every pupil in the room re-places the hand referred to, in order to be sure that it is just right.

"Where are we now?"

"At the eighth line."

"We must remember positions, all of us, it is so easy to forget, and lean over."

This reminder brings every drooping child to a bolt-up-right, immediately.

"Ready! One,—two,—three,—four,—one. One,—two,—three,—four,—one. Wipe your pens always, when you rest. You may rest now, and wait for Clara, who is a little behindhand, because she did not take ink enough. I am pleased to see Mina doing so much better. She used to hold her pen badly, but she is getting to be one of the good writers."

Another pupil, not greatly interested before, will work with all her small might now.

"What line next, children?"

"The ninth." "The last."

"Yes," agrees the teacher, "and we want to make that the"—

"Best," adds the chorus.

"Very well; take up your pens, and dip just the points in the ink, so that this will be a *very* light line. Ready! One,—two,—three,—four,—one. Now the last and finest of all. One,—two,—three,—four,—one. Eleven!"

Each writer picks up his pen-wiper and proceeds to clean his pen thoroughly.

"Twelve!"

The pen-holders are placed in the grooves of the desks. all the points turned one way.

"Thirteen!"

The hands are on the covers of the ink wells.

"Fourteen!"

The covers are softly closed.

"Let us look at our books now. How many find one short oblique line at the top over the last lesson?" Six or eight hands go up reluctantly. "What does it mean, Harry?" calling upon one of this number.

"That the lines were too heavy."

"Yes. Now see how many have two short horizontal lines at the bottom of your page."

There is quite a showing of hands this time.

"What do they mean, Helen?"

"That we have improved."

"I hope I can put these in every book, when I come to look at what you have written to-day. Don't you?"

"Yes'm!" in emphatic agreement.

"Well, we shall see. Fifteen!"

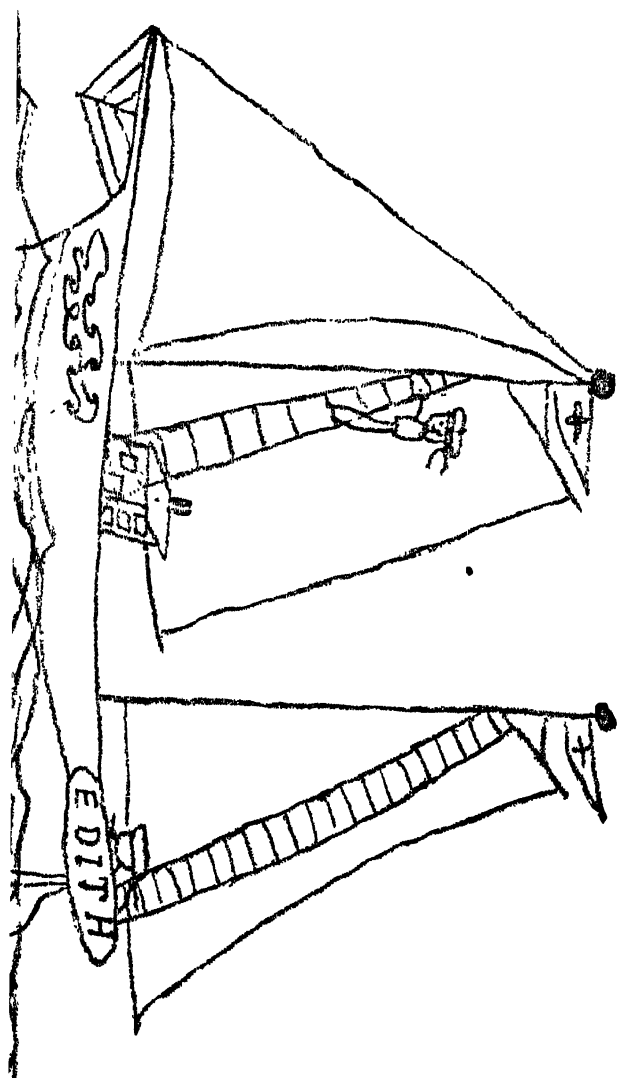
The books are closed.

"Sixteen."

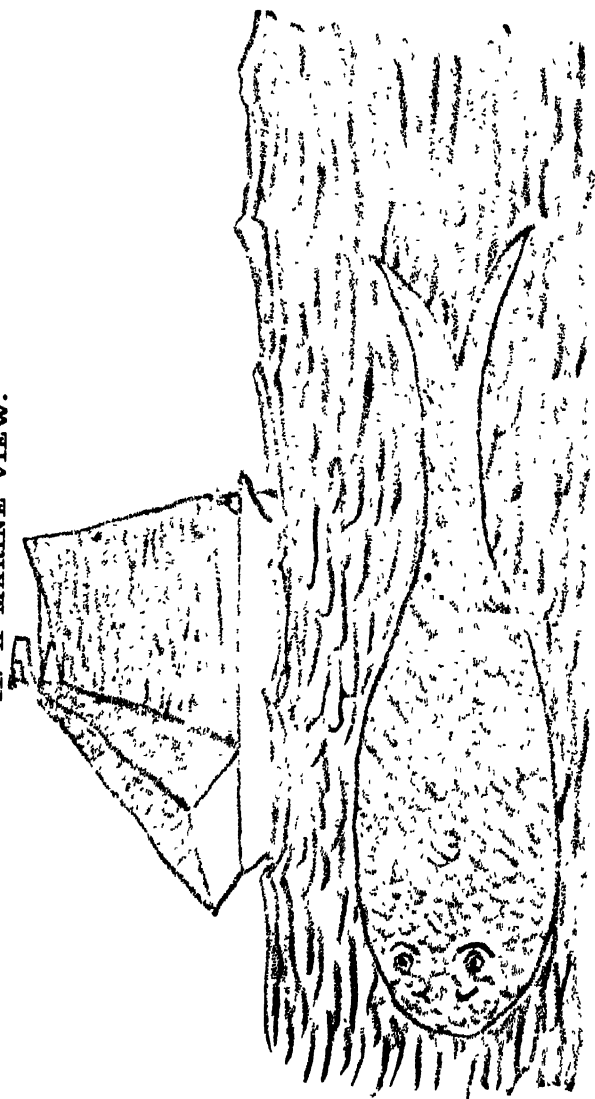
All the pupils wheel in their seats, and face the front again. The teacher, taking her stand beside the table, strikes her bell; the monitors rise, and passing in the same order as when distributing, gather up the books, pen-holders, and pen-wipers, while the class wait in orderly silence, until everything has been collected and put away. Work for the next period is now assigned to the different groups, and the busy hum of industry sets in once more.

Notes and Comments.

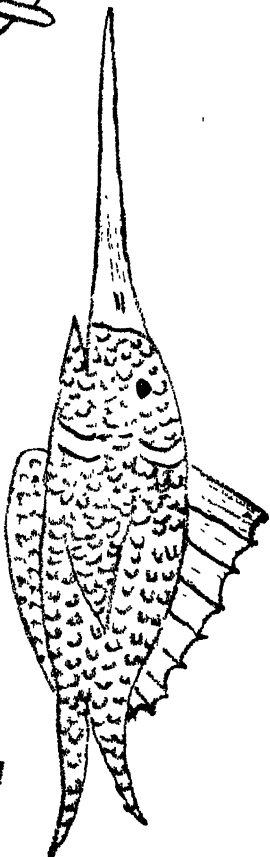
There is a time and a place for all things,—hence, for mechanical drill. For whatever is to be done mechanically, should be learned mechanically; and writing should certainly be mechanical. The lesson just photographed shows that even an automatic exercise can be made delightful to children, because it can be filled with life. To accomplish this, three things are essential. First, a standard of precision;



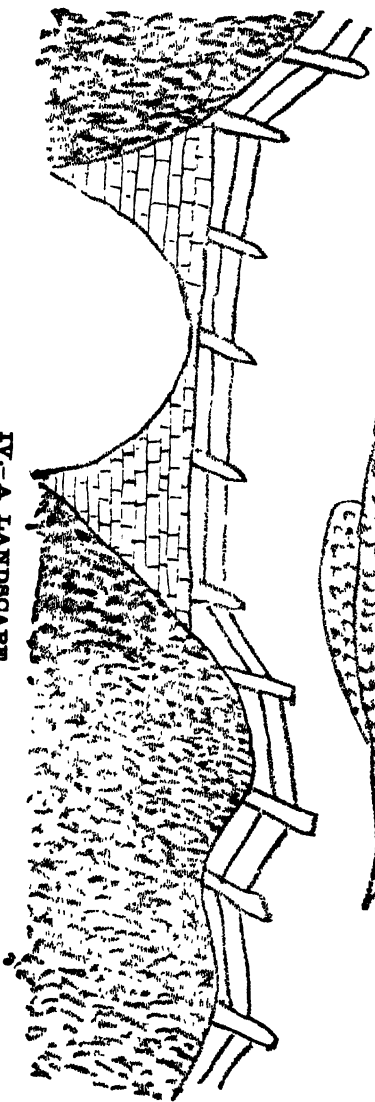
II.—A MARINE VIEW.

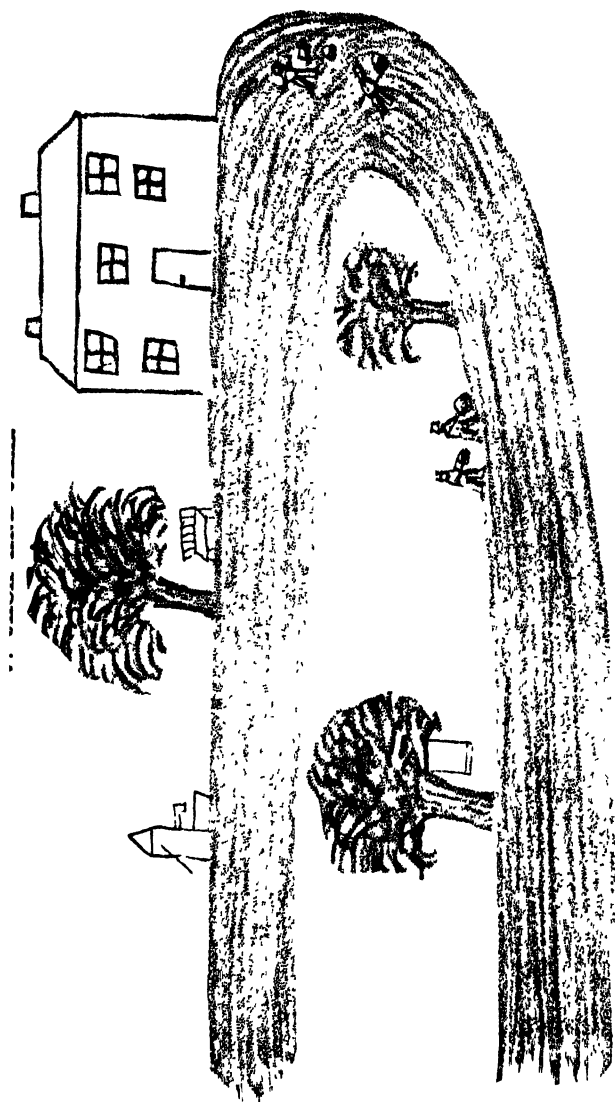


III.-A FISH.



IV.-A LANDSCAPE.





That man is kind.
That man is kind.
That man is kind.
That man is kind.
The duck has wings
The duck has wings
The duck has wings

second, a logical arrangement of details; and third, a skilful teacher.

Two specimens of penmanship of this grade,—though not done in Quincy,—are presented, because they were done under the training of a Quincy teacher.

EXPLANATORY.

A few of the blackboard pictures, referred to in the beginning of this description, are here reproduced, having been copied upon paper by the small artists, for that purpose. It should be distinctly understood, that this work is entirely their own. They are given no aid, and ask for none. The subjects or scenes, whether real or imaginary, are of their own selection, and are delineated according to their own ideas. Occasionally a child will work every day before school (the pupils are not allowed to draw during the recess), two or three weeks upon one picture, demonstrating not seldom a study of the object, that is both persistent and intelligent.

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CHAPTER IX.

A LESSON IN SPELLING.

PURPOSE OF THE LESSON — To teach the children to spell, *i.e.* write the sentences given.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE TEACHER — Indirect. Several years of practice in blackboard writing.

Direct. The writing of the lesson of the day.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE PUPILS — The power to attend, which they have gained through training.

PLAN OF THE LESSON — (1) Write (from Col. Parker's "Tract on Spelling") three sentences on the board,—before school.

(2) Have them read aloud, and then copied by all the groups, for Busy-Work in the morning.

(3) Erase the writing at noon.

(4) Say the first sentence to the children, have them repeat, and then write it.

(5) Give the other two sentences in the same manner.

(6) Have the pupils exchange slates.

(7) Write the sentences upon the board slowly, while the children examine the slates.

(8) Have the slates returned to their owners, and the errors corrected.

THE LESSON.

As the first group return to their seats from their number lesson, the teacher—in low pleasant tones, but with a manner that suggests dispatch—says to the group, "Take

your slates. Egbert, read the first sentence on the black-board."

Turning, the children behold a lined-off space, upon which is written in chirography that resembles letterpress, three sentences.*

"There are a great many beautiful trees in the woods," reads the child, in a perfectly natural manner.

"I am looking for a little girl who wishes to tell us the next," intimates the teacher as she scans the line of fresh young faces in front of her. "Rosa."

"Where are you going, little boy?" queries the small reader, as if she wished to know.

"One more sentence," specifies the teacher. "Eugene shall have it, because he is sitting in such a fine position."

The flattered little fellow stands, a model of soldier-like dignity, as he reads, "Here are some very pretty flowers."

"Copy these sentences, until you fill your slates with very nice writing," is the order, given, as the teacher walks off down the room to meet the second class in Number.

In the course of the forenoon, every pupil has written these sentences for Busy-Work, and thus has studied his spelling lesson.

When the children return to school after the noon recess, the beautiful handwriting has vanished, the blackboard is clean and bare.

Toward the middle of the afternoon, when the reading lessons are over, and the Busy-Work—clay modelling—has been inspected, duly praised and carefully laid away in the closet to dry, the command comes, "Get your slates and pencils ready for spelling."

While they are doing this, the teacher—who happens to be in the rear of the room, breaks out into song, and the children without a backward glance, chime in:—

* This was done by the teacher before school.

"Under the haystack Little Boy Blue
Sleeps with his head on his arm,"

By the time the song is ended and the slates are cleaned, the teacher is standing at her place in front, and leads off with the following, which is accompanied by appropriate movements.

"This is east, and this way west,
Soon I'll learn to say the rest,
This is high, and this is low,
Only see how much I know

If a lady in the street,
Or my teacher I should meet,
From my head my hat I'll take,
And a bow like this I'll make "

"Sit up tall, and look me in the eye," is the terse mandate spoken in a low sweet voice as the last notes die upon the air. "Here is your first sentence," repeating clearly and with good expression, "There are a great many beautiful trees in the woods."

The class say it over after her, imitating exactly, her tone and manner.

"Write!" dictates the teacher.

At the word, every child in the room makes a dart for his pencil, and sets to work with the utmost expedition.

Presently the teacher, who is as usual passing up and down the aisles, feels her dress pulled, and turning, discovers a child—a new pupil but lately moved into the place—who has chosen this mode of attracting her attention.

"What is it, Jimmie?" she questions.

"Please tell that sentence again?" says the small stranger.

"I never give a sentence more than once," replies the teacher gently, yet firmly.

"But I didn't hear it," urges the boy.

"Very well; then you cannot write that one," decides the teacher; adding—possibly by way of precaution—"you may fold your hands and wait for the next."

The new-comer has had his first lesson in "Quincy Methods," and he looks as though he did not particularly enjoy it. When the next sentence is given out, he will probably have deserted the ranks of those who "having ears, hear not;" and it is to be hoped,—forever.

Meantime the teacher who has gone on her way, has found a slate not quite to her liking, and informs the small scribe, "I want more careful writing, Willie." Again she is better pleased, and commends thus: "This little girl is improving, I am glad of that." But coming upon a wrong form, she brings her sponge into requisition, and as she erases, instructs the misspeller. "If you don't know how to spell a word, you may put a line in its place."

By this time all have finished, and are waiting with folded hands.

This is the second sentence; "Where are you going, little boy?"

The class repeat the question, and wait,—eager, alert, but motionless, till the command is given. "Write!"

Swiftly and with one accord, they snatch their pencils and fall to work, while the teacher pursues her slow, noiseless walk among them; making here a comment, erasing there a word, or lifting now and then, a bent figure.

As soon as the pupils begin to assume the attitude of rest, the teacher passes at once to the front, that no time may be wasted. When the slowest writer lays his pencil quietly in the groove of his desk, the teacher speaks; "Now I will give you the last sentence. Here are some very pretty flowers. Repeat!"

The words are echoed back in full and perfect concert.

"Write!"

They obey as if moved by one will, and once more every eye is bent upon the slates, every hand is spelling the words, and every mind is absorbed in the task.

One after another the bowed heads come up; one after

another the pencils are laid down; one after another the young copyists take the required position.

"Pass the slates!" dictates the teacher, whereupon the pupils turn and hand their slates to those sitting just behind them, with the exception of the last in each row, who take theirs up to the pupils sitting at the heads of the lines.

This is done in a second, and Julia is called upon to read the first sentence to the teacher, who writes it slowly and carefully, upon the board, each child looking from board to slate, and slate to board, following word by word, the spelling as it silently proceeds; the teacher halting slightly after each word, to give the inexperienced examiners plenty of time.

"See," she bids, as she puts her period in its place; "if your sentence ends as mine does, with--"

"A dot!" conclude the children.

"You know that you are to draw a line, if there is a wrong word," notifies the teacher, to remind the thoughtless.

"Clara, read the next."

Again the teacher writes, and again the tiny critics scan the slates they hold, to see if all is right.

The last sentence is read by the pupils, written by the teacher, and examined by the class; then comes the order, "Return the slates!"

Immediately the anxious owners are investigating their work to see if all is right, or what is wrong. The misspelled words are at once erased, and rewritten properly, while the teacher—here, there, and everywhere—is observing the marking on the slates and overlooking the corrections that are being made.

Upon the two careless little examiners that she discovers, she pronounces sentence thus; "I cannot let you be my teachers to-morrow. I must have careful girls and boys to do such work."

At this, one head drops down upon the desk, and tears flow freely for a while, but the other merely shrugs his shoul-

ders, affecting an indifference that he does not feel, because his pride will not allow him to do otherwise.

The general exercise now being over, the class divides again. The first group in Number is called out for a lesson; and those left in the seats are asked to illustrate their last song, by drawing a picture of a boy taking off his hat and making a bow to a lady;—for Busy-Work.

Notes and Comments.

As a rule, young children recognize and accept the inevitable instantly; which cannot be said of their elders,—“more’s the pity.” As a rule too, young children are keen to see, and quick to take advantage, when a fiat is not inevitable. Hence the moral of this lesson is,—read a sentence (or ask a question) twice, and pupils will need to hear it twice; read it but once, and they will grasp it immediately.

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CHAPTER X.

DRAWING.

THE work done in this branch of study (which is included in the daily programme), in the schools of Quincy, is from first to last peculiarly practical. For this, due credit must be given to Mr. Chas. M. Carter of the Massachusetts Normal Art School, who has had the supervision of this department for nearly three years. His motive has been—to quote from his Report as Agent of the Board of Education—“to present Drawing in the way it is to be used.” In other words, as the children need to be able to draw objects after they leave school, they are taught to draw directly from the object in many of their lessons. As the ability to illustrate anything, and everything, is exceedingly valuable in common life, the pupils are required to do free-hand sketching, in connection with their other studies, all the way through their eight years' course.

Mr. Carter's plan of work includes in the teaching of form,—the training in observation, the exercise of expression, and the development of invention. That is, the children are taught to make observations through the senses of sight and touch, and to express the results thus obtained, by reproductions in clay, representations by drawings, or descriptions by means of language. In addition to this, the pupils are led to exercise their creative power; being given nearly every day—as Busy-Work—various kinds of suggestive material, such as splints, sticks, bits of colored paper, etc., to arrange. Side by side with this teaching, which

tends toward the gaining of form concepts, runs the training in the technic of the work,—the power to do. From this, it will be seen that Drawing also falls into line with the New Education, along with the rest of the Common School studies, being in truth, only another form of thought and expression, while the motive just cited as governing the presentation of this subject, is really a restatement of the fundamental principle of the New School of pedagogics,—“We learn to do by doing.” The most remarkable results obtained from Drawing thus taught, are the following. (1) The increase of ability to see. (2) The power derived from an additional means of expression. (3) The practical service rendered by the ready skill of hand,—the faculty of execution acquired through the technical training.

The first year's Course of Study, begins with the teaching *objectively*, of the general forms of bodies; spherical, cubical, etc. The children are then led gradually to see, and learn of the common qualities of form, viz.: surface, plane and curved; line, straight and curved; and point. Next follows the study in detail, of the position of points, the direction of lines, and the meaning, and use of the terms vertical, horizontal, oblique, parallel, perpendicular, etc. When all this has been learned, the little ones are ready to be taught the different kinds of angles. Meantime, exercises in invention are constantly being given, and the pupils who began with the placing of pegs, splints, or sticks, in symmetrical shapes, half unconsciously, are progressing little by little, to the conscious arrangement of geometric forms, according to the principles of symmetry and repetition, in original designs. Supplementary to all this, is practice in measuring and judging, in ruling and dividing distances.

When such clear conceptions of angles have been acquired that they can be seen everywhere, by the children,

and reproduced with a good degree of accuracy, the small artists are prepared for the combinations of these, as found in the triangles: right, isosceles, and equilateral. Next in order, is taught the square, both on its diameters, and its diagonals; and after this, — probably toward the close of the second year, — the oblong.

Beyond this grade, the lessons become mainly concrete in character: that is, the object is presented, and the pupils draw it; the teaching consisting entirely of suggestions and criticisms. There is, therefore, no need of any representation of the work done in Drawing after the photograph which follows.

A LESSON IN FORM.—THE OBLONG.

PURPOSE OF THE LESSON.—*First.* To teach the children what an oblong is.

Second. To train them to see it, wherever found.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE TEACHER.—Contriving the little device of going from the known—the square—to the unknown,—the oblong.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE PUPILS.—Whatever training they have had, either in school or out, in *seeing*.

PLAN OF THE LESSON.—*First.* Lead the children to describe the square.

Second. Send a girl and a boy to the board to draw the square, and let the rest of the class draw the same on their slates.

Third. Have the best square on the board projected toward the right, forming thus an oblong; then give the name.

Fourth. Ask the pupils to find all the oblongs they can in the room.

Fifth. Set them to drawing oblongs in various positions.

Sixth. Request the children to look for oblongs at home, and on the way, and to let me know to-morrow, what they find.

THE LESSON.

"Tell me something about a square," is the abrupt, yet smiling demand of the teacher, as her class, vigilant, silent yet not knowing the subject of the lesson to be given, sit before her in the position of attention.

"It has four sides," is the first statement made.

"The sides are all the same length," advances a second.

"It has four angles," contributes another.

"The angles are right angles," proclaims the fourth speaker moderately, as if thinking the matter out as he goes along.

"George and Minnie, I'd like to have you go to the board," proposes the teacher; "and draw a square for me. I want the sides each a foot long. The rest of you may draw on your slates a square, the sides of which shall be an inch long."

Within ten seconds, every child in the room is as busy as a bee.

When all have finished their squares, the teacher turning toward the board says, "George, you may erase the line at the right of your square. That leaves how many lines, class?"

"Three," agree the pupils.

"Now, bisect each of those lines," dictates the instructor.

The boy works slowly, and cautiously, keeping in mind the fact that over fifty pairs of keen eyes are watching every move.

This being done, the teacher says—speaking with impressive deliberation—"Place a point at the right of the

upper line, just as far from the end, as the point of bisection at the left. Do the same with the bottom line."

Poising his crayon for the lower point, he places it a trifle out of line. His girl-comrade at the board—who has a truer eye than he—casts a swift, half-apologetic look in his face, and then puts her small forefinger where the dot should be. He shifts his crayon like a flash, accepts her help, but gives her back no answering glance, not even a smile for thanks.

"Extend the top and bottom lines," continues the teacher, "to these points."

The boy works as if steadied by the gazing eyes.

"Connect the upper and lower points by a straight line," is the concluding direction.

It is done, and the square has been transformed into an oblong.

"Do you see a square on the board now?" inquires the teacher.

"Yes'm, Minnie's," is the unhesitating response.

"Do you see George's?"

"George's isn't a square any more," decide the voices.

"It has four sides, and four right angles," states the teacher, as if arguing the matter.

"But the sides are not equal!" exclaims a wide-awake youngster.

"What can you tell me about the sides?" asks the teacher, working toward a definition.

"It has two long sides, and two short sides," is the first answer that she gets.

"Two of the sides are longer than the others," is the way a second puts it.

"Are the sides equal?" queries the teacher suggestively.

"Yes'm!" calls out a boy hastily, then considering the matter a little, he subjoins, "two of them are."

"How so, Guy?" insists the teacher, holding him to the point.

"The two long ones are."

"And the two short ones too," speaks out Minnie, from her place at the board.

"Yes. Who can tell me anything else about it?" interrogates the teacher, turning to look at the figure; thus seeking by her action, to fix the eyes of the class upon the drawing, that they may see the one thing more to be discovered.

After a moment of silence, during which all are studying the figure attentively, a child calls out jubilantly, "I see it! I know; the two short ones are two thirds as long as the two long ones."

"I think they are," acquiesces the teacher, as gratified as the child, at this bit of good thinking. "George and Minnie, you may pass to your seats. Children, this—" going to the board and touching it as she names, "is an oblong. Find an oblong somewhere else in the room."

"The motto," spies a bright little girl, first of all, then follows,— "The picture over the table;" "That box on the table;" "The window."

"The two sides are longer than the top and bottom in that," objects George, who, having made the oblong, thinks he ought to know.

"But the two opposite sides are equal, and it has four right angles. I shall call it an oblong," is the placid decree of the teacher. The matter of position being thus clearly disposed of, the answers come thick and fast.

"My slate."

"The door."

"The other pictures."

"I see four oblongs in the door!" fairly shouts a child in the excitement of his new discovery.

"The window pane," calls out another who begins to look for parts in wholes.

"The table."

"That book on it," affirms a ready reasoner, who has progressed so that he can see an oblong on the diagonal.

"My scarf," designates one, passing from the realm of observation, to the realm of imagination.

This leads another to think of,—*"My handkerchief,"* pulling it out of his pocket, and beginning to measure the sides.

"My handkerchief isn't quite square," publishes one, a little irrelevantly.

"Then what do you think it is?" inquires the teacher, swift to see his doubt.

"I don't know," admits the child.

"Hold it up, and let the rest see."

"Please," entreats an earnest little damsel, "may I measure it?"

"Yes, if Harry is willing," permits the teacher.

The boy hands over the wished-for article; it is measured, with a vigilance committee of fifty-three watching the proceeding, and the judgment comes,—*"It is an oblong."*

"Can you see any more in the room?" interrogates the teacher, striving to set the young eyes travelling again.

"That box-cover," spies a lassie, after a moment's silence.

"Oh, I've found lots more, big ones too!" proclaims a boy excitedly. "The blackboards!"

"I can see a bigger one yet," boasts a boy before the exclamatory "Ohs" of the children at the previous find, have died away.

"Well?" says the teacher, smiling at his enthusiasm.

"The ceiling."

"And the floor," ejaculates another boy, whom the idea has just struck.

This is the climax, so here the teacher shrewdly puts her

period by saying, "Draw for me, on your slates, an oblong like the window."

This is soon completed; then holding up an envelope diagonally, she dictates, "Draw this!" Her last object is a box-cover, long and narrow, which is inclined in the opposite direction from the envelope, to make the youthful artists remember that an oblong is an oblong, no matter what its position.

Then the lesson closes thus.

"What have we been talking about this morning?"

"Oblongs," determine the children, with one accord.

"When school is dismissed, and you are going home, I'd like to have you look for oblongs on the way, and find all that you can after you get there; and I'll call upon you to tell me about them to-morrow. Good-by."

Notes and Comments.

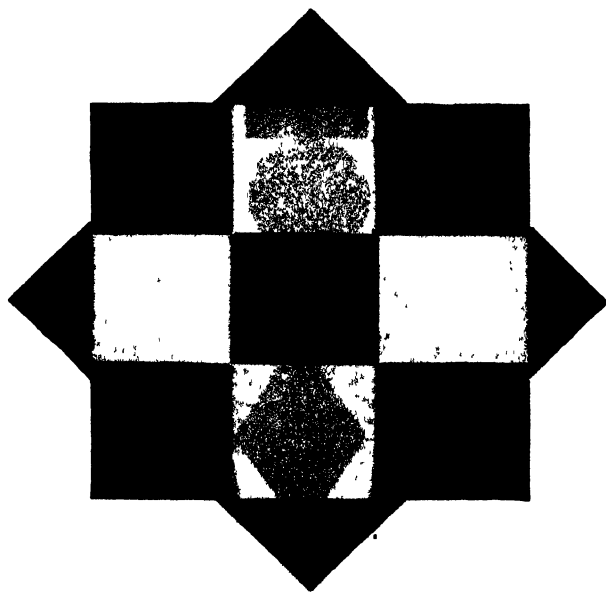
When the child has gained perfect concepts of two (or at most three) fundamental forms, he has mastered the whole world of form, because everything seen is made up of these, which are already in his mind. If it were for the training in form alone, the study of Drawing would be invaluable.

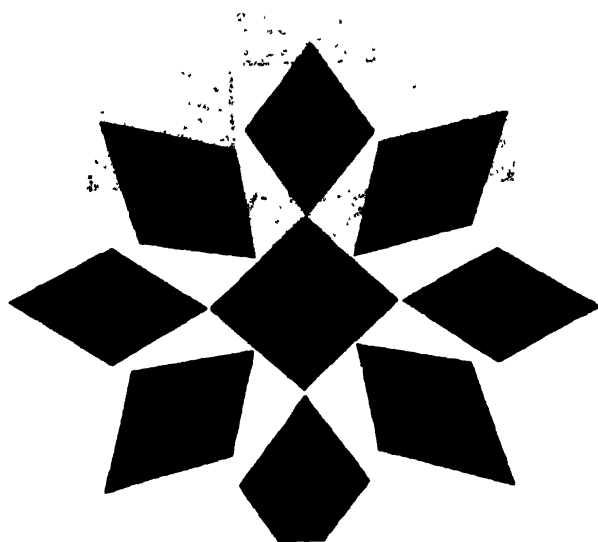
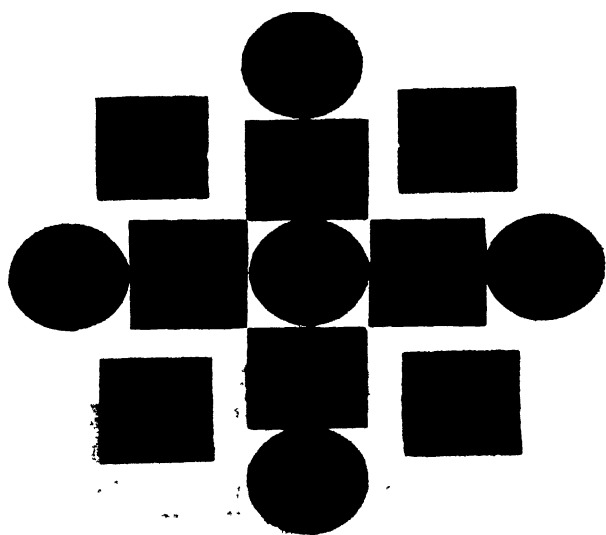
EXPLANATORY.

The greater proportion of the Drawing, in the second year's course, being done upon blackboard and slate; it is difficult to fairly represent the results obtained, by means of samples. However, a few are here given that may serve as illustrations of the kind of work done. The first three of these are specimens of inventions, such as are made by the pupils during Busy-Work periods. The fourth is a copy from a picture. Very little, comparatively, is gained from this sort of drawing, aside from ideas of how objects can be

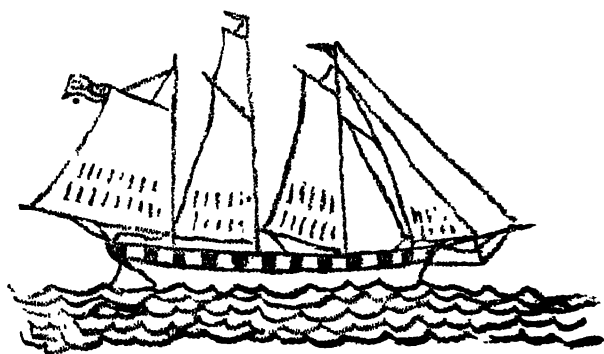
represented upon a flat surface. But the children enjoy it, for a change, and sometimes ask permission to copy, as did the little boy whose picture is reproduced. The fifth was drawn directly from the object, without any help from the teacher. It is also presented, because it shows how Drawing can be employed as an aid in the study of other branches, in this case—of Botany.

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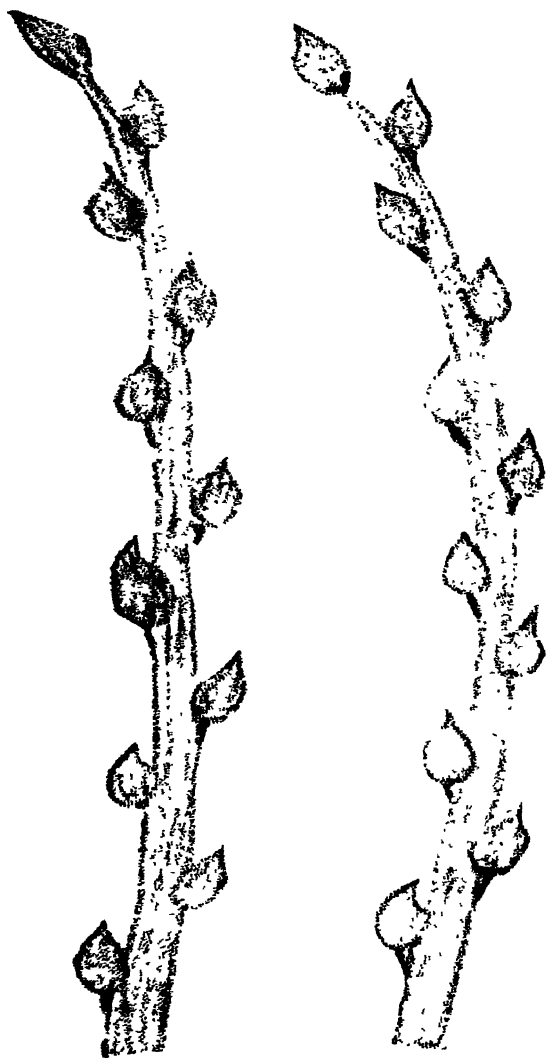




IV.



V.



CHAPTER XI.

CLAY MODELLING.

THE Modelling in Clay accomplishes three things: (1) It affords the best of opportunities for the teaching of form. (2) It trains the hand and eye. (3) It develops creative power. That is to say, this work lays the foundation for Geometry and Drawing, for Industrial Education, and for Sculpture.

It is unfortunate, that a study involving so much in the way of growth should be dropped at the end of two years. But such is really the case. In fact no *teaching* is done, except during the first year; Modelling being introduced in the second grade as an occupation merely, and the pupils work without assistance save in the way of encouragement. Thus set free from other guidance, the little ones pass under the sway of that great teacher,—Nature,—and do instinctively, what they might better have done at first, viz.: they reproduce the known, the familiar; they model forms of life. Later on, if still left to themselves, they would inevitably discover, in these, the fundamental forms; and *then*, the training in the modelling of spherical and cubical bodies, might properly begin.

An illustration of the manner in which the pupils are set to work, is here presented.

AN EXERCISE IN MODELLING IN CLAY.—A BIT OF BUSY-WORK.

When the second-year pupils of the Garlin school, gather in their seats at the close of the noon recess, one lovely

April day, their faces, always cheery and full of life in the schoolroom, beam with still brighter radiance, as they catch sight of something on the teacher's table. That something, is a tray containing a lump of moistened clay, while lying near at hand, is a wire for cutting, and these mean, that the Busy-Work this afternoon, will be modelling in clay, of which the children are passionately fond.

But this silent promise of a treat does not demoralize the little people in the least, nor does it interfere a particle with the regular work. On the contrary, the small students are, if possible, a shade more zealous than common, a degree more unflagging in their efforts at self-control. A fact, the resultant of two causes. First, pleasurable episodes are not infrequent in the school lives of these pupils, and second, what they are given to do is work, *real* work, and not drudgery.

Thus are they taught two of those three great lessons, every child should master in the common-schools, viz.: "to work, to love to work, and to work systematically."

When the first group have finished their reading lesson, the teacher says to the boy standing nearest to her, "Henry, what would you like to make out of clay this afternoon?"

The boy casts a hasty glance to right and left, as if searching for a model, and catching sight of a spoon lying on the teacher's table, decides without more ado, "I'll make a spoon."

"Will this piece of clay be large enough?" asks the teacher, indicating a section running the whole length of the square block of clay, which she has been cutting with the wire while he made up his mind.

"Yes'm," responds the boy.

"Very well; take it, and I'll lend you my spoon to look at."

The would-be sculptor utters a hasty but gratified "Thank you," picks up his long piece of clay, takes the spoon from the desk, and walks off to his seat, where depositing his

treasure—the clay—upon his slate, and the spoon lengthwise upon his desk, he takes a good long look at his model and then goes to work.

Meantime, the teacher is giving out the clay to other members of the same group, who stand clustered around her, waiting their turn.

Fred wants to make an anchor, and thinks he can do so without a model.

Jennie has decided upon a key, and been allowed to take the one from the door, to look at.

Ella thinks that she could model a fan, like one a neighboring maiden has brought to school to exhibit, if she could borrow it for a little while.

“If Essie is willing, I am,” permits the teacher, whereupon that little woman graciously assents, and the admired article is carefully laid upon the farther corner of the young modeller’s desk, for fear of soiling.

“What will you do, Mary?”

“I want to make a wash board,” specifies the girl.

“Well, here is your clay, but I haven’t any wash-board for you, can you remember how your mother’s looks?”

“Yes’m.”

“Very well; you may try. What is Walter going to make to-day?”

“A cup—like that one,” designates Walter, who has been looking around.

“You won’t need much clay for that,” cutting a small piece. “Get the cup as you go to your seat. Susie?”

“I am going to try to make an umbrella,” proposes the child.

“That will be rather a hard thing to model,” intimates the teacher; “but I shouldn’t wonder if you could do it,—here’s your clay,” cutting a section—“would you like an umbrella to look at?”

“Oh, yes’m,” is the eager assent, the small maiden’s

whole face lighting at the idea of a model, which the day being clear, she had not expected to have.

"Go and look in my closet; I think you'll find an old one that I keep at school for sudden showers. Now John, what is your idea?"

"I want to make a monument, just as my father does."

"That's good," approves the teacher. "Show me how large it is going to be."

The boy measures with his hands, and the teacher watching, cuts her clay accordingly, and that pupil is disposed of.

"Mike, what do you propose to make?"

"A pig, so big," is the sudden, brief, unconscious rhyme, of that descendant of "Ould Ireland."

"I don't know about that," observes the teacher doubtfully; but the disappointment in the boy's face, causes her to add hastily as she hands him the clay; "perhaps you might; let me see what you can do?" and another child is happy. "What do you propose to model, Gertie?"

"That vase, if you will please be so kind as to lend it to me," is that very polite little damsel's answer.

"Oh, certainly!" acquiesces the teacher; "lay the flowers on the window-sill, throw out the water, and take the vase to your desk. Willie will make a—"

"Coal-hod!" affirms that young man briskly.

"Will this be clay enough?" inquires the teacher.

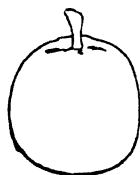
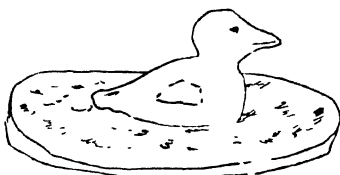
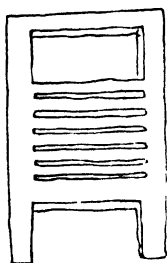
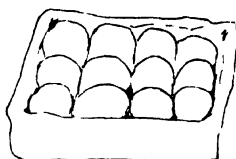
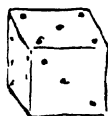
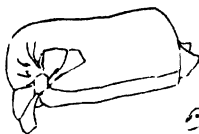
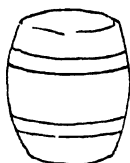
"Yes'm, and where can I get a hod?" asks the lad.

"I didn't promise to furnish that," smilingly notifies the teacher; "but I think one might be found in the basement. You may put your clay on your slate, and go and see. Now Arthur, tell us what you wish to make."

"I'll make a clay fish," announces Arthur.

"How large?" is the question, as the teacher holds her wire suspended, ready to cut.

"So long," says the boy, measuring with his hands; "and so wide."



"Have you seen a fish lately?" queries the teacher as she gives him a piece of clay of the required size and shape.

"Yes'm, this morning," is his brisk response, as he turns away.

"Here is this little girl, left last of all; what will she make for me, I wonder?" interrogates the teacher, looking approvingly down into the sweet, upturned face of a child, whose gentle ways have made her the favorite of her mates, as well as the beloved of her teacher.

"I thought I'd like to try to make a cap like Charley's," replies the lassie.

"I think you may," smiles the teacher; "don't make it very large,—and Charley, are you willing to lend your cap for Carrie to look at, while she is making one in clay?"

"Yes'm, I'll go and get it for her," is the ready and chivalrous assent of that small gentleman.

"Thank you, that will be kind," commends the teacher, beaming upon him as she speaks. "Now the second group may come and read," and the little modellers are left to their own devices.

When the period for Busy-Work has expired, the clay models are collected, and set away to dry. If successful imitations, they are kept for a while, and if not, they are destroyed.

Some reproductions of the clay-work, modelled entirely without assistance by these little children, are given. They are not selected specimens, and therefore not the work of talented pupils, merely, but show what any member of any class of that grade may do with a little practice.

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SECTION SEVENTH.

CHAPTER

- I. Preliminary.
 - II. Elementary Zoology.—A Study of the Dog
 - III. A Lesson in Botany.—The Blackberry.
 - IV. Supplementary Geography.
 - V. An Exercise in Reading and a Recitation.
 - VI. Language Lessons and Papers.
 - VII. A Lesson in Arithmetic.
 - VIII. Some Spelling and its Examination.
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In Section Seventh will be found the photographs of lessons, and the papers of pupils, that represent the work of the Third Primary Year.

CHAPTER I.

PRELIMINARY.

Two years should suffice to lay the first foundation of most of the work done in the Primary School. After this, comes the steady building in to the minds of the children upon this foundation. In the years just passed, the gaining of sense products as a basis for imagination, and the storing up of facts as the beginning of knowledge has been unintermitting. Day by day, the pupils have been led by short and easy steps, from the known to the unknown; and as all lessons have been language lessons (either oral or written), and as every exercise has consisted of expression in some form, expression has kept pace with thought. All this time, too, the children have had constant practice under good guidance, of the observing faculties, and thus they have become careful and clear-eyed seers. Now commences closer comparison and classification,—the preparatory steps to logical reasoning.

So much for their intellectual status; their moral progress has been in the nature of things slower, but possibly just as sure. The training in good habits has been strong and steady, and any tendency, no matter how slight, toward wrong, has been guarded against with unceasing vigilance. The idea of self-government, has been cultivated and stimulated at all seasons, and under all circumstances; while the enthusiasm for work,—kindled when it was thought to be play,—is fanned into flame by every device that can be invented. As a consequence, these little folks,

who have never had done for them, anything which they could do for themselves, take, as it is only natural that they should, as keen a zest in mental activity as in physical, and find their work no drudgery, but as pleasant as play.

Physically, the pupils of the Quincy Schools are not as well provided for, as mentally or morally. They have a limited amount of exercise, and but little real training in this grade, where it should begin. This means that in this respect, these schools are no worse (possibly a little better) than the great majority of other schools:—a statement which, considering the light these teachers have, is in itself a criticism.

NUMBER.

As the work in Number passes out of the elementary stage and becomes arithmetic proper, the manner of expression changes gradually, from oral words to written characters; and the children have been led to learn, little by little, this new language. They are now supposed to have fully in mind, the facts of such numbers as are taught orally, and with this knowledge and the figure work of the preceding year, should be ready to deal with the written language of Number.

But it is hardly possible that every pupil in a large class, will be thus thoroughly fitted for the work which is to follow: therefore here and now, is the time and place, to go over and test the results of all previous teaching. Having taught the pupils all that they know of Number, from numbers of things, the first resort of these teachers, when a weak place is found, or feared, is to return immediately to objects. An illustration of this is given in the lesson transcribed in this Section, which also delineates the manner of teaching a new form of the written language of Number.

All the processes which can be performed with numbers, were presented the first year. The second year continued

the teaching of the smaller numbers, introduced the use of figures, and prepared the way for the advance work of this grade, which is the teaching of the fundamental operations with figures, including notation and numeration, and their attendant necessity,—“borrowing” or “carrying.” Thus step by step, the pupils have been led up to this, which they will take the final year of the Primary Course.—Analysis.

GEOGRAPHY.

The lesson in this Section is, as its name indicates, supplementary to the ordinary work, which is a continuation of the teaching of structural Geography, as shown in the three lessons included in the preceding Section. Such an exercise as this reading from Robinson Crusoe, serves several purposes besides the very obvious one of making a change in the school work. For one thing, it affords an excellent opportunity for a wide and interesting review in a number of branches. Again, it arouses interest, stimulates inquiry, and helps the learners to realize—in a measure—the greatness, diversity, and beauty of the earth. Best of all, it makes them rich; for it lifts the horizon and shows them lands beyond; new worlds for them to conquer.

CHAPTER II.

ELEMENTARY ZOOLOGY. — A STUDY OF THE DOG.

THE exercise here presented follows in direct sequence the lessons given upon the horse and the cow in the two preceding grades, only it is farther advanced. Beginning at first with seeing barely that which was most obvious, and telling what they saw in the shortest and simplest of sentences, the little ones were able, a year later, to recall and name the different parts of the animals with which they were most familiar, in a sufficiently complete and connected manner, to render the delineation recognizable.

In this grade, the children having learned how to make—in a very elementary way, it is true—their own investigations, give the results in written, instead of oral language. The pupils are now well started upon a line of work, which if continued, will lead directly to the real scientific study of Zoology. The lessons in the fourth year differ but slightly in the manner of their presentation from the one which follows; it is therefore unnecessary to illustrate further—except by a few samples of written description found in the chapter on Language in this Section—the way in which little children may be introduced to the science of Zoology.

EXPLANATORY.

As teachers would naturally begin their work in this branch, with studies of the commoner animals, lessons

upon such have been specially selected to be photographed, that they might be more helpful.

A STUDY OF THE DOG.

PURPOSE OF THE LESSON.—*First.* To train the pupils in the habit of independent observation.

Second. To give the children an exercise in “Talking with the Pencil.”

Third. To arouse an interest in the science of Zoology.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE TEACHER.—Arranging for the time of the exercise, and deciding upon the quadruped to be studied.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE PUPILS—Their love of dogs, and their acquaintance with the appearance and habits of these animals.

PLAN OF THE LESSON—Find out whether any of the boys or girls can bring a Newfoundland dog to school. If no one can get a Newfoundland, select the next largest dog to be had, that will allow the children to handle him. Request the child who is to fetch the dog, to bring him this afternoon.

N. B.—Remember to speak to the class about asking questions.

PREPARATORY.

It is high noon of the short winter day. The pupils of the Third Primary grade are getting themselves and each other, ready to go home; working with equal energy, dispatch and good-will, whether jerking on their own coats and cloaks, or those of their neighbors. In two minutes more, the gong will strike for dismissal.

“Have any of you a good-natured dog that you could

bring to school?" inquires the teacher, of the busy, bustling, little people, a dozen of whom immediately suspend operations, in order to fling up their hands by way of response.

"What kind of a dog is yours, Willie?" questions the teacher of the boy to whom belongs the steadiest of the upraised arms.

"He is a puppy dog," specifies the young man.

"What is yours, Henry?"

"A real rat terrier," proudly proclaims the owner of the animal.

"John?"

"Mine is a black-and-tan, but he will kill rats like anything," adds the boy, eager to recommend his own.

"Yes?" assents the teacher, with a rising inflection. Eddie, yours is—"

"A Newfoundland," answers the child.

"Patsey?"

"I have a black-and-tan."

"Mabel?"

"Mine is the same kind as Henry's."

"Is yours an old dog, Eddie?" asks the teacher, turning toward the boy who mentioned the Newfoundland.

"Not very; he's five months old."

"Perhaps he wouldn't like to come to school," intimates the teacher.

"O yes'm, he would!" insists Eddie earnestly; "he's the best dog I ever saw."

"Very well; we shall be pleased to have him come to visit us this afternoon, and we will write a description of him. Are you ready to go home?"

This abrupt change causes the few children still standing, to drop into their seats with great suddenness, where they finish their wrapping as expeditiously as their bundled-up state will allow. Then the gong strikes, the drum beats,

and they pass out to join the procession filing four abreast down the wide stairway, out through the hall, into the cold keen air and bright sunlight beyond.

At about five minutes of two, Eddie makes his appearance in the schoolroom with rather a downcast manner, and no Newfoundland. Going directly to the teacher, who is writing problems on the blackboard, he says; "Miss E., I started to bring my dog, and just before we got to the schoolyard, we met father in our sleigh going toward home, and Jet ran off after it, and wouldn't come when I called him. Mayn't I go back and get him?"

"How would you manage to keep him?" interrogates the teacher, beginning to fear lest the zoological specimen she has selected, will decline to be a specimen after all.

"I'd tie a string to his collar and lead him, then he couldn't get away," affirms Jet's small master.

"That would be a good plan," agrees the teacher; "but we shall not be ready to write for an hour after school begins. Besides here are all these problems which I am putting upon the board for the Busy-Work which your division* are to do when you have read. I don't want you to miss these."

"I'll tell you," eagerly proposes the boy. "If I begin now, I guess I can get my problems done before the rest, and then may I go?"

"Yes, if you think you can get back in ten minutes."

"O I can do it in five, easy," calculates Eddie, cheering up at the permission, and starting off at once for his seat, where he proceeds without loss of time to clean his slate and go to work. Being anxious to perform the part assigned him in the afternoon's program, he labors with such assiduity both before and after the reading lesson, that he gains fully five minutes on the rest of his class; and leaving his

* The two divisions of the third-year classes, correspond to the groups of the previous grades.

slate on his desk to be examined, he slips out quietly, and runs home in search of his truant dog.

Meantime his mates work on, till the second division have finished their reading, and the books have been collected. Then all the slates are examined, those who have just read, having had their Busy-Work period while Eddie's division were reading. Examination over, the teacher taps her bell, and the pupils sitting nearest the door and windows, open them wide.

"Rise!" is the quick command. "Heels together; toes out; stand like soldiers, tall and straight, with hands at the sides! Double the fists *hard*, and put them on the chest!" is the next order, instantly obeyed by this miniature military company, who are standing now in military position, every body firm, erect; every mind eager, alert.

Without a pause the teacher begins to count, and the pupils move, in perfect time to the rhythm of her prompt decided utterance. First the small right fists are thrust vigorously down twice, then the left twice, afterward the right and left alternately twice, and finally both together twice. Next they are thrust out at the sides in a like order, then directly up, and last forward. In the same breath, seemingly, with the concluding count comes the mandate,—*"Shut the windows and doors. Sit!"*

The little gymnasts sink into their seats with a swift noiseless uniformity, that demonstrates far better than words could, the discipline gained by means of the exercise; while the heightened color, the sparkling eyes, the exhilaration of manner tell of swiftly flowing blood and invigorated nervous force;—of renewed life in every part.

"You went through your exercises so well, that I am going to let you have a 'Guessing Game,'" announces the gratified teacher. "Who wishes to come forward?"

From the forest of upraised hands, she selects that of a small maiden, whose fine, broad brow, and clear-cut features

are indicative of more than ordinary intellectual ability. The choice seems to meet the approval of the children, who regard the girl with pleasant glances, as she passes down the aisle to take her stand in front of the desks.

As she turns and faces her eager mates, the hands—dropped when her name was called—are all in the air again.

“Have you decided what you will be, Helen?” inquires the teacher.

“Yes’m,” responds the leader, assuming a grave and business-like air.

“I will call upon the children,” notifies the teacher. “Andrew.”

“Are you a mineral?” queries the lad.

“No,” is the instant decision of the self-possessed Helen.

“Carrie,” selects the teacher.

“Are you a vegetable?” is the inquiry this little girl makes.

“Yes,” admits the leader.

There is a quick brightening of the faces, at this first point gained, and every one is anxious to ask a question.

“Margie,” says the teacher, naming a shy, quiet damsel, who inquires,—“Do you have bright colored flowers?”

“No,” denies Helen unhesitatingly.

“Abbie, what is your question?” demands the teacher.

“Do you live to a great age?” is the prim response of that demure little miss.

“Yes,” confesses the leader.

Another look of intelligence among the questioners, as if they had received some important information.

“Mike,” specifies the teacher.

“Do you live in a hot country?” catechises the boy, who is answered in the negative.

“Bertie,” designates the teacher, addressing a lively lad who has suddenly given his arm a thrust that has pulled him up off his seat.

"D-Do you l-live near this house?" stammers the eager querist.

"Yes," owns Helen with an expression of face and voice as if she felt herself hard-pushed.

This is instantly perceived by the keen guessers, who feel certain now that they are on the right track, and are waving their arms with great energy, each wild to put his interrogation.

"John," calls out the teacher, glad to see this pupil—usually lacking in the power of attention—so interested.

"Are your flowers pink?" he catechises.

"That has been answered," rejoins the leader promptly; a rebuff that punishes the inattentive child far more than a similar check from the teacher would have done.

"Are your arms very long?" is what the next young inquirer called upon, wishes to know; and he is answered in the affirmative.

Clara has now an opportunity to question and she improves it by asking, "Are your leaves very shiny?"

For the space of a second, Helen hesitates; it seems to her like telling straight out, but there is no escape, and she grants it,—*"Yes."*

A half-articulate murmur runs through the room at this, and the teacher finds it difficult to pick out a steady arm, from amidst the forty or more wildly waving members in front of her. *"Stevie."*

"Did you grow from a small nut?" deliberately quizzes the young man.

"Yes," acknowledges the leader, looking as if she wished she didn't.

Then the audience bursts the bonds of silence, and begins to speak out;—"I know what it is!" "So do I!" "I knew ever so long ago," are the half-whispered exclamations, while Helen stands sedately waiting her cue, with only the pinker flush on her cheeks, and the tight hold of the small

hands clasped behind her back, betraying any lack of perfect composure.

"Who has another question to ask?" demands the teacher. Every hand drops.

"Clemmie may tell what she thinks Helen is," permits the teacher.

"An oak tree," guesses the girl addressed, looking toward the leader, who answers directly, "That's right," and starts for her seat.

THE LESSON.

Just at this moment the door opens, and Eddie appears upon the threshold leading by the collar a beautiful, black Newfoundland.

"Come in," directs the teacher, as the boy pauses as if uncertain what to do; "and close the door, so that the dog can't get away."

Then seeing that Eddie still stands holding the string attached to the collar of the Newfoundland—who is pulling hard in his attempts to investigate his new quarters—she adds, "Let him go, he won't do any harm; he wants to walk around and look at us. Pretty soon we will look at him, and write down what we see. He is a beauty," she continues, as the friendly animal now set free, saunters leisurely up the side aisle, wagging his long bushy tail in token of appreciation of the caressing rubs, and pats bestowed upon him by the admiring children, as he passes.

"What is his name, Eddie?"

"Jet; we called him that because he hasn't a white hair on him," responds his gratified master.

"I wonder if he will object to being handled?" soliloquizes the teacher. "Jet, come here."

The intelligent creature comes at her call. Stooping down she pats him gently on the head with one hand, while with

the other she lifts the black overhanging lips, and tries to force her fingers into the side of his half-open mouth.* He merely rolls his great brown eyes up at her face, as if inquiring the cause of such an unusual proceeding, and then gives his head a shake that takes it out of her hands.

"He won't bite Miss E., you needn't be afraid; that's just because he don't know you," explains Eddie in his earnest fashion. "See here!"

Catching the dog by the jaws, and pulling them wide apart, he lays one hand within, between the rows of snow-white, glittering teeth.

"He certainly is good-natured," agrees the teacher. "Now you may take your seat, and let us see what Jet will do." Then turning to the lines of silent, watching children, upon whom nothing of all this has been lost, she dictates: "Take out your lead-pencils. Here is your paper," placing as she speaks, a package of brown, double-lined, manilla paper, upon the front desks of each row, to be distributed by the pupils occupying them.

While this is being done, the teacher continues; "Now write me a description of Eddie's dog; you may go and look at him whenever it is necessary, but handle him gently, so that he won't get uneasy. Move about quietly and quickly, and ask no questions of anybody. If any of you do not know how to spell a word, you may raise your hands and I will come to you. I will give you until half-past three to write; at that time you must have your names placed at the end of what you have written. Go to work!"

As if moved by one impulse, the forty-three little folks pick up their pencils and commence. Presently, one takes a foot-rule from his desk, and stepping softly across the room to the corner where Jet has by this time ensconced

* This action of the teacher has two ends in view. First, to ascertain whether it is entirely safe to allow the pupils to handle the Newfoundland; and second, to inspire the timid children—who are afraid of dogs—with courage.

himself, the boy sets about measuring the animal,—his head, his neck, his back, his tail, and one of his legs.

Before the lad's measurements are completed, more of these small students of zoology have begun their investigations upon the patient Newfoundland, who—not understanding the purpose of the proceedings—does not enjoy having one boy prying open his mouth, to count his teeth; while another is pulling out his ears, to see how long they are; a third straightening his tail beside a rule; and two or three more measuring his legs; and then—as if this was not enough—to have a hand and arm stretched over the heads of the measurers, examining into the length and quality of his hair.

Accordingly he rises, and giving himself a protesting shake, walks off to another part of the room and lies down; but he cannot get rid of the curious children. They follow, measure, and study, wherever he goes. At length he succumbs to circumstances, and lies stretched out upon the floor, submitting passively to all the handling of the young naturalists; making no indication, except by his lolling tongue, that he is not as happy over the performance as they are.

During all this time the room has been still, and the pupils quite silent, each pursuing the even tenor of his way as earnestly, and seriously, as if entirely by himself. If a child coming to study Jet, finds the dog surrounded, he waits patiently for his turn, or goes back to his seat and writes until he sees an opportunity to find out what he wishes to know.

As for the teacher, she is here, there, and everywhere at once, erasing mistakes, either of spelling or grammar, and putting upon the board words that the pupils do not know how to write; cautioning,—“Don't forget how to begin and end a sentence;” or, “Be sure not to make your sentences too long, or too short;” commending,—“I've found some

good sentences carefully written;" or stimulating,—“I want your best work to-day, children.”

When the hands of the clock indicate twenty-five minutes past three, she admonishes; “Only five minutes more;" and the little authors bend to their work with still greater diligence, till the order comes,—“Pencils down! Collect the papers!" At this, those sitting last in each row, pass rapidly up the aisles, picking the papers from the desks as they go.

“The first division," directs the teacher, without allowing the pupils an instant's pause, in which to get out of working trim, “may go to the blackboard and make a design within a foot square." The second division waiting alert, and expectant, to be told what they are to do, hear this: “If I have ten cents to spend for apples, how many can I buy at the rate of three for two cents?"

The question is scarcely uttered, before the wide-awake young folks begin to fling up their hands, in token of readiness to answer. A pupil is called upon, he solves the problem; then another is given, and thus in brisk, oral Number work, passes the next twenty minutes.

Meanwhile Jet, free at last from curious hands and prying eyes, sleeps the sleep of the long-suffering, dreaming not that forty or more beginners in the great art of delineation, have been taking pencil photographs of him, or that three of these would be printed for the benefit of an inquiring Public. Here they are!

I.

DESCRIPTION OF A DOG.

This is a black Newfoundland dog. He has four legs, a tall, two long ears, and two brown eyes. His name is Jet. They say he will not bite. He has a collar around his neck. On it is printed “A. D Henderson, West Quincy, Mass. No. 369." His hair is curly. When he lies down his two backbones stick up. He has four cushions on each paw. His back is just two feet, and his tail is one foot and four inches long. His face is pointed. The dog has a great many teeth in his mouth. He has a very long tongue.

II.

A DESCRIPTION OF A DOG.

The color of the dog is black. He is a Newfoundland dog. He has long ears. The hair of the dog is curly. He has a collar on his neck. His eyes are large and round. His collar is made of leather and brass. The name on the collar is "A D Henderson, West Quincy No 389." The dog's name is Jet. The color of his eyes is a dark brown. His tongue is out of his mouth. The dog will not bite. The height of the dog is one foot and four inches. His back is two feet and four inches. His legs and tail are one foot and four inches long. He is lying on the floor. He has four black legs, and he walks on his toes. The dog is five months old. I think he is a very large dog for his age. I think that he is a very quiet dog. He has a string around his neck.

III.

THE DOG.

The color of this dog is black. His name is Jet. His hair is just as black as it can be. It curls very nicely. He has five sharp claws on each foot. He has long ears. He is a young Newfoundland dog. He would not bite any one if they did not make him angry. His legs are about a foot long. He is very fat indeed. He has a collar on. "A D. Henderson, West Quincy, Mass. No. 389" is printed on it. He is two feet and four inches long. His eyes are brown. His tail is one foot and four inches long. His nose is eight inches long. He is five months old. The shape of his nose is oblong. The shape of his body is cylindrical. His neck is seven inches long. I think he is very pretty.

Notes and Comments.

One lesson every child of man sooner or later must learn,—his relations to his fellows. Happy those children who begin to learn this lesson young, since the later in life they set about it, the more difficult it becomes. As the family affords little or no opportunity for discipline in this direction, it is during the first years of school life, that the small women and men commence their studies in social science. Here for the first time, they are thrown habitually into the society of their equals; and here most certainly should begin that teaching which will lead the little ones at all times and

in all ways to respect scrupulously, the rights of others. Yet for this—the underlying principle of morality—there was found no place in the old-time scheme of school-work. Possibly this was because there could be, under the rigid restraints of machine teaching, no chance for its exercise, except upon the playground; and even there, might was apt to make right, and the weakest generally went to the wall. It must be admitted, that to educate children to this, which is in reality but a practical application of the "love your neighbor" idea, is not an easy thing to do, because it is essentially a matter of growth, and slow growth at that. The wise teacher, whether she is a believer in "Free-will" or the contrary, will allow her pupils to exercise theirs, with as little constraint as is consistent with the best good of all. That is, she will not only teach them to have, and show consideration for others, but by frequent exercises, she will train them (as did the teacher in this last lesson), in that individual self-restraint, that makes possible greater freedom for all.

CHAPTER III.

A LESSON IN BOTANY.—THE BLACKBERRY.

THE illustrations of the work in this branch, have been chosen for the purpose of presenting a general view of the plan pursued. The introductory lesson—one of the course preceding Reading—led the little ones to make their first conscious division of objects, into things that grow, and things that do not grow (organized and unorganized bodies); and brought the children to a recognition of life, in vegetation, as manifested by propagation from the seed. There was also gained an expression regarding the conditions necessary to vegetable growth,—earth, air, water, and sunshine. The photographs of second-year teaching in this study, show how the young students, having supplied the conditions of growth already referred to, observed the process of growth, beginning with the seed, and studied the parts of the plant as they appeared. A term of such teaching prepared the pupils for lessons like the one here given, which is in fact, an exercise in elementary analysis.

The children are now ready for the study of systematic Botany, and, as the scheme of work and the mode of carrying it on through three grades have been so fully delineated, no more space will be devoted to this branch. Hence the lesson that follows, which is really a review, will be the last described.

A LESSON UPON THE BLACKBERRY.

PURPOSE OF THE LESSON.—To prepare the pupils for plant analysis.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE TEACHER.—*Direct*. Arranging the facts known by the children, in logical order, and providing the specimens.

Indirect. All her knowledge of Botany.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE PUPILS.—(1) Everything which they had learned about plants.

(2) Whatever command of botanical language they had gained.

PLAN OF THE LESSON—*First.* Have the class sing "Little White Lily" by way of preface.

Second. Tell the children about my plant at home, and ask them to recall some house-plants that they have seen, for the purpose of leading their thoughts toward the subject of the lesson.

Third. Show the blackberry, and draw from the pupils the names of the different parts of the plant, placing them—properly arranged—upon the blackboard; then manage to have the children repeat the names as they are written.

Fourth. Begin with the root, and confine the conversation to each part in turn. When the facts have been gained, call upon a girl or boy to sum these up, and give them in a single statement; afterward write them in their order in my analysis.

Fifth. Go all over the work once more, for the sake of impressing the arrangement upon the minds of the pupils. To prevent them from losing interest, appoint one of their number as teacher.

Sixth. Have the class write about the blackberry for the next twenty minutes.

THE LESSON.

The windows and doors of the commodious, well-kept schoolhouse are all open, and from one of the rooms floats the sound of children's voices, singing sweet and low. Inside the softly-lighted apartment, the air is cool and filled with fragrance from flowers that lie heaped upon the teacher's table, and withering on the pupils' desks. It is not quite two o'clock, yet the seats are full, and their occupants already at work cleaning their slates, while they carol—

“ Little White Lily smells very sweet ;
On her head sunshine, rain at her feet
Thanks to the sunshine ! thanks to the rain !
Little White Lily is happy again ”

As the song ends, the slates are laid down and the hands folded, while the small folks sit still and silent, waiting for the gong. At the stroke, the teacher—who has been busy at her table, stripping a long vine of its leaves and flowers—steps forward and begins to speak.

“ Children, I have something at home that lived in the house with me all winter. I let it sit in the window in the sunshine, and gave it a drink of water every day, and took good care of it. But for all that, when spring came, this that I am telling you about, wanted to get out of doors. So I had to let it go, and it is in my garden now. What do you suppose it was?”

“ A bird !” “ A plant !” “ A cat !” “ A rose-bush !” “ A plant !” come the scattered answers, merging quickly as the class catch the idea, into the full chorus of—“ A plant !”

“ Yes that was it,” acquiesces the teacher, smiling at her success in having thrown them off the track at first. “ Now shut your eyes, and think of some plant that you have seen growing in the house.”

As if moved by the same set of muscles, the arms go up

as the eyelids go down, and the teacher naming their owners as fast as she can speak, gets the following list.

"Sweet-scented geranium!" "Heliotrope!" "Wax plant!" "Oxalis!" "Monthly rose!" "German Ivy!" "Fuchsia!" "Begonia!" "Musk plant!" "Martha Washington geranium!" "Cactus" "Ice plant!" "Jerusalem cherry!" "Calla lily!"

"That will do! Open your eyes and see what I have here," holding up a long, blossoming, leafy spray.

"A blackberry vine!" decide the young botanists unanimously.

Turning to the board, the teacher places upon it, in fine, bold chirography,—*The Blackberry*; and says as she puts her period, "That is what we are going to talk about. What did you say it was?"

"A plant!" is the concert recitation.

This the teacher writes also, just under the other words.

"Look at this," lifting the vine again from the table, and coming close to the first row of desks; "and tell me all that you can about it."

The hands are fluttering at once, and designating her eager pupils by name, she receives the following answers in swift succession.

"It has little branches!"

"The stem is long!"

"It has green leaves!"

"There are little strings hanging!"

"It has prickly thorns!"

"There is bark on it!"

"It has white flowers!"

"It has a body!"

"The bark is brown!"

"The leaves are all withered!"

"Yes," agrees the teacher; "I dug it out of the ground yesterday."

"The root is crooked," is the next item of information.

"Some of the flowers have fallen off, and little green blackberries have started," informs a keen-eyed observer, sitting in front.

"It has a root," declares a patient youngster who has had his hand up all of the time.

"That's what I have been waiting to hear," remarks the teacher, placing the word *root* on the blackboard below *plant*. "What is this?" she questions, touching the vine.

"It is a limb," calls out one.

"A trunk," says another.

"A bough," thinks a third.

"You told me the other day that this,"—catching up a plant lying upon her table, and indicating a certain part; "was the"—

"Stem," prompt the pupils as she hesitates in her statement.

"Then we will call this"—pointing again to the vine.

"The stem," concede the class; and that word is also written underneath *root*.

"Can you tell me anything else to put down, that the blackberry plant has?"

"It has blossoms," declares a small boy.

"It has withered leaves," states the next one called upon; and *leaves* is speedily placed in the column upon the board.

"Has this plant any other part besides"—pronouncing rapidly the written words, "*a root, a stem, and leaves.*"

"It has bark," reiterates the boy who said it before.

"You haven't put down the blossoms," is a little maid's gentle reminder.

Of this the teacher takes no heed, but speaks to another girl, whose hand dropped as the last answer was given; "What had you to say, Nannie?"

"I was going to give the flowers, but Nellie named those."

"Did she?" interrogates the teacher doubtfully, as she writes the word *flowers* last in her list of parts.

Nannie puzzles a moment over the matter, and so do some of the rest apparently, but by the time the writing is done, they look as if they had solved the mystery; at all events, no further mention of blossoms is made during the lesson.

"Martin, come out here," is the next requisition made by the teacher. Handing the long spray to the lad she inquires, "What did I give to Martin?"

"A blackberry vine!" is the class chorus

"What is it?"

"A plant!" comes the concerted reply,

"Hold up the plant, my boy. Now children, you may name the parts we found, and if Martin doesn't put his finger on each in turn, I shall ask some one else to try; begin!"

"It has a root," predicate the class promptly; though not before the boy in front, has nimbly shifted the spray to his left hand and caught the part named, in his right.

"And a stem!" continue the chorus, following, rather than leading the boy with the plant, seeing which, the class conclude quickly,—*"Leaves and flowers!"*

"Very well, Martin; you may take your seat, and we will all talk about this, which is what?"

"The root!" repeat the alert lookers-on.

"Tell anything you can see, or ever learned about it?" adds the teacher.

"It is crooked," is the first speaker's point.

"There is skin on it," thinks a second.

"I can see little strings hanging down," affirms another.

"Once you told us those were rootlets," reports a small juvenile defiantly, eying the teacher with his head on one side, as if he suspected she might wish to deny the statement.

"Yes, and so they are," is her complacent response, as she smilingly picks up her crayon, and proceeds to put the word *roots* a little way from the other column, on the board. This done, she turns toward the silent class who are trying in vain to think of something more to say about the root, and remarks provokingly—"I thought you would tell me what I wish to know the very first thing." Still not a hand is raised. "I haven't heard a word about how it grows."

Like a flash the arms fly up, and every child in the room is desirous to answer.

"Well, Nellie?"

"It grows in the ground."

"Yes. Dennie?"

"It grows down into the earth."

"I think it does. Who is ready now, to tell me in one sentence, all that we have heard about the root? Connie."

"The root has rootlets, and it is covered with brown skin, and is crooked, and it grows down into the ground."

"Who can leave out an and or two? Frank."

"The root is crooked, is covered with brown skin, has rootlets, and grows down into the ground."

"That is better," commends the teacher, writing rapidly under the word *roots*, the phrase,—*grows down into the ground*; placing below this the word *rootlets*, and underneath that a line, while all the pupils watch.

"We will look now, at nothing but the stem," she specifies, as she comes forward with the vine again, to give the small students a better chance.

"It makes a curved line."

"It is thin."

"It is woody."

"It is cylindrical."

"It is long."

"It has thorns."

"The thorns are prickly."

"It is smaller at the top than at the bottom."

"There is brown bark on it."

"The thorns grow on the bark."

All these answers have been given as rapidly as she could call for them; still she is not satisfied, but utters her gentle persistent—"Well?" with as much significance after the last speaker, as if they had but just begun.

It puzzles the pupils, who look first at the teacher, and then at each other, when suddenly, a small but ardent youth in the background exclaims,— "Oh, I know,—how it grows!"

"Very well, Sammie," accepts the teacher smiling at his excitement; "how does it?"

"Up out of the ground," is his brisk response.

"Yes, but there is one point more; what are these?" touching them as she speaks.

"Leaves and flowers!" is the quick chorus.

"Now who has something to say about the stem? Edith."

"It has leaves and flowers growing out of it."

"We will say that it bears leaves and flowers;" teaches the teacher, continuing instantly, "let me have all that has been told me about the stem, put together. Ellen."

"The stem bears leaves and flowers, grows up out of the ground, is smaller at the top than at the bottom, has thorns, is cylindrical, and makes a curved line," recites the attentive Ellen, endeavoring to put in all that has been said, and leave out all the ands.

"That is pretty good," comments the teacher. "What is it, Nina?"

"She didn't say that the stem was long and woody, and had brown bark on it."

"Well I am glad that you remembered it, and I'll put that into what I say on the board," writing one particular under another. *The stem,—grows up out of the ground,—long,—brown,—woody,—bears leaves,—thorns,—flowers.*

"We will take these next," directs the teacher, as she draws a line below the word *flowers*, and places *leaves* by itself, as the heading to another column. Then she picks up five piles of leaves from her table, and places one on each of the front row of desks, dictating as she does so—"Give a leaf to each child."

In ten seconds the distribution is done, and every young botanist has his eyes on his leaf, and a hand in the air, ready to tell what he has discovered; and this is what they say.

"The leaves are green."

"The edge has saw-teeth."

"The leaves have two parts, the petiole and the blade."

"They are rough."

"Little hairs grow out of them."

"They have veins."

"There is a midvein and a great many veinlets."

"Tell all you can about the leaf, Freddie," designates the teacher.

The child springs to his feet, looks at the one he holds, and states, "The leaf is green and hairy. It has a blade and a petiole. The edge is cut in like saw-teeth. In the middle is a large vein called the midvein, and there are veinlets on each side of it."

"That's good; I will place it here," announces the teacher, writing the words *green*,—*hairy*,—*saw-toothed*,—*petiole*,—*blade*,—*midvein*,—*veinlets*, and drawing a line below them all.

"Here are your flowers," she says, in a moment, bringing them from her table; and as before, each little student studies his specimen for facts which he is immediately anxious to publish.

Being allowed opportunity to do so, the speakers declare that—"The flower has four parts,—sepals, petals, stamens, and pistils."

This is immediately placed upon the board, when the class continue.

"It has five sepals, five petals, and a great many stamens."

"The pistils are in the middle."

"Wait!" proposes the teacher at this point; "let us take one part at a time; which first, children?"

"The calyx," is the quick answer.

"What is the calyx?" interrogates the teacher, reviewing one of the two things taught during their last lesson.

"These five sepals!" chorus the pupils.

"Very well; pull them off."

A few of the botanists not working carefully, pull their flowers apart, and hold up the fragments with comical looks of dismay.

"Help yourselves to fresh flowers," directs the teacher; "and be more gentle another time. Now what can you tell me to write here?" placing the word *sepals* opposite *flowers*.

"The sepals are green," informs the first child called upon.

"Yes," agrees the teacher, writing it under her heading.

"They are like the sepals on the rose," asserts a bright-eyed little lady.

"It doesn't seem to me," objects a thoughtful looking lad, "that they are so sharp."

"Suppose you look the next time you have a chance, and let us know," suggests the teacher. "What more about the sepals?"

"They are on the top of the stem," remarks a child in most moderate fashion.

"They are under the flower," rattles off the next speaker, with a mischievous, backward glance, at the languid boy.

"I think," protests a third, "that they are under the petals."

"And I shall say—with my crayon,"—interposes the teacher, "that they are,"—writing, *on the outside of the*

flower; "and they form what?" she queries, waiting till the class call out, "Calyx!" which she also places on the board, beneath the last phrase. "Tell me everything about the sepals, Willard."

"The sepals are green; they grow on the outside of the flower, and are called the calyx," repeats the boy readily.

"Next we look at—Johnnie?"

"The petals," promptly infers Johnnie with a glance at his specimen.

"Well?" urges the teacher.

"They are white," reports Bertie.

Silently the word *petals* is written, and below it, *white*.

"Anything more?" inquires the teacher, looking at the pupils when this is done. "Katie?"

"There are five of them."

"Flossie."

"They are over the sepals."

"Yes. What other name did you give me a moment ago for the sepals?"

Full chorus: "The calyx!"

"Does any one remember what all the petals taken together are called?"

For a second there is silence, then some one recalls, "You said it meant a crown."

For answer, the teacher writes the word *corolla* in its place in her analysis. Several of the children speak it the moment it appears, but not all.

"Pronounce," bids the teacher, and the full chorus comes. "Who wishes to tell me all about the petals? Huldah."

"They make the corolla; they are white, and—and—there are five of them," stammers the girl, who was caught a little off her guard, her attention having been distracted temporarily, by a bead bracelet which she was busy transferring from one arm to the other.

"I am afraid that troubles you," remarks the teacher sympathetically; "let me take care of it until you are ready to go home. It is too much to have the charge of such things, and try to study your flower too."

Little Miss Vanity is slightly suspicious, that the teacher has other reasons for taking away the plaything, but her face is so smiling, and her tones are so gentle, that Huldah is *quite* certain of only two things. First, that she finds herself impelled to lay the bracelet into the outstretched hand; and second, that she feels decidedly uncomfortable in so doing.

"Luke, you may tell Huldah everything about the petals, for I am sure she lost a part of what we were saying."

"The petals are white, there are five of them, and they are called the corolla," recites the boy, looking full in Huldah's crimson face as he talks.

"Next we will look at the—"

"Stamens!" call out the class, as the teacher pauses in her statement for the word, which she now places upon the board.

"Agnes!" she selects, as the eager botanists flourish their arms again in the air, to signify that they have something to communicate.

"The stamens are next to the corolla."

"Albert."

"The stamens are around the pistil, *I* think," contends the boy, pointing to what is left of his flower.

"You are both right," decides the teacher; "and I will put it this way," writing, *inside the corolla*. "I haven't heard about the number; Annie."

"I don't know."

"Why not?"

"Because there are so many."

"Very well; let us say then that there are—" writing, *many*. "What is it, Tom?" addressing suddenly a small

but very energetic enthusiast, who has nearly jerked his arm out of its socket during the last three minutes.

Tom comes to his feet the instant he hears his name, but finds to his dismay, that in his efforts to attract the teacher's attention, he has completely forgotten what he had to say, and stands chagrined and silent amid the laughter of his mates, which the amused teacher makes no effort to restrain.

"I've spoken to you several times about the way you raise your hand," she says, as the mirth subsides, and Tom's face begins to look grieved as well as embarrassed; "and I hope this will help you to break yourself of the disagreeable habit. If it doesn't, worse things may happen. Sit down. There is one thing more," she continues, resuming the lesson, "that no one has mentioned about the stamens. Horace?"

"They have brown pollen on them."

"That is it," writing *pollen*, and *brown*. "Tell me all that has been said about the stamens, Margie."

"There are a great many of them; they have brown pollen on them, and they grow inside the corolla."

"What do we come to next, children?"

"The pistil!"

"Well?" urges the teacher.

"It is in the middle," proclaim several voices.

"The middle of what?" queries the teacher, of the wide-awake little folks.

"The stamen!" "The flower!" are the differing answers.

"Alfred, give me a nice sentence to write about the pistil."

"The pistil is in the middle of the flower," is the lad's statement, and the teacher places *middle of the flower*, on the board under the word *pistil*.

"Who would like to be my little teacher and come out here and see if the class know all that we have gone over? Mary."

The girl, quiet, and sensible-looking, comes forward with perfect self-possession, takes the vine which the teacher hands her, and with an air of child-like earnestness and dignity, holds it up before the class.

To them the teacher says; "We have been talking about the—"

"Blackberry!" they recite in concert.

"It is—"

"A plant!" agree the voices.

"It has—"

"A root!" declare the chorus, as Mary takes it in her fingers; "a stem," they go on, as she points it out; "leaves," which she indicates; "and flowers," that she touches as they speak. "The root," repeat the watching children, as their tiny teacher reverses the plant in her hands, and takes a fresh start in her analysis; "has root-lets," they assert when Mary catches at the hanging "strings" as some one called them before.

"It grows down!" they continue.

"Into the ground," supplements an eager voice, as the child suddenly turns the vine again, and holds it in its normal position.

"That's well thought of, Jimmie," interjects the teacher cordially; adding, "Don't let them leave anything out, Mary."

"The stem," goes on the concert recitation, as the young instructor—with an air of serious responsibility—takes it in hand.

"Grows up out of the ground, and bears flowers, leaves, and thorns," specify the speakers as Mary points them out.

"What is it, Ally?" inquires the teacher as a hand rises.

"I don't think that we should say flowers first."

"Why not?"

"Because they don't come first."

"That's a pretty good reason," grants the teacher smil-

ingly. "I think I'll try you out here for a while. Let me see if you can do as well as Mary has," bestowing upon her retiring little pupil-teacher a look of warm approval. "Begin again with the stem, children. Now, Ally;" whereupon the boy, taking the vine by the stem with one hand, picks off with the other, first some leaves, then some flowers, and last a few thorns, the class following every movement with alert attention, and calling out their names as each part is presented.

Then there is a hitch in the proceedings. Ally stands holding up the stem at which he stares with eager intensity, but there comes no responsive chorus.

"Something more about the stem, children," suggests the teacher; continuing as a hand flies up, "Margie thinks she knows; and Oscar too; and Dennis; and Willard; and Abbie; well, what is it?"

"It is long!" "It is woody!" "It is brown!" are their several answers, given all at once.

"To be sure. Now, class, together."

"The stem is long, brown, and woody," reiterate the roomfull: to all of which the boy-teacher nods emphatic assent. Then he catches up a leaf as they finish their statement, and the chorus continues: "The leaf is green; it has a petiole, and blade; a midvein and veinlets; and the edge has saw-teeth."

So far the recitation has been glib, the pupils being evidently well acquainted with the leaf; but now they pause as Ally placing a leaf against his cheek, rubs it gently up and down. The motion is more peculiar than significant, but presently, a youngster who has been idly fingering his own leaf during the review, lays it half unconsciously against his face, and speaks out instantly: "The leaf is hairy."

"That's right," pronounces Ally patronizingly, and turns to get a flower, when the teacher interposes with—"I'll

finish the lesson, my boy, you've done well;" continuing as she holds up the white blossom of the blackberry, "talk fast, children, it is getting late."

"The flower," begins the chorus instantly, "has four parts!" naming as the teacher indicates, "sepals, petals, stamens, and pistils."

"The sepals," as she holds up one, "are green; there are five," as she touches each; and as she gathers them in her fingers—"they form the calyx."

"The petals," start off the voices so rapidly that the teacher finds herself left in the rear this time; "are white, there are five of them and they make the corolla. There are a great many stamens, and they have brown pollen on them; the pistils," finishes the chorus hastily, "are in the middle of the flower."

"O, Miss E.!" exclaims a little girl, as the recitation closes; "we didn't say the whole of it."

"Well?" responds the teacher encouragingly.

"We didn't tell where the stamens and petals were, and I don't remember that we said anything about the sepals."

"Those were too important things to be forgotten," admits the teacher; "and I am glad that some one noticed that they were left out." Here several have something to say. "Well, Nettie."

"I thought about it."

"So did I," speaks out another child.

"Me too!—I mean, I too," corrects an impetuous lassie, one of the youngest in the room.

"Very well. Tell me now, all of you; first,—"

"The sepals," chorus the class as the teacher points out the parts mentioned; "are on the outside of the flower; the petals are next to the sepals, and the stamens around the pistils."

"And the pistils," concludes the teacher, "are—"

"In the middle of the flower," rejoin the pupils.

"Yes. How many think that they can describe the blackberry?"

All the arms go up with a rush.

"How many would like to do so?"

The hands flutter an enthusiastic affirmative.

"Very well," consents the teacher cordially, "I'll give you just twenty-five minutes. Whenever you want to come and look at any part of the plant, be careful to step lightly. If you do not know how to spell a word, you need not wait for me, but draw a line in place of it, and go on with your writing till I come around your way. To work now and do your best!"

Here ends the lesson in Botany, and here the written language lesson (Composition) begins.

Three of the essays upon the blackberry, produced by these eight-year-old botanists are given.

I.

The blackberry is a plant and it has roots and some little rootlets. It has a long stem and there are thorns on it. It is brown and woody and grows up out of the ground. There are leaves on the blackberry bush, that have a great many veins. One of these veins is called the midvein and the others are called veinlets. The leaves are very green and have saw-teeth. The flowers are white and have stamens, petals and sepals. We call the sepals the calyx and all the petals together are the corolla. The pistils are green and they are in the middle of the flower. On the top of the stamens is a spot of brown called pollen.

II

The blackberry has a root, a long stem, some leaves and flowers. The root grows under the ground, and the stem grows up out of the ground almost as high as a tree. It has green leaves which have a midvein and many other veins called veinlets. These leaves have saw teeth. Next the flower has four parts. The sepals, then petals, little stamens, and then pistils. All the sepals are called the calyx and all the petals are called the corolla. The petals are white, they are soft and smooth, and there are five of them. On the stem there are many thorns, and the stem is brown and woody. The leaf has two parts, the petiole and the blade. The berry is now green and pretty soon it will be good to eat.

III

The blackberry plant has many rootlets about the part that grows down into the ground. The part which has the rootlets on it is the root. The stem has thorns on it like a rose bush. This long brown stem has flowers on it. The flower has four different parts. I will tell you the names of them. The sepals which make the calyx, and the petals which make the corolla, the pistils and stamens. In the middle of the flower there are the pistils. Next them are a lot of stamens and then the petals. The petals are white and under them are the sepals. There are five petals and five sepals. The leaf is green and it has a petiole and a blade and veins. When the petals all fall off there will be a little green berry in the middle. When the berry is black it is ripe. We can make some dessert out of them. This plant is wild. It lives through the winter in the ground and it grows very tall.

Notes and Comments.

Teaching is not merely leading the children to see what they would not otherwise discover, it includes likewise the orderly presentation of points to be studied. The more pupils are stimulated to spontaneity of thought and its expression, the more essential becomes this matter of the logical arrangement of the subjects of thought, by the teacher. But the older the children, the more openly this may be done; until having thus half unconsciously formed the habit of orderly thinking, the pupils will insist upon it of their own accord, as did the child in the preceding lesson.

CHAPTER IV.

SUPPLEMENTARY GEOGRAPHY.

PURPOSE OF THE LESSON.—(1) To bring to the notice of the children the necessities of life, and the difficulty of obtaining these without the help of appliances belonging to a state of civilization.

(2) To thus lead the pupils—unconsciously—toward an understanding of what civilization has accomplished.

(3) To have the children apply practically, the knowledge already gained.

(4) To give the pupils an opportunity to accumulate new facts.

(5) To train imagination to bring into the consciousness, vivid and clear pictures of things described.

(6) To arouse and foster a love for literature.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE TEACHER.—(1) Originating the device of making Robinson Crusoe represent primeval man.

(2) Reading the chapter carefully, and deciding upon the points to be made, and how to make them.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE PUPILS.—Their love of adventure, and all that they know of Geography.

PLAN OF THE LESSON—*First.* Review the salient points of the preceding pages, then let a child read the first page.

Second. By questioning, draw from the pupils the facts that Crusoe needed (1) food and drink; (2) shelter; (3) fire; (4) clothing; (5) companionship; (6) weapons; (7) tools; and put these words upon the board.

Third. Ask the children to imagine how Crusoe manages to get these things.

Fourth. Have different pupils read the chapter, each taking a page. *Mem.*—Generally select the good readers.

Fifth. Ask certain children to make pictures of Crusoe; the vale; the tree Robinson slept in; the hill he climbed; a cocoanut-tree and a cocoanut.

Sixth. Call upon others to mould a valley, a hill; an island; and Crusoe's island.

Seventh. Question upon the following geographical points,—stream, valley, hill, and island.

THE LESSON.

Friday afternoon has come and almost gone. The children have worked bravely, though during the last fifteen minutes, somewhat wearily, and it yet lacks three quarters of an hour of the time to go home.

As the second division face around in their seats, at the close of their Number lesson, the teacher takes a book from her desk and turning toward her tired little toilers, asks with an approving smile, "Would you like to know a little more about Robinson Crusoe?"

"Yes'm!" "Yes'm!" is the eager chorus of the animated class, from which all appearance of listlessness has vanished.

"What was the last thing that happened to him?"

"He fainted away!" declare the children in concert.

"And where was he?" pursues the teacher.

"On the shore!" agree the voices, and one adds deliberately, "Just got there."

"Tell us about it, Albert."

"The ship sailed too near the land," narrates the boy, "and Capt. Gordon tried to save them, but they wouldn't let him until it was too late, and so they were wrecked.

Then they all got into the boat, and the boat tipped over, and Robinson went clear down under; but he was a first-rate swimmer so he kept swimming, and by and by the big waves carried him along and dashed him up on the beach, and then he fainted away."

"Does any one remember anything more? Ellen."

"The ship was called the Santa Maria."

"Well, Fred."

"The Spaniards cried when they were going to be wrecked, but the Englishmen," with a triumphant toss of the head "didn't."

"Yes? Clemmie."

"He had hard work to catch his breath when he was under the water so long"

"Of whom are you speaking?"

"Robinson Crusoe."

"Suppose you tell us once more," proposes the teacher pleasantly.

"Robinson Crusoe had hard work to catch his breath when he was under the water so long, and he was almost drowned," is the amended statement of the impetuous talker.

"Drowned, Clemmie," corrects the teacher, opening the book, and glancing around the room. "Nannie shall be our first reader," she decides after an instant's survey of the orderly rows of bright expectant faces ranged before her.

The girl named, comes forward without a trace of self-consciousness, and takes the open book from the teacher's hand, who says, "We begin at the third chapter, and you may read the page."

Halting midway of the space in front of the desks, Nannie gives a glance at the lines before her, and begins to read. The manner is so natural, the expression so true, and the sweet voice so clear, that the audience settle back in

their seats with looks of happy content. When the page is finished, the book is handed back to the teacher and the reader returns to her desk.

"Imagine, children," suggests the teacher, "that you were in Robinson Crusoe's place, cold, wet, hungry, thirsty, and alone, in a strange country; what would you want? Hands." They fly up like a flock of birds and the list begins.

"Something to eat!"

"Some water!"

"A place to live in!"

"Some fire!"

"Wait," requests the teacher. "Let us set them down. What did you say, Willie?"

"Something to eat," responds the lad.

"What other name have we for that? Any one."

"Food," answers one of the older pupils.

"That's the word I wish," comments the teacher, placing it upon the board. "What was yours, Carrie?"

"Water."

"And we sometimes call that—"

"Drink," supplies the last speaker, and that is written below food.

"Horace, you said—"

"A place to live in."

"Yes; can you give me a single word which means that?"

"House," thinks Millie.

"That is not what I want. Any one," permits the teacher, as the girl does not speak. But the class also remains silent. "Look!" the teacher commands, writing carefully the word *shelter* in line with the other two. "Who gave the last, and what was it?"

"I said fire," acknowledges a stripling, who is anything but fiery-looking.

Fire is accepted, and goes down on the board.

"Well, John."

"I should think he'd want some more clothes; his were all wet."

"So should I," coincides the teacher, writing *clothing* as the fifth of Robinson's wants. "William."

"Wouldn't he want somebody to talk to?"

"Very likely," admits the teacher; "we will see what he says about it later," and she writes *companionship* last in the list. "Suppose now that we try to imagine how Robinson is going to get these things, and then we will open the book and see what he really does. Would you like that?"

"O yes'm!" "Yes'm!" is the delighted assent.

"Very well Which of these five things would he hunt for first?"

"Food!" "Drink!" is the confused chorus

"We will begin with food; I'll tell you this much of the story,—there were no people where he was; now think hard and fast; what could he find to eat?"

There is silence for a little, while the small brains work, then a hand appears and Jessie surmises,—“He might get berries.”

This gives an idea to Carrie, who adds—“Or nuts.”

George now takes the floor to suppose,—“There might be deer in the woods”

“Ho! that wouldn't do him any good,” retorts Sydney; “he had no gun.”

“And if he had, how could he cook it, when he hadn't any fire,” is the conundrum that Kittie puts.

“O Miss E., he could eat oysters raw!” exclaims Leroy.

“Well?” smiles the teacher.

“If there were oysters then he was all right,” reasons the lad.

To this the teacher makes no reply beyond an amused

nod of agreement, but seeing that no one else is ready with a thought, she inquires, "What will Robinson Crusoe get to drink?"

"Water!" is the unanimous verdict.

"There was plenty of that," observes the teacher soberly; "he had the ocean before him." The hands go up with a rush now, and everybody is wild to speak. "What's the matter, children?"

"That was salt water," affirm the voices.

"To be sure, and what if it was?" is the teacher's demure query.

"He couldn't drink salt water!" is the class chorus.

"Well, where would he find any other kind? Mamie.

"In rivers and brooks."

"In ponds," reports Frank.

"In wells," states Nelson.

"So now Robinson Crusoe would start off for a well, would he?" assumes the teacher.

There is a burst of laughter at this, followed by Nelson's explanation,—*"I meant a spring; there wouldn't be any wells if there weren't any folks to dig them."*

"Quite true," grants the teacher. "What shelter would Robinson find?"

"He could get under some bushes or trees," is the first conjecture.

"He might find some big rocks, and make a den out of them, and crawl into that," is the second.

This leads to a third—*"Perhaps there might be caves he could find to live in."*

"If he could, how could he make a fire?" is the teacher's next query.

"With matches," speaks out a boy before he thinks.

The class go off in another fit of laughter at the idea of matches, whereupon the young matches-man responds in rather an injured tone, *"I don't see why he might not have*

some in his pockets somewhere," at which there is renewed merriment.

"You may talk to him, Stanley," consents the teacher.

"He's been in the water all over; they'd be spoiled if he had any," explains Stanley.

"I know," breaks out an eager thinker in the background; "he could strike a rock with a sledge-hammer, till he got a spark, and light a fire with that."

Then everybody laughs once more, and no further ideas on the subject of fire are brought forward.

"What next does he need?" asks the teacher, turning toward her list.

"Clothing!"

"He could get the skins of animals and sew them together," suggests Patrick.

Several hands signify dissent, and their owners being called upon assert one after another that,—"Robinson hadn't anything to sew with!" "He hadn't any gum to kill the animals with."

"Just as like as not he had a knife in his pocket," theorizes a third.

"Harry, take the book and read," dictates the teacher; "perhaps that will tell us. Before he begins, how many of you can see how Robinson Crusoe looked just now? Mary describe."

"He was sitting on a large stone with his head on his knees, crying," specifies the girl.

"Who would like to make a picture of him on the board? Madge, you may. Now, Harry, we are ready to hear the next page;" and Harry standing in good position just in front of the class, begins.

Before he has read many lines, the teacher stops him with a polite "Just a moment, Harry. Who can tell me why Robinson Crusoe looked for a valley when he wanted to find a stream of fresh water? Rosa."

"Because that was where it would be."

"How do you make that out?"

"The rain would run down the sides of the hills, and make a brook in the valley."

"No one has said anything about hills; we are talking about a valley. Edward."

"We have to have hills to make a valley."

"Do you think you could show me that in the sand?"

"Yes'm, I know I could," promptly maintains that youth.

"What would you make?"

"Some hills and a valley between."

"I'll give you the upper right-hand corner of the moulding board to put them on. You will find plenty of sand in the box, and the shovel is there too. Go to work. Read on, Harry."

"How many can see the narrow vale that Crusoe found, with its flowering shrubs and trees, and the sparkling stream running through," catechises the teacher at the end of the paragraph. Seemingly everybody, judging by the hands. "Ada may go to the blackboard, and draw it as it looks to her. Once more, Harry," and the boy with the book continues.

He does not read quite as well as Mamie, but gets the thought, and gives it clearly, and does not pause again till his portion is completed. The instant he lifts his eyes from the page, Leroy speaks out in his usual impetuous fashion,—

"Then he did get some oysters just as I said."

"Yes. Harry, you may hand the book to Nellie."

Waiting until the little lady named reaches his side, the small gentleman passes the book to her with a manner that is charmingly courteous; at the same time pointing out the place to begin.

Before Nellie has read a paragraph, hands are raised all

over the room, and at its close, Emma being given permission to speak, complains,—“She reads so fast, I can’t keep up with her.”

“Yes’m!” is the murmured chorus of agreement, before the teacher can reply.

“You hear what they say, Nellie; begin again.”

These complaints neither embarrass nor annoy the reader, because she feels that the motive of her comrades is not to find fault with her but to learn the story; and being as wishful as they, that all should know what the book says, the child strives to correct herself, with an amount of energy and will, which no ordinary criticism could arouse, and is fairly successful.

“What is foliage?” is the teacher’s question, as Nellie reaches the bottom of her page.

“Leaves!” “Branches!” “Boughs!” “Limbs of trees!” is the mixed response.

“Why do wild animals search for their prey at night?” is her second query. “Lewis.”

“So that men won’t be around to shoot them,” is his supposition, which brings up another hand, and turning to its owner the teacher inquires,—

“What have you to say to that, Mike?”

“I don’t believe that’s it, for where the wildest animals are, men don’t go, except once in a while, when they go hunting.”

“That sounds reasonable,” concedes the teacher. “Who has any other idea upon the subject? Jack.”

“Maybe they see better at night; my father told me that cats can, and I guess rats do; and there’s owls,” adds Jack, slowly piling up the evidence.

“You may find that out for yourselves. Possibly you can think it out,” hints the teacher. “Percy, I’d like to see a tree on the blackboard, of the sort that Robinson Crusoe slept in; and if you’ve time after you’ve sketched

the tree, you may put him in it. Dennis, we will listen if you will read the next page to us."

Intensely interested in the story and a ready reader, Dennis meets with no difficulty, except the teacher, who soon halts him to ask, "If Crusoe found plenty of flowers why were there no berries, Mattie?"

"Perhaps it wasn't time for them. It might have been before they were ripe."

"Bessie."

"I guess they weren't the kind of bushes that had berries."

"Go on, Dennis, and let us see what the book says, but stop when you come to the end of the next paragraph," which he does.

"What are perpendicular cliffs? Belle."

"High, steep rocks, standing straight up and down."

"Can any one tell me what is meant by impassable woods? Jamie."

"Woods so thick that any one could hardly get through them."

"Did you ever see any?"

"Yes'm; once over on the Blue Hills," informs the small traveller.

"Cassie, you may place a hill at the lower left-hand corner of the moulding-board, and make it as much like the one Robinson Crusoe climbed, as you can. Do you remember the description?"

"Yes'm," assures the little girl confidently, starting off upon her work with business-like celerity.

"There is clay in the closet, and I think some bits of rock among the stones on the lower shelf, to make your cliffs of. You will find shoe-pegs in a box in my table drawer, that will do for trees. I am searching for some one who knows just how that hill looked, to draw it for me on the board. Austin, you may try it. Children, how would Crusoe know

whether he was on an island or not, when he reached the top of the hill? Gertie."

"Because he would see water all around if it was an island."

"What water, class?"

"The ocean," call the voices, all but one, and that says, "Salt water."

"So water all around makes an island, does it?"

"Yes'm," agree the class.

"Then what island is this, that we see out here?" pointing to Massachusetts Bay, visible from the windows.

The children stare at it silently for a second, then a boy asks "What one do you mean?"

"I mean all this water that we can see," indicates the teacher.

"The water isn't an island," protests Eva.

"You just told me that water all around makes an island," maintains the teacher.

"But you have to have land too," notifies Louise.

"Does land make an island?"

"Yes'm," answer the class.

"Then," infers the teacher, "we are on an island."

"No," denies Edgar; "because the land must be surrounded by water to make an island."

"What do you mean by 'surrounded'?"

"That the water must be all around the land," explains the young geographer.

"Suppose," theorizes the teacher; "that the water came almost around it, wouldn't the land be an island then, Larry?" pitching upon a boy who doesn't seem to be attending, but his instant answer,

"No, it must go all around it," proves that appearances are often deceitful.

"Have you ever seen any islands, children?"

"Yes'm!" declare the class.

"Can see some now," announces the usual soloist, with his eyes out of the window.

"Oliver, mould an island for me on the upper left-hand corner of the moulding-board. Fannie, take the vacant corner, and build an island, that will be like this one that Robinson Crusoe was wrecked upon, so far as we have heard about it. What must she put upon her island, that Oliver need not have?"

"A hill!" is the full chorus.

"Yes; finish your page, Dennis," which he does without further interruption, and Annie is called upon to succeed him.

She is a little careless at first, and not being so much of a silent reader (her taste leading more in the direction of out-door study), she fails at times to grasp the thought, and directly, there are signals of distress from every part of the room.

"What is it, Dannie?"

"I don't understand what she reads," testifies the child with a forehead full of wrinkles.

"Don't you? Nettie."

"I don't either; I think she must have left out some words."

"Begin again, Annie; look with both eyes this time, and see what the book says before you try to tell us."

The complaint and caution, accomplish their purpose, and Annie does her very best now, while not being stopped, she gains with every paragraph, proving the exercise most excellent discipline for such as she.

As Annie resigns the book at the end of her page, the teacher asks, "How many ever saw a cocoa-nut?" The large majority apparently. "What are they good for?"

"To eat!" affirms the chorus.

"To drink," supplements the solo.

"Yes, the milk. Would you like to see how the tree

looks?" is the teacher's inquiry, answered in full and emphatic affirmative.

"Here is a picture of it. I am sorry I couldn't get a larger one,"—holding up a book containing a wood-cut not over three inches square; "but if you come up close you can see it." Whereupon the class move bodily out of their seats, and crowd—an orderly yet eager group—around the teacher's desk. As fast as those close to the picture have had a good look at it, they give way to those in the rear, and return quietly to their seats. In three minutes the last curious gazer has been satisfied, every child is in his place, and the teacher resumes the lesson by sending Emory to the board to draw the tree, and Olive to sketch the cocoa-nut, telling them where to find the colored crayons with which to do it; then she directs,—

"Eugene, you may finish the chapter."

This boy is the best reader in the class, and with a satisfaction which is quite evident, his impressionable audience prepare to follow still further, the fortunes of the forlorn Crusoe.

Meantime, Olive and Emory, busily draw away in green and brown at the blackboard,—seemingly quite forgotten by all except the teacher who is watching their progress,—till they finish their sketches and start for their seats. The other work was completed some time ago but has not been examined.

Accordingly, the teacher breaks off the reading at this point, in order to call the attention of the class to the moulding and drawings. Edward's sand valley, and Austin's crayon hill are accepted by the keen young critics; but Ada's vale is objected to, as not looking narrow; a point which she meets by saying that "It had to be wide enough for the stream to run through."

Something is wrong with the one leg of Crusoe, that shows in Madge's side view of the weeping mariner, but no

one seems to be able to tell exactly what it is. Cassie's moulded hill has too many shoe-peg trees on its top, to suit several of the judges, one of whom quotes,—“It said the ‘bare summit’ in the book.”

Percy's pictured tree passes muster, though one of the class remarks *sotto voce*, “Don't think that looks much like a man in the tree.”

Oliver's island, and Olive's cocoa-nut seem to suit all the lookers-on; but Fannie's representation of Robinson's island as he found it, is thought by three or four, to have too much of a stretch of beach; Stanley urging,—in proof of his position,—“He didn't have to go far to get to the hill.”

But the brunt of the criticism falls upon Emory, who has—absent-mindedly—made his palm-tree all green; trunk and limbs, as well as leaves. There is some amusement at his expense, when this is observed, which he endures with great amiability.

Then the final page is read, amid the closest and most profound attention. When at its end, Eugene lays down the book and walks to his seat, the only remark made, is offered by the most deliberate child in the room, who draws out, just as the gong strikes,—“He didn't have any knife after all.”

“Good-by, children, till Monday,” says the teacher.

“Good-by,”—repeat the fresh young voices.

Through the open door comes the sound of the drum. A tap, and the class rise; another, and they face; then the beat begins, and the children pass out and away. School is done.

Notes and Comments.

To use the story of a shipwrecked sailor stripped of everything and cast upon an uninhabited island, as a means of turning the thoughts of young children back to the be-

ginning of man's existence upon the earth, and through it, to lead the pupils to think out the primal necessities of life, was just as much of an inspiration to this teacher, as if Rousseau had not implied the same, a hundred and twenty years ago; for she had never read *Emile*. From which two morals may be drawn. First; that there is no monopoly of valuable ideas, and second; that teachers, even the best of teachers, are woefully ignorant of the thoughts and theories of those whom Col. Parker terms, "our spiritual ancestors," the great teachers of all times. It is perhaps needless to state that this lesson conveys far more by implication than it does directly; and plants more seed than will spring up in a day.

CHAPTER V.

AN EXERCISE IN READING, AND A RECITATION.

THE children have been in school two years. In this time, they have learned to get the thought contained in simple written, and printed sentences, such as are found in Second Readers; and to give the thought thus gained, fluently at sight. In other words, they are able to read a little. Every step of the way leading up to this result has been fully illustrated; from the preparatory conversation lessons given during the first weeks of the pupils school-life, through the regular work of the first year,—including the teaching of the script word, the script sentence, and the introduction to print (involving the change from script to print);—all these being supplemented by a lesson in the Second Reader.

Up to this time, the attention of both teacher and pupils, has been confined almost exclusively to the getting of the thought, while the giving of the thought has taken care of itself. This was as it should be; for the young readers have really been learning a new language,—that of written and printed forms;—a language to be gained through the eye instead of the ear.

There is but one more step to be taken in the teaching of Reading, viz.: the training in dramatic expression. An excellent suggestion of the way in which this may be accomplished, is found in this,—the last Reading lesson which will be photographed. A year of such work as is

here delineated, will do away with all necessity for further teaching of Reading *per se*, below the highest grade of the Grammar School.

AN EXERCISE IN SIGHT READING.

PURPOSE OF THE LESSON.—To train the children to *give* with the fullest expression, thoughts obtained from the printed page.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE TEACHER. — *General.* All the power she possessed, either natural or acquired, to inspire her pupils with enthusiastic fervor.

Particular. Considerable practice in reading the lesson orally, with a view to dramatic effect.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE PUPILS.—(1) Their ability to imagine vividly the events described.

(2) Their capacity to express dramatically what they imagine.

PLAN OF THE LESSON —First, ask for an account of that part of the story which was read at the previous lesson. Then lead the children to think of how the Three Bears would talk, and in so doing, call attention to these points. (1) The change from narration to impersonation. (2) The different qualities of voice required. (3) The expression of emotion through voice, face, and manner. Meantime try to work up the interest of the class in the story, in such a way that the enthusiasm shall culminate at the *dénouement*, and make this as exciting as possible.

THE EXERCISE.

The first division have just finished Reading, while the second division have been busy writing questions about a silver vase filled with roses, that stands upon the teacher's table.

"My readers may place their reading books and my busy-workers their slates, upon the right-hand corner of their desks," is the prompt, low-spoken direction of the teacher, whose genial and gentle manner, is somehow subtly suggestive of force and dispatch. "Nettie," she continues, addressing a nimble little woman whose book was first in the required position, "will you please gather up the books from the desks, and put them away in the book-case? Earnest, you were the second smartest in the class, I'd like to have you give out those reading books that are lying upon the piano, to the second division. Marion, and Dennis,—you were ready next, I have something for you to do. Take the slates that are on the desks of the second division, and distribute them to the first division, one to each. Meantime, all the rest of us are to sit up beautifully, and sing. What shall we sing? Howard."

"Please let us take, 'Over in the Meadow.' We haven't had it for ever and ever so long," urges the boy.

"O yes'm!" "Yes'm!" "Do!" "Do, Miss E!" exclaim the pupils, as the teacher hesitates.

"I thought you were getting to be too old for that," she responds mischievously, adding after the emphatic "No'ms!" with which this objection is received, "But it takes so much time."

"Never mind," encourages a voice nonchalantly, which brings a laugh to the eyes of the teacher that promptly betrays her to the keen little folks with whom she is dealing, and there immediately sets in such a chorus of "Pleases?" that she hastens to assent by inquiring,—

"Whom will you have for a leader?"

"Norah McL.," call out the children, with one accord.

"Very well. Norah, come to the front."

At this, a girl sitting in one of the back seats rises, and moves awkwardly down the aisle. She is tall for her age, and her pinched features together with her poverty-stricken

attire, plainly prove that all her gold is in her tresses, which hang a wavy, glistening mass of golden red, down to her very waist. Never confident, Norah is slightly startled by her sudden selection, and when upon reaching the front, she faces about and meets so many pairs of gazing eyes, her embarrassment increases; the color surges—wave upon wave—up to the little ringlets curling on her freckled forehead, while her rough, stubby fingers nervously clutch and twist a fold of the faded frock.

Seeing this, the teacher steps to Norah's side, and passing a protecting arm around her, whispers "Sing!" Like a bird's warble is her voice, low, clear, and mellow; and this is what she carols.

"Over in the meadow, on the sand in the sun,
Lived a mother toad, and her little toadie one
'Jump!' said the mother 'I jump!' said the one"

Immediately all the listening children come in strong and jerky, on the chorus:

"So he jumped, and he jumped, on the sand, in the sun"

Then Norah leads off with the second stanza.

"Over in the meadow, where the stream runs blue,
Lived a mother fish, and her little fishes two.
'Swim!' said the mother 'We swim,' said the two."

Here everybody chants softly and smoothly;

"So they swam, and they swam, where the stream runs blue."

The solo singer begins again.

"Over in the meadow, in a hole in a tree,
Lived a mother blue bird, and her little birdies three
'Sing!' said the mother 'We sing,' said the three"

Every voice in the room is sweet when it renders,—

"So they sang, and they sang, in their home in a tree."

Norah now gives the fourth stanza, which runs,—

"Over in the meadow, by the reeds on the shore,
Lived a mother musk-rat, and her little rattles four
'Plunge!' said the mother 'We plunge,' said the four."

And the fifty-six eager listeners are ready to join in and sing heavily,

"So they plunged, and they splashed, by the reeds on the shore"

All alone the girl continues:

"Over in the meadow, in a snug bee-hive,
Lived a mother bee, and her little honies five
'Buzz!' said the mother 'We buzz!' said the five"

And all together her schoolmates hum,—

"So they buzzed, and they buzzed, in their snug bee hive"

The young leader is getting decidedly into the spirit of the thing, as she leads off with,—

"Over in the meadow, in a nest made of sticks,
Lived a mother crow, and her little crows six
'Caw!' said the mother 'We caw!' said the six"

To which there comes the chorus, more energetic than musical,—

"So they cawed, and they cawed, in their nest made of sticks"

Lightly Norah now chirrups;

"Over in the meadow, in the grass soft and even,
Lived a mother cricket, and her little crickets seven
'Chirp!' said the mother 'We chirp!' said the seven"

And the children's voices are sharp and shrill, as they pipe up,—

"So they chirped cheery notes, in the grass soft and even"

Without pause, the small soloist goes on—

"Over in the meadow on an old mossy gate,
Lived a mother lizard, and her little lizards eight
'Bask!' said the mother 'We bask!' said the eight"

Slowly and lazily, her mates sing their line:

“So they basked, and they basked, on an old mossy gate.”

With a twinkle of fun in her red-brown eyes, Norah proceeds:

‘Over in the meadow, where the cool pools shine,
Lived a mother frog, and her little froggies nine
‘Croak!’ said the mother ‘We croak!’ said the nine.

But she laughs outright when the roomful hoarsely choruses,—

“So they croaked, and they croaked, where the cool pools shine ”

The little maid’s voice and manner are quite expressive, as she strikes up the tenth stanza.

“Over in the meadow, in a sly little den,
Lived a mother spider, and her little spiders ten.
‘Spin!’ said the mother ‘We spin!’ said the ten

And the others add in tones as thin as threads, —

“So they spun silken webs, in their sly little dens ”

Somewhat faster the leader trills out the next.

“Over in the meadow, on a fine summer even,
Lived a mother fire-fly and her little flies eleven
‘Shine!’ said the mother. ‘We shine!’ said the eleven ”

Full, and prompt on the instant, follows the refrain:—

“So they shone like stars, on a fine summer even ”

For the last time Norah leads the song with—

“Over in the meadow, where men dig and delve,
Lived a mother ant, and her little anties twelve
‘Work!’ said the mother ‘We work!’ said the twelve.”

And the chorus chimes in heartily and strong,—

“So they worked, and they worked, where men dig and delve.”

"Yes, and now I expect you

To work, and to work like the little anties twelve,"

adds the teacher instantly, singing her impromptu parody with such significance that the children, already in high glee, burst into a shout of laughter.

When this subsides, the teacher sets affairs in their accustomed grooves by directing,—“The first division may make up the nicest answers they can think of, to the questions that the second division wrote. Put them upon your own slate and in your very handsomest hand-writing.” Then, without waiting to see if her mandate is carried out by these small people,—who in truth do not seem to need supervision, so suddenly and steadily do they settle to their work,—the teacher turns toward the second division, and puts the question,—“What did we read about yesterday?”

“The Three Bears,”* is the concerted answer.

“Who remembers anything about the story?” Every right arm is fluttering like a pennant in a strong wind. “Fred,” specifies the teacher, and the hands fall as the boy rises.

Standing square on both feet, just beside his desk, with hands at the sides, shoulders back and head up, the boy looks the teacher full in the face, and narrates in pleasant tones, and perfectly natural manner, the following:

“There were three bears that lived in a house near the woods; and one was named Little, Small, Wee Bear, and one was named Middle-sized Bear, and the other was Great, Huge Bear. Each one had a bowl to put his porridge in, and each one had a chair to sit in, and each one had a bed to sleep in. One day they had made some porridge for breakfast, and it was too hot. So they poured it into their bowls and went out to walk, while it got cool.”

* This was chosen because it was easy and entertaining, as all selections for sight reading should be.

"Susie may tell what happened next," announces the teacher.

That wide-awake young lady takes up the tale, and rattles off—"While the three bears were gone, a little girl came to the bears' house, and she peeked in at the key-hole, and didn't see anybody; so she lifted the latch, and walked right in."

"Wait a moment, Susie," interposes the teacher. "Jack, tell her what the little girl did at the key-hole."

"She peeped in."

"Yes. Now Susie, begin there once more; get the right word this time; and don't be in so much of a hurry," admonishes the teacher, smiling at the impetuous maiden as she speaks.

Somewhat mortified by her blunder, which brings the most becoming of blushes to her face, Susie starts off more slowly this time. "The little girl peeped in at the key-hole, but she didn't see any one, so she lifted the latch and walked in. When she saw the porridge, she thought she would have some out of the big bowl, but when she came to taste of it, it was too hot; and the porridge that belonged to the Middle-sized Bear was too cold, but the Little, Wee Bear's porridge was just right, and so she ate it all up."

"Percy, what is it you wish?" asks the teacher.

"Susie didn't tell the little girl's name."

"Silver-hair," replies Susie, taking the correction in good part.

"Percy, you may go on with the story," decides the teacher.

"Then Silver-hair saw the bears' chairs, and thought she would try them; so she sat down in the big one, and that was too hard; and the middle-sized one was too soft; and the Little, Wee Bear's chair was just right; but I think she must have sat down in it pretty hard, for the bottom fell out, and she went through on to the ground."

"Then what? Hattie," selects the teacher, and Percy sits, as the last called upon begins.

"Next, little Silver-hair went up-stairs, and there she found three beds. First, she climbed upon the Great, Huge Bear's bed, and lay down, but the head was too high for her. Then she lay down on the Middle-sized Bear's bed, but that was too high at the foot for her, and then she lay down on the Little, Small, Wee Bear's bed, and that was just right; so she got into it, tucked herself up, and went sound asleep; and that was the last we read," concludes Hattie, and takes her seat.

"Well, Nelson?" says the teacher.

"Was this little girl very old?" inquires the lad.

"Certainly not; what made you ask?"

"Because the book said that she was called Silver-hair, and that is the color of my Grandma's hair."

"Yes, we generally call white hair, silver hair, but that is not what is meant here. Minna?" calls the teacher suddenly, speaking to a shy little blonde in a front seat, and moving to the window as she does so: "come to me." Obediently the small maiden goes, when as she reaches the spot, the teacher lifts the shade, and lets the sunshine fall on Minna's hair of palest flaxen. Thus lit up, it fairly glitters, and when the teacher puts the question, "What does it make you think of?" every pupil answers, "Silver!"

"That's all, little Silver-hair," assures the teacher. "Now class, open your books, and we will see what happened next."

For a second, nearly every one seems to be very much taken up with a small, three-cornered piece of brown paper, found between the leaves when the book was opened. These prove to be squares folded diagonally, and intended to keep the pages clean; being placed carefully under the thumb, at the bottom of the open book. But one juvenile, too impatient for what follows, to attend to preliminaries, has been

skimming the first paragraph. "They've come home!" he proclaims without waiting to be called upon.

"When you are ready to read, you may raise your hands, but you need not speak," observes the teacher, placidly ignoring the hasty reader, who thereupon becomes very much interested in his book-protector and its arrangement.

By this time, the hands are all up, and Maggie is named as the one who is to read first.

Stepping into the aisle, the child takes her stand opposite her desk, holds her book in the left hand, drops the other arm easily at her side, straightens her small figure, puts her head well in the air, and begins:

"By this time the Three Bears thought their porridge would be cool enough, so they came home to breakfast. Now little Silver-hair had left the spoon of the Great, Huge Bear standing in his porridge. 'Somebody has been at my porridge,' said the Great, Huge Bear in his great, gruff voice!"

Her tone is clear and pleasant, and she reads as fluently as she would talk; but her manner is that of a narrator, all the way through, so the teacher questions,—

"Who was it that said, 'Somebody has been at my porridge'?"

"The Great, Huge Bear," states Maggie.

"And how did he say it?"

"In his great, gruff voice," responds the reader, who begins to look as if she foresaw the coming interrogatory, "Did you say it that way?" to which she replies in the negative. "How many can think just how the Great, Huge Bear would talk?" Several signify that they have imagined it. "Who wishes to try to show us how it sounds? Eddie."

The boy begins bravely, but hearing the light sound he makes, instead of the deep growl he thought he was going to make, he falters, and would fail, but that the teacher urges him forward with an encouraging,— "Go on,

my boy; that will do for a beginning;" consequently he does little more than pronounce the words.

"Who is going to be my next Great, Huge Bear? Mike."

This youth is older, and not wanting in assurance; but his mind, like that of the reader who preceded him, is fixed upon the sound, rather than the sense. He strikes for a low note, and gets it, but being unable to control his voice, it rises gradually as he speaks the sentence, the last word being given in his natural pitch. The effect is so ludicrous that the children smile audibly,—a proceeding in which Mike joins with perfect good-humor.

"Is there anybody else who would like to be the Great, Huge Bear?" asks the teacher.

Harry volunteers, and commencing more modestly than either of the others, he manages to get through in better style, but he too, merely pronounces the words. .

"Well, I am beginning to get some sort of an idea, of how the Great, Huge Bear talked," remarks the teacher, whereat the children look very much amused. "What bear spoke next?"

"The Middle-sized Bear!" is the instantaneous chorus.

"I am looking for somebody who will talk just as he did." The hands are all up for this. "Jennie."

"And when the Middle Bear looked at his, he saw that the spoon was standing in it too,"

reads or rather talks Jennie. Now with a face and manner of mild surprise, she continues:

" 'Somebody has been at my porridge,' "

then dropping back to the tone of simple narration, she concludes;

"said the Middle Bear in his middle voice."

"That's pretty good," acknowledges the teacher; "who is to be my Little, Small, Wee Bear? Josie."

The diminutive woman called upon, rises and reads:—

“Then the Little, Small, Wee Bear looked at his, and there was the spoon in the porridge-pot But the porridge was all gone ”

So far she has rendered the meaning well, but now comes the difficult part. With a swift glance at the teacher's face, as if to gather courage and inspiration therefrom, the young impersonator of small bears falters forth in a voice hardly above a whisper—

“‘Somebody has been at my porridge and eaten it all up,’ said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small, wee voice ”

“That was a small voice, certainly,” grants the teacher.
“Well, Ida?”

“I don't think it was squeally enough,” criticises that young woman.

“Perhaps not. Suppose you give it as you think it should be;” whereupon Ida pipes up in shrill head notes, and reads as did Josie, the whole paragraph in the same tone.

“What have you to say, Robbie?”

“The little bear didn't say all that!”

“Well?” rejoins the teacher.

“Then the squeally voice shouldn't go all the way through,” argues Robbie.

“You may read it, and show us just what you mean.”

Robbie does so, and brings out his point of giving only the little bear's speech, in the little bear's tones; but in his attempt to strike the falsetto he unwittingly changes the quality of voice, and thus suggests another ideal to the children, some of whom immediately raise their hands, and Ellen being called upon queries, “Wouldn't the small bear's voice be kind of squeaky?”

“It might,” is the teacher's non-committal reply. “I could tell better after hearing some one read it in that way. You may try.”

High and shrill, a mere squeak, is the tone in which the

girl renders the lines under discussion, carefully resuming her natural voice at the close of the quotation. This meets the instant approval of the juvenile judges, who are becoming quite anxious that the three bears should be properly represented.

"How many think that Ellen said that just as Little, Small, Wee Bear did?"

Most of the children signify their agreement. Out of the few not satisfied, the teacher selects one, saying to him, "What was the trouble, Fred?"

"I don't know," admits the objector; "but I don't think it sounded right."

"Ettie, what have you to say?"

"I thought Little, Wee Bear was almost crying because his porridge was all gone," ventures the child hesitatingly.

"I shouldn't wonder," half concedes the teacher. "Let me hear you read it as if he was."

Thus incited, Ettie grows bolder, and complains that—

"'Somebody has been at my porridge, and has eaten it all up'"—

with so much expression of face, voice, and manner, that her small audience are quite carried away by it.

"That's what I meant, Miss E.!" speaks out Fred impulsively; "that whining voice."

"Yes? Who wants to read next?" The division seems to be made up of would-be readers. "I wish to have some one who can talk like the Great, Huge Bear," smilingly states the teacher, but her insinuation does not lessen the number of upraised arms. "Bennie," she selects.

Pleased to be picked out, and ambitious to verify the wisdom of the choice, Bennie springs to his feet, takes the book with his left hand, the military position with his body, and starts off.

"Then the Three Bears began to look about them to find the thief. Now, Little Silver-hair had not put the hard cushion straight when she rose from the chair of the Great, Huge Bear."

Thus far it has been plain sailing and Bennie has really read very well. But now he draws a long breath, puckers up his lips and jerks out word by word,—

“‘Somebody has been sitting in my chair,’”

collapsing at this point into breathlessness, he scurries over the words,—

“said the Great, Huge Bear in his great, rough, gruff voice,”

so rapidly and in so low a tone, that they are hardly distinguishable.

This is not to the taste of these amateur critics, whose judgment is apparently voiced by one who comments tersely, “He began too big, and ended too little.”

“It isn’t an easy thing to do,” intimates the teacher, a little sorry for the bluntness of the criticism. “Who else would like to try? Oscar.”

The lad speaks the descriptive part distinctly yet fluently, while the bear’s remark is rendered with considerable fidelity as to voice and expression.

“Oscar got the Great, Huge Bear’s growly way of talking the best of anybody, didn’t he, Miss E.?” appeals an outspoken youngster, as the boy sits.

“He did well,” allows the teacher. “I’d like a middle-sized reader next. Bridget.”

“And little Silver-hair had pressed down the soft cushion of the Middle Bear,”

says Bridget, with her eyes on the book. Lifting them suddenly she exclaims with an air of indignant protest—

“‘Somebody has been sitting in my chair,’”

ending calmly,

“said the Middle Bear in his middle voice.”

Something like a rustle of admiration runs through the class, as Bridget takes her seat, and the teacher rather adds to, than takes from the excitement, as she commends cordially, "I like that. Now, where shall I find another Small, Wee Bear? Mary, let us see what you can do?"

" 'Somebody has been sitting in my chair, and has sat the bottom of it out, ' "

squeaks the girl, without a particle of expression, but giving the rest,

" said the Little, Small, Wee Bear in his little, small, wee voice, "

quite well. Several criticisms are made upon this.

First, Stevie rises to remark:—"I don't believe Little, Small, Wee Bear talked that way; he'd be angry."

Next, Millic observes,—"I shouldn't wonder if he was crying when he said that."

But the third speaker, Jack, goes unconsciously straight to the point, as he says earnestly, "I guess she didn't stop to think how the Little, Small, Wee Bear felt, when he saw his chair broken down."

"I think that was her trouble," coincides the teacher courteously. "Stevie, we will listen to you."

Drawing down the corners of his mouth and nodding his head by way of emphasis, he assumes a shrill treble and scolds through the little bear's speech.

Only a few of his attentive, eager, listeners seem to agree with his rendering, most of the class evidently waiting for something different.

"Millie, it is your turn," notifies the teacher.

This time, the grievance of the owner of the broken chair is sobbed out in quite a realistic style, creating considerable excitement and some smiles; being—to all appearances—accepted as the proper interpretation.

"Jack."

The earnest little fellow stands silent for a moment, as if

endeavoring to put himself in the small bear's place; then gradually taking on a look of injured innocence, and beginning to rub his eyes with his unoccupied hand, he speaks the sentence with a thin, high, quivering voice, and an expression of indignant grief.

This is greeted by an instant murmur of approbation from the appreciative little people, who like larger ones, know the right thing when they hear it, if not before.

"That gave me a good idea of how the small bear talked," declares the teacher with a radiant face. "Now I wish I could pick out a boy, or girl, who could make me think I was hearing Great, Huge Bear himself."

Little by little in the course of this lesson, the teacher has sought to arouse the interest of the class in this expression work, until now the dramatic power,—often latent but never lacking in children,—is thoroughly awakened; imagination is in full play, and the pupils are enjoying the exercise of these faculties with the keenest zest. Consequently the division seems at this point to consist mainly of arms, so prominent a feature have those members become on this side of the room.

"It is hard to choose," audibly soliloquizes the teacher, "but I'll take Jesse first."

Swinging out of his seat and upon his feet with one movement, the child is so eager that he has eyes only for what the great bear says, and begins at once in his biggest tones to assert;—

" 'Something has been lying on my bed, ' "

but the sudden flutter of arms in the air around him, arrests his attention as he finishes his impersonation, and he gives the explanation,—

"said the Great, Huge Bear, in his great, rough, gruff voice,"

in decidedly a commonplace manner.

"Tell him, class," permits the teacher, as Jesse takes his seat.

"You didn't begin in the right place!" "You left out part of it!" is the confused chorus that he hears.

"O I forgot that!" exclaims the boy, as he glances at his book. "Please may I read it again?"

"No; you must learn to keep a steadier head," decides the teacher. "I'll hear Jimmie now," and the mortified Jesse is left—without a comment upon his reading—to ponder upon his lesson in ethics.

Warned by the experience of his comrade, Jimmie commences calmly;—

"Now little Silver-hair had pulled the pillow of the Great, Huge Bear out of its place "

Here he takes on the heaviest tone he can make, together with a manner expressive of slight surprise, and gives the large bear's speech.

"Does that please you?" queries the teacher, addressing her enthusiastic pupils. "Carrie."

"I should think that the bear would be mad," suggests the girl slowly, as if not certain of her ground.

"You mean angry, Carrie," interprets the teacher with a smile, to take off the edge of her correction. "Arthur."

"I am sure he'd be very angry," maintains that young man.

"Well, Eddie?" speaking to an excitable-looking youngster on a back seat, who has been absorbed in trying on the most savage-looking faces during the last three minutes, seemingly endeavoring to make a great bear of himself.

Now he rises to request,— "Please Miss E., mayn't I read? I guess I can do the big bear."

"If you *think* you can," emphasizes the teacher significantly.

"That's what I meant," hurriedly answers the earnest child. "Shall I begin?"

"Yes."

"Now little Silver-hair,"

says Eddie, starting off with the story as if he were thinking it up as he went along;

"had pulled the pillow of the Great, Huge Bear out of its place,"

Here he pauses in the midst of his narration, to scowl his forehead, clinch his fist, puff out his cheeks, project his lips, and roll his eyes, while he fairly roars,

" 'Something has been lying on my bed, ' "

when casting aside his wrathful countenance and bass tones, he resumes quietly,—

"said the Great, Huge Bear in his great, rough, gruff voice."

This is the most ambitious, as well as the most successful attempt at impersonation which has been made; and it arouses the enthusiasm of the class to the highest pitch, one voice proclaiming, as the dramatic little reader takes his seat, "That was just splendid!" while another asserts, "I think that's the very best Great, Huge Bear we've had!"

"So it was," assents the teacher; "and where shall I find just as good a Middle-sized Bear?"

The children are wild to read, and the teacher, not desiring to make an anti-climax of the lesson, deliberately picks for a pupil who is certain to do well. "Connie."

"And little Silver-hair had pulled the pillow of the Middle Bear out of its place,"

reads the girl, in such a perfectly natural manner that several look up off their books, half thinking that Connie is

talking. Changing her pure, low tone to a louder and fuller one, she declares with an air of emphatic disgust,—

"‘Somebody has been lying on *my* bed,’"

returning instantly and easily to her first manner as she continues,—

"said the Middle Bear in his middle voice."

Every new success but adds to the excitement, and some of the pupils are standing in the aisles with arms at their utmost stretch, in their anxiety to be seen and selected by the teacher.

"We have had a good Great, Huge Bear, and a good Middle Bear; we must have a good Little, Small, Wee Bear. I believe a little, small, wee child could do that best," upon hearing which, those who were the standers-up drop nimbly into their seats, trying very hard to look as if they had not been out of them. But in vain. "Lily," chooses the teacher, naming a quiet child in the corner, who has not opened her lips since the lesson began, but whose sensitive, expressive countenance, has revealed constantly every changing thought and emotion.

Lily rises, while the quick color mounts to eyes and hair, as she announces in the hush that follows,—

"And when the Little, Small, Wee Bear came to look at his bed, *there* the pillow was in its place But on the pillow was little Silver-hair's pretty head,— which was not in its place, as she had no business there."

Now in a peevish, baby voice Lily whines out,—

"‘Somebody has been lying on my bed,’"

and pausing a breath, she half cries—

"‘And there she is,’"

hastening on in her ordinary manner,—

"said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small, wee voice."

This caps the climax. Every child in the division has become so wrought up by this time, that the teacher, delighted with her success, comprehends on the instant that she herself must now take the reading in hand; hence without giving them breathing space, lest they settle back before she makes her point, she reads the next sentence with all the art of which she is mistress,—while the children look on their books and follow.

“At this the Great, Huge Bear, and the Middle Bear, came and stood beside Little, Small, Wee Bear, and looked at Silver-hair lying asleep. Then they looked at each other, and said, all at once,—”

Here the teacher halts, and the pupils hurried on by their excitement, hardly conscious of what they are doing, growl altogether with one savage snap,—

“‘Let’s eat her up!’”

“Mercy! how you scare me!” exclaims the teacher with a very real start, which sets every child in the room off in a peal of laughter, for the second division have been irresistibly impelled to listen, toward the last, so intense was the excitement. The laughter acts as a safety-valve for the wrought-up class, who are further quieted by the carrying out of the next command of the teacher.

“Close your books! Sit up straight and listen.” Then she reads rapidly yet expressively, the following conclusion of the whole matter.

“This awoke little Silver-hair, who was so frightened that she fell out of the bed on the other side, ran to the window, jumped out, and ran away into the woods, and the Three Bears never saw her again.”

Notes and Comments.

“Next to the direct action of the senses, imagination is the most important in its length, breadth, and depth, of all other mental powers. Distinct and true creatures of the

imagination are an indispensable basis for reason, and for ethical and spiritual culture. No subject is more neglected in our schools."—*Col. Parker in "Talks on Teaching."*

Nothing trains the imagination so directly, as the exercise of the dramatic faculty; for nothing can be impersonated clearly, which has not first been vividly imagined. In this lesson in Reading, three points were gained. First, exercise of the imagination. Second, training in oral expression. Third, a change from the evolution of thought to the evolution of feeling;—which means rest, and recreation.

A RECITATION.

It is Friday afternoon, and it is just fifteen minutes of four o'clock. "The lessons and tasks are all ended." The pupils are sitting with hands folded and eyes to the front, waiting for, they know not what; while the teacher stands silently looking into their faces, till she holds with her steady gaze the eye of every child before her. Then she speaks:

" ' Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere, ' "

and the children do listen; eager, wide-eyed, absorbed, while the teacher tells the whole of that stirring story, with a spirit and power that brings a flush to the cheeks, and a fire to the eyes of both speaker and hearers; yet so simply and naturally withal, that at first the children are not aware that she is reciting the words of another.

Up to the very last she holds them, and in the hush which follows the concluding lines, these young enthusiasts look as if they had indeed beheld the hurrying horse and his bold rider; had really heard the voice in the darkness;

the knock at the door; the cry of defiance and not of fear; "the midnight message of Paul Revere."

Presently her audience draws a long breath, and a voice exclaims,—“O Miss E. ! did it *truly* happen?”

“Yes, and not far from here. How many have ever seen the Old North Church?”

Quite a number signify that they have.

“I’ve been in Charlestown,” declares a child.

“So’ve I, lots of times,” boasts another promptly.

“My uncle lives in Concord,” calls out a wide-awake boy, not to be outdone.

“My grandma lives in Medford, and I’ve been to see her,” triumphantly announces an airy young miss.

Then the oldest pupil in the room makes his speech. “Well, once my father took me to Lexington, and showed me the monument.”

These observations have been fired off one after another in swift succession, and now those who have not spoken, are beginning to look as if they wished that they too had been somewhere, and seen something; so the teacher comes to the rescue with the query,—“How many of you know of a Mr. Revere who lives in Quincy?”

“I do! I do, teacher!” whispers a boy, shooting his hand up over his head with the rapidity and force of a projectile.

“Well, he is the great-grandson of this Revere I’ve been telling you about, and his name is Paul, too.”

This bit of information makes a great impression, and the probabilities are, that the individual mentioned will be well stared at, the next time that any of these small folks chance to meet him on the street.

“Do any of you know what Middlesex is?”

No one has an explanation to offer, and the teacher helps her pupils to answer that question by asking another.

“In what county is Quincy?”

“Norfolk.”

"And Concord, Lexington, and Medford are in—"

"Middlesex county," infer the children unhesitatingly.

"To be sure. Who wishes to tell me the story that I have just told you? Lee."

"It was about Paul Revere; how he rode all around in the night, and hollered to everybody to get up, and get their guns ready to fight."

"You mean hallooed. Sadie."

"He went up into the tower of the Old North Church in the dark, to look out, and scared the doves that slept up there; and he heard the wind blow down in the graveyard."

"It was his friend who did that. Artie."

"There was a battle too, and they got behind fences to shoot, and then they chased the others."

"Yes; who were the others?"

Sharp and clear over the teacher's head strikes the gong for dismissal, and with a hasty—"You may find out if you can," she bids her pleased pupils a genial "Good-night!" receiving their hearty response—"Good-night, Miss E.!" with a graceful bow. Then the class wheels, the lines begin to move; in a moment they have all passed out, and the teacher is left alone.

On Monday afternoon, as these children enter the school-room, they see written in clear, bold characters upon the blackboard back of the teacher's table, these lines:

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

When the last bell rings, the teacher, who is standing by a window at the back of the pleasant home-like room, read-

ing a copy of "The History of Boston Town,"—bearing the stamp of the Quincy Public Library,—puts it back upon the book-shelf, and walks down the aisle to the front; pausing on the way to fasten at her throat a bunch of violets, softly slipped into the hand hanging at her side, as she passed the giver's desk.

With merely a preliminary—"Children, you may all look at the board," she recites the lines there written, adding instantly, "Now, you may read them."

They do this, but not well, making a concert recitation of it, and nothing more.

"What does it say first?"

"Listen, my children," respond the class.

"Yes. Play that you are the teacher, and that I am the pupils; and that you are going to tell me a story. Now, begin."

"Listen, my children,"

says the chorus in most expressive fashion.

"Then what will happen?" inquires the teacher.

The pupils talk on:—

"And you shall hear

Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,"

"When was it?" queries the teacher.

"On the eighteenth of April in Seventy-five."

reply the children, as prosaically as though answering a question in arithmetic.

Accordingly the teacher makes it one by demanding, "How long ago was that? Kittie, go to the board and find out as fast as you can."

Kittie steps nimbly to the nearest blackboard, figures swiftly for a little, and the class call out, "One hundred and seven years."

"Yes, and

"'Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year,'"

states the teacher so naturally, that the children think that she is talking to them, and one speaks out; saying,—

"I guess not! he'd be awful old."

"What does that mean, Harry?" addressing the speaker.

"Very old," defines the boy with cheerful readiness.

"I think it would sound better to say so then," gravely advises the teacher. "Now, class, tell me what it says next on the board."

"'Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year,'"

repeat the class, with a good degree of flexibility of voice and inflection.

"Who would like to tell it all to us, alone?" interrogates the teacher, and looking around upon the eager aspirants, she chooses Nettie, the best reader in the class.

The girl rises, steps into the aisle, takes an erect, yet easy position, and renders the lines remarkably well.

"Now, we will all try it," decides the teacher. "Stand!"

The class spring into the aisles.

"Let me see every pair of feet square on the floor; every pair of shoulders down and back; every head up; every chin in; and every pair of eyes turned this way. There! you are quite fine looking little women and men. Don't forget that you are my teacher, and that you are going to tell me all this. Look at me all that you can, so as to see if I like the story. Begin!"

The young elocutionists start off with such an emphatic

"'Listen, my children,'"

that the teacher hastens to assume an attitude of attention.

"'And you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere' "

Some of the readers find their breath giving out, and hurry through—

“ ‘ On the eighteenth of April in Seventy-five:’ ”

but they wind up in good style with the closing phrase,—

“ ‘ Hardly a man is now alive

Who remembers that famous day and year,’ ”

just as the clock shows the hour, and the signal is heard for school to begin.

CHAPTER VI.

LANGUAGE LESSONS AND PAPERS.

ALL work in Language deals constantly with two things that must not be separated,—thought and expression; for thought without expression is unborn, and expression without thought is dead. Hence the one vital principle in the teaching of Language, is to make thought the stimulus to expression *always*: consequently a large proportion of the lessons described, are really lessons in thought rather than expression; and more,—much of the language teaching and training delineated, has been (so far as the pupils are concerned) unconscious. Again; as the mind grows only in its own way, there can be but one presentation of the subjects taught which will be a *perfect* adaptation to the needs of the growing mind. Therefore there can be but one *true* method; all variations are but devices leading toward, or away from the one natural method. It is these variations—the devices of individual teachers, indicating different sides of the same method—that have been presented in the illustrations of Language Work thus far. These have been carefully arranged to exemplify every grade of lesson for two years and every phase of the study which can be grasped by such young students. The third year work is intended to show, either by photographs of teacher's lessons or by reproduction of pupils' papers, how the various lines of work both oral and written, already commenced, are carried on.

LANGUAGE.—A GUESSING AND THINKING GAME.

It goes without saying, that every lesson given under the so called "New Method" is in a measure, a language lesson. It follows then, that the work coming distinctly under that head, has always some special end in view; some motive that tends toward the training in expression *per se*.

For instance the Guessing and Thinking Games of the Primary year, as simple as they seemed, were excellent exercises to start the mental machinery; they stimulated many, probably most of the children for the first time in their lives to consciously *will* to think, and to think fast.

In the Guessing Games, the pupils answer in single words. The Thinking Games require but one word at first; this is expanded into a stereotyped phrase in the next lesson of the series; and finally, an original sentence is gained from each of the small thinkers, who are so interested in the thought, that expression comes unconsciously.

The Game here presented, is both a Guessing and a Thinking Game. First, the children guess the word which rhymes with the one named, and then they think how to express their idea without speaking the word itself.

Besides this, the rhyming game combines all the successive stages of language development just mentioned, viz.: first, the word (the one guessed); second, the stereotyped phrase (Is it an, etc.); third, the original sentence.

If the utility of the Guessing and Thinking Games was not recognized, it is possible that the photograph of this advanced exercise, will render the advantage more obvious.

PURPOSE OF THE LESSON.—To make use of the keen activity and spirit of mirth generated by play, and to use them to the best advantage.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE TEACHER.—The selection of the word and the time.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE PUPILS.—Whatever they knew of the use and the meaning of words.

PLAN OF THE LESSON.—Think of a monosyllable in common use among the children, that rhymes with many words. Then tell the class one of these words, and let the pupils guess the one selected.

N. B. Choose a word that they will not be likely to think of at first.

THE LESSON.

"I have thought of something that rhymes with door," is the abrupt announcement—seemingly *apropos* of nothing—which Miss E. makes after one swift glance at her class, as they sit before her, flushed and frisky from their long recess in the bracing October air.

Like lightning, the demure expression assumed for the occasion is transformed into one of wide-awake fun, and hands go flying up, one after another, all over the room.

"Is it what is under us?" asks the first child called upon,

"No, it is not the *floor*," briskly responds the teacher, placing the word *floor* upon the blackboard just behind her.

"Is it something you make a boat go with?" questions the next speaker, as he is signalled.

"No, it is not an *oar*," is the answer he receives, while the teacher turning, places that word just under the other.

"Is it something that birds do?" inquires a bright-faced miss.

"It is not *soar*," replies the teacher, putting the word given, on the board with the others.

"Is it something on the side of a dress?" catechises a second little woman.

This turns the tables, greatly to the delight of the pupils,

and sets the teacher guessing. After a second of silence, she gets the idea and affirms, "It is not a *gore*," and that goes into the column.

"Is it something a man does when he goes to sleep?" soberly interrogates a third small feminine.

"No, it is not *snore*," asserts the teacher, smiling, while she writes the word, at the distinction as to sex.

"If you say you have some, and you want some—?" suggests a keen little fellow.

"It is not *more*," supplies the teacher, making it with her crayon as she speaks.

"Is it what the rain does when it comes down?" guesses an urchin in the corner.

"It is not *pour*," declares the teacher, placing that word with the rest.

"Is it what twenty is?" demands a sharp juvenile eagerly.

"No, it is not a *score*," maintains the teacher, though it is set down in her list.

"Is it what a lion does?" imagines the youngest of the class.

"It is not *roar*," decides the teacher, adding that too.

"Is it what is left of an apple when you have eaten it?" specifies a young son of Erin.

"It is not *core*," informs the teacher, emerging from the folds of her handkerchief, behind which she has coughed out her sudden fit of laughter at Patrick's bull; and turning to the board, she sets down his word with the others.

"Is it where you go to buy all your groceries?" inquires an embryo housekeeper.

"It is not a *store*," responds the teacher, putting the word where it belongs.

"Is it what you do with a gimlet?" surmises a youthful carpenter.

"It is not *bore*," reports the teacher, as she writes.

"Is it what you mow with?" infers a logical damsel.

"No; and we don't call that a *mower*, but the one that uses it," instructs the teacher, and sets the word in its order.

"Is it so many?" pantomimes a youngster, holding up the fingers of one hand.

"No, it is not *four*," counts the teacher, placing her result upon the board.

"Is it when you take a thing from its place, and then put it back again?" explains an ingenious stripling.

"No," assures the teacher, after an instant's hesitation, during which her mischievous pupils exchange glances of keen satisfaction over her perplexity; "it is not *restore*," and that word is number fifteen on the board.

"Is it when anybody comes off of a ship, and steps on the —?" implies an inventive Yankee.

"No, it is not the *shore*," answers the teacher, copying it in her column.

"Is it something in a drum?" proposes an eager guesser.

"I suppose you mean a drum *corps*," observes the teacher, after a moment's thought; "but that isn't anything in a drum; it is a number of men who play the drum. It is not *corps*, and we spell the word this way," writing it slowly at the head of a new line.

The children have pretty much exhausted their stock of words, and the hands have been gradually picked off, till only one here and there remains.

"Is it something I did to my dress?" puts in the romp of the neighborhood.

"It is not *tore*," denies the teacher, accepting the word.

"Is it the big snake in the woods?" conjectures an unfledged naturalist.

"It is not a *boa*," avers the teacher, amused by the peculiarities of New England pronunciation, as she spells the word with her crayon.

"Is it when a person thinks a lot of another?" defines a future Romeo.

"It is not *adore*," states the teacher, smiling in spite of herself, as she writes it rapidly.

"Is it what a man is called who goes around sowing?" questions the son of a farmer.

"No, it is not a *sower*," replies the teacher, and it is placed on the board.

Every arm is down. The children are completely puzzled, and are becoming anxious lest they lose the game, when a small hand flutters up, and a timid little sister ventures, "Is it some kind of a hen?"

The query is a poser. Both teacher and pupils knit their brows over this mysterious member of the hen family, when all of a sudden, it occurs to the teacher what the girl means; and immediately she proclaims,—"*It is not a crower*," turning to the board as she does so, to hide her mirth under the pretence of writing the word. But the absurdity of the thing has struck the small people too, and they go off into a shout of laughter, in which the innocent cause joins with entire amiability.

Some one else has an idea by this time, and being called upon, the thinker catechises, "Is it something that isn't high?"

"It is not *lower*," designates the teacher, placing that word beneath the others.

Then the owner of a very straight arm wonders,—"*Is it a wild pig?*"

"No, it is not *boar*," publishes the teacher, as she places the word on the board.

"Is it something they have on their legs?" vaguely intimates a small observer.

"No, it is not a *sore*," notifies the diverted teacher, writing as she talks.

"O Miss E. ! is it those little things you have on your hands?" fancies an anxious player, hoping to save the game.

The teacher pauses at this, but only for a little, then she

announces, "It is not a *pore*," placing the word beneath the last written.

"Is it something you have in a picture?" is the interrogation of one who has—up to this point—said nothing.

Again the teacher hesitates; then she supposes,—“You probably mean *cord*, but that doesn't rhyme with door.”

"Is it something you put your clothes in?" is the forlorn hope of a desperate gamester.

"*Drawer* doesn't rhyme," negatives the teacher.

"Is it when you take anything out of a pitcher and pour it back?" anxiously advances another wild theorist.

"I presume you mean *re-pour*," interprets the teacher, "but there is no such word."

All these absurd guesses, show that the children have about used up their vocabularies; and the baffled little Yankees are beginning to feel that they are beaten. Still they do not give up the battle; all are thinking fast and hard. Suddenly one hazards,—“Is it when you go quick, and then you don't; you go—?”

"It is not *slower*," concludes the teacher, glad of another word to write.

"Is it one who throws a ball, or anything?" draws out a deliberate pupil.

"No, it is not *thrower*," rejoins the teacher, placing it in her second column.

"Is it anybody who hoes?" invents a member who hates to fail.

"No, it is not *hoer*," smiles the teacher, setting down the new word.

"Is it one who grows?" desperately urges the oldest in the class.

"It is not a *grower*," protests the teacher, writing this also.

"I've thought of something!" joyfully exclaims the best thinker in the room. "Is it the front paw of a dog?"

"It is," writing swiftly, "*fore*;" meaning the fore-paw or the fore-finger," acknowledges the teacher gayly, putting the number thirty opposite. Hereupon the gratified little guessers set up a rustle and a murmur that would be disorderly, did it not cease instantly, at the words, "All to work now!" from the teacher, who adds further; "Jimmie, Mary, and Susie, distribute these books to your rows," indicating three piles of Walton's Primary Arithmetics lying upon the table; "and do it quickly. The first division may take their slates, and make me ten sentences about the first ten of those words on the blackboard; I shall pay special attention to the writing when I come round."

Then follows a combination Reading and Number exercise with the second division, the pupils being called upon to read the problems as expressively, as if that were the main purpose of the lesson; and then required to solve them as accurately and rapidly as if the lesson were in Number.

Notes and Comments.

A lesson is a lesson, and the more enjoyment the pupils can get out of it, the better; believers in the serious and painful sort of teaching to the contrary notwithstanding. These children reviewed—mentally—more words in the space of twenty minutes, than they would have done in as many hours, of ordinary language lessons; and they had a happy time into the bargain.

LANGUAGE.—A CONVERSATION LESSON.

The class have been writing,—describing a stuffed bird that stands upon the teacher's table.

As the slowest student carefully crosses his last t and makes his final period, it still lacks ten minutes of four

o'clock, so the teacher says, naming the four pupils who finished first, "Mollie, Tom, Richie, and Kate, please collect the papers and pencils. Place the papers here, and if any one has written more than one sheet,* be sure and fasten the sheets together; you will find the fasteners in a box in the right-hand corner of the table drawer. I should like to see all the rest of my children sitting up beautifully, and looking as if they knew of something that they would like to tell me. Hurry on your thinking-caps, for we've only ten minutes."

Thus incited, the pupils begin to smile, then the faces brighten, and the arms are flung up, one after another till there are quite a number of would-be talkers.

"Johnnie," selects the teacher.

This is one of the most backward pupils in the room, hence he is called upon first.

"Sunday I was walking," observes the boy in his moderate fashion; "and I saw a squirrel run up a tree."

"Did you?"

Here a hand goes up with great energy, and the owner being called upon, commences eagerly, "When I was down at my uncle Allen's, I saw a little squirrel, and when I went again, I saw a larger one."

"What relation do you suppose the larger one was to the smaller?" inquires the teacher with responsive interest.

"I guess it was his mamma."

"I shouldn't wonder," surmises the teacher. "Well, Aggie, what have you to tell us?"

"The plump little sister" addressed, rises with a face full of dimples, to say,— "The other day I went down back of our house, and got a whole handful of ripe huckleberries."

"So early?" rejoins the teacher. "Johnnie."

"Last Saturday," begins the boy with great earnestness;

* The double-ruled manilla paper used in this grade comes in single sheets not folded.

"I saw a snake, and it stuck out its stinger at me, and I picked up a great big stone"—reaching for an imaginary one in the aisle—"and hit him right on the head"—making the motion as he speaks—"and killed him dead!"

"Yes," smiles the teacher. "Well, Chris?"

"Once when I was out walking down by the pond over at my grandpa's, I saw a water-snake running all around in the water," declares the young namesake of Columbus.

"Nettie," calls the teacher, to get rid of further snake stories.

"My cousin found a great big turtle in his pond the other day, and brought it over to our house, and showed it to us," informs the maid with an air of communicating something of great public concern.

This starts the small conversers off on a new tack, and the next speaker discourses thus.

"Once I went up in the pasture back of my cousin's house, and I saw a cow lying down and chewing her cud; and I went up near to her, and there I found a bush just full of ripe blue-berries."

Her remark brings up another train of thought, and the succeeding talker remembers that—"Last spring I went down in the meadow after strawberries, and I took off my hat because it didn't feel good, and left it on the ground, and when I went to get it, there was a little bit of a snake in it."

"Mattie," specifies the teacher, turning again to the feminine part of her family to elude the reptiles that will creep into the conversation.

The girl rises slowly, and commences to murmur something which is inaudible except to those in her immediate vicinity.

"That will do, Mattie," decides the teacher promptly but pleasantly; "I don't wish to have any one talk to me, who doesn't speak so that I can hear her. Hattie."

"Night before last," narrates the demure little damsel; "I went down to the woods by the 'Poor Farm' to pick some wild flowers; and I found a whole handful, and I carried them home and put them in a pitcher on the mantle-piece."

"That was nice," comments the teacher. "Peter, what is your story?"

This boy—who was born with certain tendencies which make it exceedingly difficult for him to draw the line clearly between fact and fiction—swaggers up on to his feet, sets his chin well out, and asserts that,—“Last Sunday night I went down by the pond, and I saw a whole lot of little fishes swimming by, and when I raised my hand like that”—holding it out in front of him—“they jumped over it.”

This remarkable statement is received in utter silence by both teacher and pupils, but the atmosphere is arctic for coolness; and the mobile faces of his audience are so strongly expressive of unbelief, that more noses are observably ‘tip-tilted’ than usual. Still the teacher makes no comment, only gives him a look so stern and sad that he drops his eyes, and shifts uneasily in his seat to which he has retired.

Then Ida is invited to say her say, which runs thus: “I have a rabbit at my house; a little bit of a white rabbit with pink eyes. The men got it for me; they found it in the field, and brought it home the other day.”

Of course this gives the one who follows his cue, which he takes unconsciously, and goes on to publish the fact that,—“Patrick O. has a great big adder in a box, and he catches ‘jug o’rums,’* and puts them in for the adder to eat, and he eats them alive,—swallows them whole.”

Afterward comes a child who has this bit of experience to narrate. “David M. and I went down in the woods one day, and there we saw a little squirrel; and we tried to catch it,

* Bull-frogs.

and we did almost, and then it got away out of the hole, and ran clear up to the top of a tall pine-tree, and wouldn't come down."

"No?" interrogates the teacher, with eyebrows and voice, while the children laugh at the boy's *naïve* complaint. "We will hear you Madge," turning suddenly upon a sociable young woman, who is whispering to her friend on the left, "but you must tell us just what you told Sophie," suavely stipulates the teacher.

Madge colors, hesitates, hangs her head, and finally murmurs, "I don't like to."

"Yes, but we wish to know what it was of such importance, that you needed to tell Sophie in school-time," sweetly insists the teacher. "Please don't keep us waiting."

So Madge finds herself obliged to repeat—greatly to her chagrin—"My father gave me ten cents, and I went to the store and got a strawberry-box full of cherries;" then dropping into her seat, she bursts into a flood of tears, while the teacher placidly proposes to Essie that she give them the benefit of her ideas upon some subject.

Accordingly the little lady reports, "The other day as I was going up to Mrs. R.'s, I saw a striped squirrel run across the road, along the fence, and around behind a stump, and I couldn't find him after that."

"Now we have only time for one more to talk. Who has something *very* interesting to tell us?"

There is a great show of hands at this, but the teacher picks purposely for one who will do well, and Mary is given the floor, and this is her speech: "The other day my little brother Erny came in and said, 'O mamma, there is a little tunnin sing on the wall!' and mother came out, and it was a little rabbit; and Erny cried when it ran away, and said, 'Me want it!'"

This pleases the pupils, to whom the teacher puts the question, "Why did Erny talk that way?"

"Because he was so young!" "Because he was too little to know any better!" reply the voices.

"How about you? Are you old enough, and large enough to know any better?"

"Yes'm!" in emphatic chorus.

"Very well, then. If I hear any one talking like a baby, I may treat him like a baby, so look out," archly threatens the teacher, as the signal sounds for dismissal; and the conversation closes.

Children of this age, are still too young to have learned to use language, either to conceal thought or the want of it; they talk of what they think. Consequently, conversation work in this grade, is mainly serviceable, as affording to the teacher a means of learning the minds of her pupils.

Take for instance, the remarks just recorded; the teacher who could fail to draw from them, the inference that children love nature, and have an irresistible bent to observe, and discuss animals, would grace with dignity the dunce's block of olden times.

LANGUAGE.—"TALKING WITH THE PENCIL."

Oral lessons like the preceding, are incidental at this stage of advancement, being introduced as this was, merely to fill a gap. After two years of preparation—one of unintermittent teaching and training, and one of equally persistent practice in written language—the pupils have now gained such facility in writing, that the third year's work in language consists mainly of "Talking with the Pencil." This provides an unlimited quantity of Busy-Work, some samples of which have been selected, that follow in direct sequence the Conversation Lessons of the Primary year.

Those entitled, "What I did at Recess," are identical in

motive with the oral exercise. Those called, "What I did this Noon," are similar to the conversations recalling what the pupils saw when they went to Boston, and what they did in vacation; while the imaginary dreams of the babies, find a parallel in the B Primary boy's original account of the "Pig's Party."

WHAT I DID AT RECESS.

I

First I went out and went to see them play school Kittie Darrow asked me if I wanted to play I said no because I was playing with some one else Then the girl that I was playing with she called me Then we played school and she made me repeat a verse after her The verse was we were crowded in the cabin I had a nice time After recess was over Kittie asked me if I was going to play with her this afternoon

II

I first went out of doors I asked Annie Pemberton if she was going to play school Then I went around to the other side of the schoolhouse I took the B class out on the walk around the schoolhouse I gave them some numbers to add Then I gave them a card and they said thanks In a minute Mina brought Rulla Wood to me and I gave her one of my scholars Then the bell rang. It seems to me as if I didn't have but 5 minutes to play.

III

First I went out Then I went around the school After that I went down to the pump where they were making ponds I saw Tommy make a big pond. Then I came in When I was coming in there was a boy lost his hat and had to go back after it.

IV

I saw a boy, he had my stick. I said "Here that's my stick but I'll let you have it." I saw another and I got it and went down to the pump Then I made a dam and let it rise I saw a boy with a horn, I asked him "Where did you get that horn?" I talked with some other boys Then I came into school and went to work.

V.

First I played horse. Then I went down to the pump to get a drink of water and I saw some big boys jumping I jumped some. Then I went over to the seller window and sat down and I saw two boys fall down on the tar walk. Then the bell rang and I came into school to take my seat.

VI

First I went out. After that I played jackstones with my sister. Then my sister got game. I did not want to play any more. It was off sunny when we

were playing so we went round in the shade Then I heard the bell ringing so I came in.

WHAT I DID THIS NOON.

I

First I went over to see if I could see Bessie I saw her and then I went home I stayed in the house till it was time for dinner While I was waiting I played house I could only play a minute or two, for I was called for dinner After dinner I went out and picked a pretty boquet to put in my vase Then I took my hat off and hung it up Then my mama said she would read to me So I went out on the piazza

II.

First I went home I took my things off I wanted to read some in the St Nickolas. But there was not any thing I liked besides what I had read I went up stairs and got the April number I began to read about a king who had three daughters who had glass hearts Soon I started for school I saw Ella Armstrong and she asked me if I was going to school and I said I was I met Miss Guernsey, and she said "How do you do Sadie" Then I came up to school. On my way up the hill I saw a little bird fly into a tree

III

After I ate my dinner I went out in the garden to pick potato bugs After that I put some hot water on them My father told me to water the onions this morning Next I watered the flowers then I washed my face and hands I went after some water and wood for my mother I went up stairs to get my knife. After that I went to school When I was going I saw a bird's nest I went up to it There were five young birds in it.

IV

When I went home I took off my hat My dinner wasn't ready So I went in the room and read till dinner was ready I ate my dinner and when I got done I cleared off the table In a little while I washed my dishes and dried them. My mother told me not to go because she wanted me to go to the store Then I bought a stick of candy for my sister When I came back I went down to Jean Harlow's house and waited for her I was playing on her little piano while she was getting ready When we were most up to the market we heard the first bell ring. We thought it was the last one

V.

When I ate my dinner I washed my face and hands and combed my hair. Then I went and brought the milk up for my mother After that I went down in the woods after a bow and arrow But I could not find any good one. I saw a young bird on a post I went up near it but it flew away. It could not fly very well The old robin saw me and she hollered. I went home then Next I went down cellar to cut some wood while I was cutting it I heard the first bell

ring. When I started I saw Sydney Jones and Hal Downing. I ran after them. When we got as far as the Post Office we went in. Then we came out and ran to the school.

VI.

First I ate my dinner Then I took my hat and got my bat and ball. Then I went out and began to play ball Pretty soon I saw Guy and his brother. Guy had his whip Charle came over and said knock up flies He did not play it, but we went up to see the bird's nest There are four young ones in it Charle saw Geo Jones and he asked Geo if he would play duck He said, "No," But he did I did not play I went to school but I saw my uncle Will. I asked him if he had the fish line. He did not answer I asked him again. He said, "Come to-night and I'll give it to you "

THE PIG'S PARTY.

One day as I was going down the road I met a pig and he was going for the woods Now says I, wherever there is one there is two and I follows the pig. And sure enough when I got in the woods there I found four other pigs, one little one and three large ones Now says I to myself I think I know whose pigs these are. And I went to the man's house who owned them and I told him and he said he was very thankfull for I told him Then he gave me five cents and I went and I went and bought a five cent top and string. When I went home I told my mother and she said very good

LANGUAGE.—AN ACTION LESSON.

The school has worked in two divisions thus far in the session, with alternating periods of Busy-Work, and lessons.

Now the hour for a general exercise has arrived, and the teacher takes her place in front, ready to conduct it. Her movements are alert yet not ungraceful; her speech quick, without the least suspicion of sharpness; while her manner indicates one who is indisputably mistress of the situation.

"Clean your slates!" The voice is low-pitched, and of pleasant quality; the articulation clear cut and the inflection decided.

For a moment's space the room is full of small scrubbers, who throw into the present act the same spirit and energy that they show in everything else they do. As fast as they finish, the children fold their hands upon their desks, and await the next direction, which is,—“Don't let me do anything that you don't see.”

This intensifies the attention, and now the keen-eyed youngsters watch their teacher like a lot of ferrets.

Taking from the ledge of the blackboard a long crayon, she lets it drop from her fingers, and as it strikes the floor, it breaks into three pieces.

“What did I have in my hand, class?”

“A crayon!” is the solid concert.

“Write about something that happened to it, then sit up.”

Instantly taking their pencils, the pupils begin to write. When the majority are again in the attitude of attention, the teacher speaks Willard's name.

That young gentleman picks up his slate, steps into the aisle opposite his seat, and reads. “*The crayon dropped to the floor.*”

“Yes. Who has something different? Clara.”

“*The crayon fell to the floor,*” reads Clara briskly.

“Has any one said it another way? Lewis.”

“*The crayon dropped and broke,*” is his version.

“Who has anything else? Margie.”

“*The crayon dropped, and broke in three parts,*” is her precise fashion of putting it.

“How many can think of more ways yet, of telling about the crayon? Aggie.”

“The crayon slipped to the floor.”

“Yes; Joseph.”

“The crayon went to the floor.”

“Possibly; Bridget.”

“The crayon came to the floor.”

"That's true. Frankie."

"The crayon fell to the floor, and broke in a number of pieces."

"Gertie "

"The crayon fell to the floor and broke in several parts."

"I am sorry that that window troubles you, Gilbert," observes the teacher, with a tone and manner of affectionate consideration. "You may—" concluding her expression with a downward motion of her hand.

The boy addressed, who,—attracted by some sound in the street beyond,—was gazing intently through the open window near which he sits, rises at once, and pulls it down; then with a face rather more flushed than the outlay of strength would seem to warrant, resumes his seat.

"Write what Gilbert did," comes the command, and obediently the roomful pick up their pencils, and go to work.

As one by one the writers finish their sentences and fold their hands, the teacher, who has been passing through the aisles, watching their progress, and *preventing mistakes* by timely cautions or suggestions, comes again to the front and presently signals Tom to read what he has written.

"*Gilbert pulled down the window.*"

Then Cora is called upon, and she has,—"*Gilbert closed the window.*"

Robbie's slate as reported by himself, bears this upon its face. "*Gilbert drew down the window*;" and Paul's hand being raised, to show that he has still a different rendering of the idea, he is allowed the floor to state,—"*Gilbert put down the window.*"

Last of all Myra reads,—"*Gilbert shut up the window.*"

This brings the protest from one of these literal little people, that,—"*Gilbert didn't shut the window up; he shut it down*;" whereupon the practical Donald declares,—"*I don't think there is any use in saying up or down, just shut is enough.*"

"So it is," decides the teacher promptly. "Look at me!" and performs an action. Then carefully choosing the child most deficient in language, she calls her by name;—"Bessie, tell me what I did, and I will write it on the board."

"You picked up a pencil, and looked at it, then you turned around."

"I don't think it sounds well to begin with *you*," speaks out one of the older pupils.

"She picked up a pencil," corrects the child.

"I like better to have you tell who did it," is the teacher's courteous comment.

"Miss E. picked up a pencil, and looked at it, and then she turned around," repeats Bessie, while the teacher changes her written sentence, then passes to her position at the table, and makes another motion, after which she asks,—

"What next?" Looking for a second slow pupil she calls out,—*"Stevie!"*

"And she picked up her knife," says Stevie.

"I shouldn't begin a sentence with *and*," intimates the teacher, as she writes.

"She picked up her knife from the table," amends the boy; "and turned around."

"What is it, Clarence?"

"Both Bessie and Stevie said picked up."

"Well?"

"I don't think that sounds nice."

"What would you say?"

"She took up her knife," suggests the young rhetorician.

"How do you like that, Stevie?"

"I like it," admits the criticised, good-naturedly.

Here an arm is flung up most energetically, and its owner gaining leave to speak, affirms,—*"There are two arounds,"* pointing toward the blackboard.

"So there are," agrees the teacher. "Tell Stevie what he can say instead of around."

This critic, like the generality of his kind, has only concerned himself in the detection of what is wrong; but how to make the wrong right, it has not entered into his mind to consider, consequently he has no answer ready. However, another child comes to the rescue with the proposition,—“You might put in *back*.”

“Now Stevie, give us your sentence once more.”

“She took up her knife from the table, and turned back,” says Stevie.

These corrections being made in the written work, by the teacher, while the pupils watch, she leaves the board, and comes once more to her place in front. Moving again, she questions quickly, “Who wishes to tell what was done this time?” Searching as before for the dull to drill, she calls upon Dennis.

“Then Miss E. opened it, and went to the waste-basket.”

“Has any one anything to say to Dennis’s description?” questions the teacher, stepping toward the board.

Not a hand is raised, though several faces show dissatisfaction. So the teacher begins to write the sentence last given, rapidly yet plainly, while the children look on. There are a number of hands flying when she turns, after putting her period.

“Now, Jennie.”

“I don’t like *it*.”

“Well?” urges the teacher.

“I think it would sound better to say Miss E. opened her knife.”

“How many think that would be an improvement?”

Most of the class signify the affirmative; but Dennis scowls. Turning toward him, the teacher interrogates, “Do you like the change?”

“No’m; I like *it* better.”

“Who can tell Dennis why you would like to put *her* knife in there?”

Every one is thinking, but no one is ready to speak; so the teacher stands waiting patiently, and approvingly.

After a little a hand rises, and the bright-eyed girl to whom it belongs, remarks,—“I don’t believe I’d know whether Dennis meant the table or the knife, if he said opened it.”

“That’s good thinking,” commends the teacher warmly; “but as no one else is ready, I will leave those sentences for you to study by and by. Now you may watch me,” beginning to use her knife upon her pencil, adding after the action,—“All place upon your slates, one word which will tell what I was just doing. Harry, what did you write?”

“Sharpening,” states Harry.

“How many had something different?”

Quite a number apparently. These are called upon, one at a time, and the following list obtained, which the teacher puts upon the blackboard beside the rest of the lesson.

“Whittling.” “Holding.” “Clipping.” “Scraping.” “Cutting.” “Shaving.” “Chipping.” “Paring.”

“I had not thought of that last word,” confesses the teacher; then glancing around the room, and seeing that all the hands are down, she sends them up by surmising,—“And I don’t believe that any of you have thought of my word.”

Thus she stimulates the small thinkers, to add as many again to her column, viz.: “Stirring.” “Lifting.” “Moving.” “Handling.” “Touching.” “Using.” “Tipping.” “Feeling.” “Putting.”

Still they have not struck her word, so now she suggests,—“What is all this that we have to do so much of, every day?”

“O I know what it is!” exclaims an impetuous youth, before he thinks what he is doing.

“Well,” responds the teacher, smiling at his eagerness and the puzzled faces of the rest of her pupils; “what is it, Larry?”

"Working!" proclaims the boy, his face all lit up with the delight of discovery.

"To be sure," assents the teacher. "Now we will stop talking about it, and go to doing it. All ready!" touching her bell as she speaks.

At the signal, appointed monitors sitting near at hand, open the windows and door. A second tap of the bell, and the whole class spring to their places in the aisles. A third, and they assume the military position, putting the hands firmly upon the hips. Then moving in time to rhythmic beats of the bell, the pupils twist their bodies to right, to front, to left, through eight counts; then tip them from side to side, for the same length of time and finally, bending as far as they can, move forward and back while counting eight. Next the fists are thrust together; down, out, up and forward, with the greatest force, eight times; and the steady, vigorous exercises are concluded with clapping the hands through eight counts.

Simultaneously, the signal is given to the juvenile committee on ventilation and the class; the door and windows are shut as the children sit, refreshed and wide-awake, prepared for activity in whatever direction the teacher may desire.

In this, as in the Action Lesson of the Primary year, the purpose is, to lead the pupils to the study of expression *through the thought*; but the lessons in this grade, differ from the earlier exercises in three particulars.

(1) The pupils knowingly seek for appropriate words and phrases to embody their ideas. In the beginning, this selection was, to a great degree, unconscious.

(2) The lessons of the First Year, were of necessity altogether oral. These are mostly written.

(3) The introductory Action Lessons, were intended more to train observation, than language; while this advanced

work gives language the greater prominence, the synonym training being really rhetorical in character.

PICTURE LESSONS.

These exercises have,—like the preceding, changed their form (from oral to written), and also their motive. They are no longer used as means of teaching new idioms, but are of great service in carrying on the training in observation; and are almost invaluable as supplying subjects of thought to the young writers.

There are in this grade, no preliminary oral lessons, but when the time for written language comes, it is made a general exercise. Each pupil is given a different picture, and simply told to write about it.

In this work the children are left entirely free, both as to manner and matter, and receive no help beyond the spelling of unfamiliar words.

Three specimens of Third Year Picture Lesson papers, are here reproduced exactly as written

I.

In this picture there is a poll-parrot. He is standing on a perch. There is a chain hanging down on the side of the perch. There is a dipper on each end of the perch. The poll-parrot has a piece of bread in his claws. He has a long tail. There is a cracker on the table. The cage is near the poll-parrot. There are ten holes in the cracker. There is a stick of wood put through the wires of the cage so as he can perch on it. I think the poll-parrot will eat the bread by and by. The collar of the poll-parrot is white and black.

II.

GRACIE AND HER PETS.

In this picture I can see a little girl. Her name is Grace. Grace has three tame birds. The names of the birds are a Swallow and a Pigeon and a Robin. She has a rooster and two hens and two ducks. She has a dog by her side. She is patting him. The ducks lay two eggs a day. Her cat is afraid of the

dog and she keeps away from him The cat has a bone in her mouth. Grace has curly hair She has an iron in her hand. She gets two eggs a day from the hens. She owns the ducks and hens and she gives a duck egg to her father and the other one is for her mother Then she will eat the two hen's eggs herself Grace is sitting in a big basket and her pigeon is perched on the behind of it. Once one of her hens were clucking and her mother set her on a dozen eggs and she brought out eleven of them Her mother did not tell her that they were hatched until she let them out in the yard one day and Grace counted them There were six little black ones and five little white ones When they were out the Robin, Pigeon and Swallow would go around with the hen until they thought it was time to get their dinner and the hen and chickens would run home and the three birds would fly home to get their dinner

III.

In this picture there is a dog His name is Fido His hair is long and shaggy He has a ribbon around his neck Fido is in a large arm-chair He is sitting down There is a tidy on the back of the arm-chair Charlie teaches Fido to play tricks Emma, is Charlie's little sister She is going to school She has a book under her arm Emma has an old sun bonnet on her head Her little brother is sitting on the floor. Every holiday she minds her little brother, while her mother is working in the kitchen She helps her mother as much as she can Her hair is short. The baby is in his bare feet It says over the picture, "Wide Awakes." There is a fountain near Emma. Emma can see a ship out at sea, and she looks at it very innocent. Emma is very small and I think she cannot write very well, nor read either She does her best and tries to get her lessons right Mary and Charlie, are in a boat I think they are at the beach It was so hot that Mary wore her old sun-bonnet. The beach is not far from her house Last summer her father built a little tent, close to the beach, and he goes down there every day, and goes out in a boat Mary likes to row the boat very much The ducks are swimming in the pond They have their ducklings with them As soon as the little ducklings get into the water, they can swim right off as well as their mother Their mothers take care of them very much.

A STORY LESSON.

The pupils have long outgrown the baby story lessons of the first year; but they are children still, and have the childish love for narration. This, the wise teacher gratifies; either by telling or reading, [or by putting into the hands of the pupils themselves, from time to time] those old stories that

the approval of many generations of little people have rendered classical.

Such not only give delight, but they exercise the imagination, arouse fancy, and often quicken the moral sense.

In addition to this, the ingenious instructor will make stories a means for training in language, as did the teacher her original narrative of the "Farmer and the Fox," in the Primary Year. also the Third Grade teacher who furnished her pupils with a specially attractive bit of Busy-Work, by inviting them to give back in written language, the story she had told them the day before.

Here is a sample of what she received.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

One day little Mary was going to her grandmothers with some lunch. She met a wolf on her way and he said to her, "You shall go that way, and I shall go this way." So they went along. Mary saw some nice flowers and said, "Oh, grandmother will like these pretty flowers to put in the parlor." So she sat down and put her basket of lunch down too, and picked them. This is what they called Mary, "Little Red Riding Hood," because she wore a red cloak and hood. Now the wolf ran on to get to grandmothers before Little Red Riding Hood. She looked at her nosegay to see if it was nice and large. Then she got up and went along. Now I shall tell you how the wolf got into the house. He spoke in a gruff low voice and grandmother thought that her grandchild must have a bad cold. So she said, "Pull the bobbin and the door will open," so he did. When he got in he shut the door very softly and walked quietly into the room where grandmother was. She was lying in the bed and the house was nice and neat and looked so quiet. I will tell you what happened. The wolf sprang upon her and ate her all up. Little Red Riding Hood had not come yet and didn't know her grandmother was killed. When Little Red Riding Hood got to the house another dreadful thing happened. I shall tell you what it was. The wolf sprang upon Little Red Riding Hood and ate her all up too. I think he was a very bad wicked wolf.

LETTER-WRITING.

The lesson photographed in the Second Year's Language Work, showing the beginning of letter-writing, is supple-

mented in this grade by the following epistle, which was written, not by a Quincy child, but by the pupil of a Quincy teacher.

QUINCY, MASS May 20, 1883.

DEAR TEACHER ;—Did you know that Nina Markham was going to move up my way to-morrow? Are you going to hear the band play* I am going to try and read through Uncle Tom's Cabin I think I will go and see the Soldier's Monument to morrow if my mother will let me If she will not leave me go I shall go down and play school with N Markham when she moves After dinner Nellie Mahaney and I are going to go down to Miss Gimmes's for our milk When we come home I am going to play house with my sister Next I am going to go and make my beds Good-bye from your scholar

MOLLIE BARBER

OBJECT LESSONS.

The power to see, and to tell what was seen,—gained by the children through the object, action, and picture lessons of the two preceding grades,—is utilized the Third Year in the observation and description of natural objects,—the study of Zoology and Botany.

The manner of conducting these exercises has been fully illustrated in the lessons upon the dog and the blackberry in this Section.

The study of the bird, which resulted in the three descriptions that follow, was carried on in a similar fashion. That is ; the bird* was placed where every member of the class could have opportunity during the exercise to examine, and handle it freely. Meantime the teacher passed around among the pupils, to help, and to hinder; *never helping the writers either to a thought or its expression* ; only to spell or

* In this case a stuffed specimen, but oftener, one shot for the purpose and used the same day or the next.

punctuate,—the mere mechanics of the work. Hinderling, *always if possible*, when a wrong form of any sort was about to be made. The children were expected to delineate their specimen sufficiently well, to indicate to the reader what bird was meant.

I

A DESCRIPTION.

This thing that I am writing about has a bill, two eyes, a head, breast, and two wings. On the side of his bill there is a little line that runs from his head down to his bill, at the end of the line there is a little spot of red. It's bill is black and white and it has some long feathers coming from his head. It's eyes are red and it's feet are yellow. It is standing on a stone. The hind head is black and the forehead is black too.

II.

THE LOON.

The loon's bill is two inches long. He has an upper mandible and a lower mandible. The loon's neck is about four inches long. He has gray feathers on his neck. The loon's eyes are very sharp. The feathers on the loon's back are gray and white. The loon's body is twenty-three inches long. He has three toes on each foot. His back is broad and long. The loon is web-footed. Mr. Anderson caught this loon out in the woods one cool day. These loons are very sharp, they can hear any thing near them. Some of them you can hardly catch. It is one of the greatest divers and swimmers in the world. His feathers are very smooth and soft. His feet are very sharp. You can stick your fingers almost through his bill.

III.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE LOON.

The loon is a large bird. It's bill is divided into two parts called the upper and lower mandible. The color of the bird's crown and forehead is gray and black. The bird has a long neck and a broad back. The feathers on the back and neck of the bird are called plumage feathers, and the color of them is a darkish gray. It is called one of the greatest swimmers in the world. When any one comes to shoot the loon it dives down under the water, and stays there till it thinks they have gone and then it will come up. The loon's legs are fixed in the back part of his body, so that when he is walking he stands almost erect. The feathers on the breast of the bird are white, and are called the downy feathers. The feathers on the tail and wing's of the bird are called the quill feathers.

FOURTH YEAR PAPERS.

Three years of constant teaching, training, and practice in language: the first, confined to oral work; the second, about equally divided between oral and written; and the third, mainly devoted to written, make the pupils of the highest grade of the Primary in Quincy Schools, good talkers and ready writers, within the range of their childish ideas and limited vocabularies. In other words, what they know they can say, [either with tongue or pencil] in fair English and with considerable directness.

As there is no new line of language teaching entered upon in the next grade, only the steady continuance of what is already begun, no space will be allotted to this branch beyond that given to the Third Year's work. Consequently, all the Fourth Year papers which are reproduced, are presented here.

Number one is a sample of the same kind of composition as those just referred to in the grade below. Number two differs from the preceding, in that it is a general description of a species, given from recollection, instead of a particular description of an individual, written with the object within range of the senses.

The paper entitled "The Chair and The Lady," is a pen-photograph made by a little A Primary girl, at the request of a visitor. It was done with a dignity, earnestness, and patience, worthy a better subject, and is inserted here because of the close observation manifested, and the conscientious mention of minute details.

Number four is the description of a picture, and has the merit of being a careful sketch.

The purely original account of "The Bear and the Man," "is of such stuff as dreams are made of,"—imagination; and so great is the growth of this faculty, under favoring

circumstances, that in less than four years of exercise, the make-believe dreams of the little folks, about dogs and horses, rhinoceroses and giraffes, are transformed into thrilling narratives of hair-breadth escapes like this!

So susceptible of development also, is the power of expression, under persistent training, that in the same time, the short stiff sentences in which the tiny thinkers told their thoughts, have expanded into the foolscap pages of easy, well-constructed paragraphs, in which the A Primary pupil relates, "What I am thinking about."

NUMBER ONE

THE DUCK.

The duck is very fond of swimming. It lives on worms and things in the water. The upper mandible is curved over at the end and it is curved over on the side too, so that the lower mandible cannot be seen at all. The edges of the bill are very sharp so that it can crush its food. There are four rows of teeth and in each row there are twenty-seven teeth and four times twenty-seven are one hundred and eight. The bird has two little holes in its bill which are called nostrils. The forehead crown hind head and nape are black but the back and tail are of a little lighter color. The tail feathers are short and pointed at the end. The chin gonies and breast are black.

His feet are webbed. It has four toes on each foot. Between the toes is skin so that it can swim. This bird is almost always found on a pond. When the duck goes to swim in the water his web feet push the water back and then he goes as nice as if somebody was making him swim along with a stick. The wings are long and there is a large white spot on them. The feathers on the tall wings and back are quill feathers. The downy feathers are all on the breast and abdomen and are of a light brown color. The plumage feathers are on the head. His legs are short. He is a pretty little fellow just as though he was doing nothing. But he has to do something. He has to get his food and feed his young.

NUMBER TWO

A DESCRIPTION OF THE HORSE.

There are many kinds of horses. They vary in color, size and weight. Some horses are black, some white, some brown and others are of a reddish color. Horses are called quadrupeds because they have four feet. A horse has a mane and a tail. The tail and the mane are not always of the same color. His ears are long and he can move them different ways. He has fine glassy eyes.

and his face is long His teeth are large and white Some men can tell how old horses are by their teeth Some horses have long necks and some have short necks His legs are long and thin He does not step on his feet as we do, but he steps on his toes and we call them his hoofs. The horses hoofs are strong and you can drive nails in them without hurting him. Horses have iron shoes so they won't wear the hoofs I think the nails are made of castiron. The horse is good for pulling heavy loads and for driving If a man has a heavy a load one horse cannot draw it alone, so three or four are harnessed. Sometimes there are eight horses drawing a stone team Some horses are easy to manage and some are very hard to manage. You have to feed him well and not whip him, if you want him to mind you and not kick, runaway or bite They sometimes damage wagons and kill people They will run over persons and perhaps the people die or are crippled for life It is always best to use a horse very gently Horses that are used rudely will never love you, as one whom you use gently Horses are sometimes used as pets and when they die they are bitterly mourned A horse cannot swim as a man can, because he has not got the reason a man has But God has given animals a reason called instinct. A horse can even help to save people's lives When a doctor has to go to see a patient who is very ill, the horse can be harnessed and run as fast as he can and the doctor can save the person It costs a great deal of money to keep a horse You have to pay tax on it, shoe it and buy hay and grain for it

NUMBER THREE.

THE CHAIR AND THE LADY.

We call this chan an arm chair The seat is softer than the wooden chair. The seat is made of bamboo It has four legs There are two rungs between each leg which make eight rungs in all There are many rings in each rung There are just eight rings Under the arms are smaller rungs There are nine small rungs with just five rings on every one of them, which make forty-five rings in all The piece in the back is wider than any other part, with a hole large enough to put your hand in so as to carry it by The two front legs have six rings on them But the back legs are plain without the rings The lady that sits in the chair has a red dress on which has a waist and a skirt to it The waist is buttoned in front with ten buttons Some of the buttons shade two colors. Her hair is done up in a twist and twisted round three or four times It is crimped and hangs down on her forehead. She has hazel eyes The color of her eye brows is black When she laughs she shows her teeth She has a white collar on her neck She is writing with a lead-pencil in a book and her lead-pencil has a rubber on the top of it Her red ring is on her right hand and when she writes it looks pretty, but not any prettier than the white one, because that has diamonds and diamonds are very pretty little things indeed and are in many other rings besides hers When the wind blows

through the window, it blows her crimps round. Her hair hangs down on her neck. Her hair-pins are falling out. The two that are falling out are on the top of her hair.

The color of her dress is red and it is trimmed with a darker shade than the other shade is. There are two buttons on each sleeve and the cuffs are trimmed with velvet. These buttons are not like the ones on her waist. They are sewed on with cardinal red thread and it is more like the color on her dress, than like the red the dress is trimmed with. She has a velvet sash under her waist, that shows and looks very pretty indeed. Her skirt is very long indeed and there are a great many pleats in it too. There are over one hundred pleats in the skirt. It is pleated all the way round to the back of it. If we were to count them we would find it hard to do it and it would require a great deal of patience. Indeed it would not be very easy to count them. She has two collars. One is white, the other is velvet and is larger than the white. This collar is very pretty and looks nice. She has her pockets trimmed with velvet. There are eight buttons behind, between her two pockets on her waist. Her sleeves are long and her white cuffs do show. Her shoes are black. The upper part is cloth and not very easy to tear. There are no buttons on her shoes and they are soft for the feet and don't hurt the feet I think and perhaps she thinks so too. Her waist looks as though it was cut off at the bottom and that is what shows her velvet sash and makes it look pretty. She holds her pencil pointing over her shoulder, as she would hold her pen, with the two first fingers on the pen and the other two for runners. Sometimes she writes fast because she is in a hurry. Her ring is kind of loose on her finger and when she writes it slips up and down. She never had her ears bored at all, nor never wore ear-rings, because her ears are not bored. Sometimes she is talking

NUMBER FOUR

THE BATTLE.

The battle is in the battle field. It is in winter in the picture and the snow has drifted very high. One of the men in the army on the right side of the wood is falling down to the ground. On the left side of the wood, there is a man with a sword and one of the men is up to him and I think he will strike him with his gun. One man is trying to lift the other man up that was shot. The dead man has a sword in his right hand. One of the men is going to fire his gun at the other man that has fired at him, but did not hit him. One man has his hand on his head and I think he is wounded. They all have a bag for their powder, hanging to their belt, so it will be handy for them to load their guns. They all have funny caps on their heads. One man has a cross on his arm. They all have something buckled to their shoes, so they will not slip on the ice. Some of the men have buttons on their sleeves and have very short pants that are buttoned below. It says under the picture "The Battle of Sitova." Some of the men are almost buried in the snow-drifts. One man is

trying to get up and has hold of another man's belt. At night the men will go to their tents. There is a cask of powder in the wood. One man there is dead and he has no hat on his head. The men in the army on the right side have ribbon hanging from their hats. The men have not very tall shoes. One man is laid on the snow near the powder, I think the man with a sword has killed him. Two of the men have something tied around their jackets like a scarf. The men have long stockings on. The color of the pants and jackets are of a dark black. One man has a belt from one of his shoulders and buckled down on his waist. A little way from the place where the battle is, there is a large stone post down in the ground. There are two or three houses not far from the battle-field. In the army on the left side, there are three men killed and two are wounded very badly. They have a little bag to carry their shot in. Some days they do not get any dinner and get very little for their supper. One of the men that is wounded has curly black hair, I think he is an negro. The dead man has a short red moustache.

NUMBER FIVE.

THE BEAR AND THE MAN.

One day a man who was travelling through a forest was very tired, so he thought he would take a nap. He took his hat off his head and his gun off his shoulder and laid them down by his side. He was not asleep long when he heard something rushing through the bushes. He looked up and there he saw a large black bear. The gun was not loaded and he did not know what to do. He climbed up the tree, but that was of no use, the bear climbed up after him. The man was in awful fright. He broke a branch off the tree and poked the bear, but he did not mind the pokes. At length the man jumped from the tree. While the bear was looking around him to see where the man was, he had his gun loaded, shot the bear and dragged it through the forest to sell the skin. As he was about to go into the store, he met some men. He stopped to tell how he killed it. At last one of the men said, "I'll give you five dollars for the bear." "He is a very big one said he," "You may have him." When he got home and told his story, they said, "The bear's money will get a great many things."

NUMBER SIX.

WHAT I AM THINKING ABOUT.

I am thinking about a colt. The color of the colt is bay. He is a favorite horse and his name is Tommy. He has a white face and brown eyes. Two of his feet are white and two are black. We raised him from a very young colt and we have had him ever since. Last summer we all went down to the beach and we took Tommy with us so we could go out to ride. The first or second day we were down there, he got loose and ran way up to the centre of

the town My uncle was in the town and saw him and caught him He asked somebody for a rope and they gave him one My uncle brought him to us and we were very glad He will let you pat him as much as you like A little while after our uncle brought Tommy there, my father and uncle Charlie came down They did not know any thing about it We thought perhaps he went home and they would bring him down Tommy never ran away before but being down to the beach he did not like it He used to have a nice long tail but now it is very thin and short He is twenty-two years old but yet he is very small If we go down to the beach next summer, I suppose that he will go and help carry the things in the carryall I think he is a very nice horse and all the other folks think a great deal of him Sadie drives him and does not drive any other horse He belongs to my grandma now and she drives him all the time Tommy was owned by my grandpa first. He goes over to the depot every night

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CHAPTER VII.

A LESSON IN ARITHMETIC.

PURPOSE OF THE LESSON.—To teach the form of written multiplication.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE TEACHER —Devising the manner of presenting the new point, and studying out the various ways of expressing multiplication.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE PUPILS —All that they know of Number, and all the work that they have done with figures.

PLAN OF THE LESSON — First; for review and rapid calculation; send the children to the board, give them six problems, have them write both statement and answer, and then add all the results together. Second, to introduce the advance lesson, call upon the pupils to place *six times three are eighteen* upon the board, in as many different ways as they can. [*Mem.* supply what they do not give.] Third; to teach the advance lesson. Begin by taking $4 \times 24 = 96$, and have the class perform the problem with me, by addition and then by multiplication, and call attention to the economy of the latter. Bring in numeration, illustrated with splints, to make sure that the children all understand the part of the work. Then find 7×14 by both processes. Finally let the pupils perform $3 \times 16 = 48$ both ways, if they can,—if not, help them through.

THE LESSON.

"The first division may write all that you can think of about islands, and if you need to use a word which you don't know how to spell, draw a line in its place, and when I can, I will come and write it for you on the board," is the quietly spoken direction which sets two rows out of the five, in this B Primary room, to working straightway,—like what their teacher often calls them "Busy B's."

"The second division face! rise! pass to the blackboard ready for a Number lesson," is the mandate which puts the remaining three rows into the proper attitude of body and mind, for the teacher's succeeding sentence, that follows without pause; "You are to write these problems all out, and let me see how fast you can work. Nine nines.—Six sevenths of forty-two.—Eighty-four less nine.—Five eights—Quicker children! Sixty-five less eight.—Four elevenths of eighty-eight.—Patrick, read your column."

The boy reads rapidly, what he has written, while the rest examine their work to see if they agree.

"Add the answers," is the next requirement immediately obeyed. "What is the sum, Annie?"

"Three hundred and twenty-one."

"Right! Clear the boards and take your seats,—all but Allen," excepts the teacher, turning toward a child, who has taken it upon himself to rub over again—very particularly—all the blackboard in his immediate vicinity.

"Lay down the eraser, and write for me six threes with the answer."

He makes the characters,— $6 \times 3 = 18$ and at a sign from the teacher, passes at once to his place with the rest of the class.

"Sophie may write the same thing in another way." 3×6 so far the girl gets when the teacher interposes: "No, Sophie, that has nothing to do with six threes; it is an entirely dif-

ferent thing." Then as the girl turns to go, the teacher adds, "Come back and erase your work; when you do anything wrong, never leave it on the board. Bennie, you may try."

Bennie places $/// /// /// /// /// ///$ upon the board, and walks off.

"That is very nice. Who can think of another way? Amy."

This child ciphers for a second or so, but as she stands directly in front of her figures, no one can see what she is doing, except that she presently rubs something out, whereupon the teacher reproves,—

"I don't like to have you use the eraser; do it right the first time."

When Amy leaves the board, she leaves this upon it: Six figure threes placed in a vertical column, with a line beneath, and eighteen set as the sum.

"Right!" pronounces the teacher. "Who is ready to show us another? Bridget."

6 3's = 18 is her thought.

"Very well," comments the teacher; then as no hands are to be seen she tries to send them up by saying, "I know one other way."

This brings out Clarence, who puts on the board, —

$$3 + 3 + 3 + 3 + 3 + 3 = 18.$$

"That's right. Can we think of any other? Helen."

The last named begins to do this $///$ but is stopped by the teacher with the objection,— "That isn't a different way, Helen, it is only a different placing."

Joseph thinks that he has an idea, and being called upon, goes to the board, and makes $?$ accompanying the sign with a look toward the teacher which matches his mark, but speaks no word.

"You may write it out," consents the teacher, which he does thus: $? + 3 = 18.$

"Children, has he written six threes equal eighteen?"

"No'm," is the unanimous verdict.

"Lina, read what he has set down."

"How many threes equal eighteen?" is her response.

"Do all these that are written on the board mean the same?"

Unthinking chorus: "Yes'm."

Thoughtful solo: "No'm."

"Well, Tom?"

"That last doesn't," insists Tom

"Right, my boy. Have I only one thinker? I'll give the rest of you another chance. Are those on the board all written alike?"

"No'm!" "Some are longer!" "Some are shorter!" is the confused answer.

"Which are the shortest, class?"

"Allen's and Bridget's."

"You may all put this upon your slates," permits the teacher, moving to the blackboard, and placing upon it four twenty-fours one under the other, as if for addition. "How many twenty-fours have I here?"

"Four!" reply the division.

"How many figure fours?"

"Four!"

"And how many figure twos?"

"Four!"

"Four what?"

"Four figures!"

"Lottie, come to the board and add these for us."

"Four, eight, twelve, sixteen," says the child, running up the right-hand column with eye and mind. "I write the six," putting it in its place, "and remember the one." "Two, four, six, eight," she continues, looking at the left-hand line as she talks; "and the one I remembered is nine; I write the nine."

"How many did you find in the right-hand column?"

"Sixteen."

"John, please take my box of splints out of the lower drawer, and set it on the table. Nellie, go and show me with the splints what Lottie wrote."

Nellie steps lightly to the table, takes from the box,—as John politely lifts the cover,—six splints and holds them up.

"Keep them, and stay where you are," is the teacher's request.

"Luke, show us what Lottie remembered."

The lad unhesitatingly picks out ten, and presents them to view.

"But Lottie said that she remembered one," protests the teacher.

Quick as thought Luke drops his ten, snatches up a bundle of ten splints tied together, and with a roguish smile announces, "Here it is!"

"One what, class?" interrogates the teacher, motioning the boy to remain at the table.

"One ten!" is the confident chorus.

"Kittie, show us with splints what Lottie found in the left-hand column."

It takes both the dimpled hands to hold the eight bundles of ten splints each, that their owner displays to the class.

"What shall we do now, Ned?"

"Put Luke's with them."

"And we shall have how many, children?"

"Ninety!" is the sudden brief response.

"You may do so, Ned. What did you get, Lottie?"

"Ninety-six."

"Why do we have only ninety splints? Aggie."

"Because we haven't put Nellie's with the rest."

"To be sure. Hand them over, Nellie. Now, Ned, you have—"

"Ninety-six," decides that youth promptly.

"You may all take your seats. How many figures did Lottie use in doing her problem, Nat?"

"Ten," is the instant answer.

"I am going to show you a shorter way. How many twenty-fours were there, Lina?"

"Four," reports the girl.

The teacher places upon the board this form,—

$$\begin{array}{r} 24 \\ 4 \end{array}$$

while all the small mathematicians look on and learn.

"How many fours were there, Horace?"

"Four."

"And four fours are—"

"Sixteen," affirms Horace.

"What did Lottie do with her sixteen, Guy?"

"She put down the six and remembered the one."

"That's just what I am going to do," informs the teacher, placing the six as the first figure of the product. "Four twos are—Mary?"

"Eight."

"And the one you remembered, makes—"

"Nine," adds the girl.

"Yes, and I write it here," suiting the action to the speech. "How many figures did I use, Nannie?"

"Five."

"How many less than Lottie?"

"Five," reckons Annie.

"Well, Charley?"

"Just half as many."

"Which way do you like best, yours or mine?"

"Yours," declare the division, without a dissentient voice.

"Very well; I'll perform another example, and then you may try. Jamie, make me seven fourteens one under another, on the board."

When this has been done, the teacher questions,—looking over her wide-awake class, each eager to master the “new way;” “This is a column of what, Norah?”

“Fours.”

Several hands are flung up at this juncture, and Mabel being given permission to speak, contends, “I think it’s the column of ones.”

“So it is,” grants the teacher; “but it is made up of what, Mabel?”

“Fours,” admits the objector.

“How many fours are there, Phil?”

“Seven, and seven ones,” volunteers the speaker.

“Add, Lucia.”

“Four, eight, twelve, sixteen, twenty, twenty-four, twenty-eight,” sums up the maid; “put down twenty-eight.”

The hands rustle up like a flight of sparrows.

“What’s the matter, children?”

“That’s wrong!” “She shouldn’t do it!” “Put down only the eight!” “That isn’t right!” and various other phrases show the “sense of the meeting.”

The girl has corrected herself before the teacher turns to her, by putting only the eight below the line, and stands waiting for further direction.

“What became of your twenty?” inquires the teacher.

“I am going to remember it,” notifies Lucia.

“That’s better; go on.”

“One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, nine,” adds Lucia aloud, placing the nine where it belongs.

“That will do;” dismisses the teacher. “What is the answer, class?”

“Ninety-eight.”

“Who will be ready first, to tell me how many figures Lucia used? Mike.”

“Sixteen,” specifies the young man, who was evidently on the lookout for this query.

"How many fourteens did we have? Sophie."

"Seven."

"And how many fourteens have I, John?" catechises the teacher, as she places fourteen upon the board near Lucia's work.

"One," reports the lad instantly.

"How many now?" persists the teacher, placing the figure seven as multiplier, and drawing a line beneath.

"I don't know," acknowledges John as unhesitatingly as before.

"Can you tell me, Annie?"

"Seven," is her ready inference.

"Yes. How many fours have I? Bridget."

"Seven."

"And four sevens are,—"

"Twenty-eight," supplies Bridget.

"I will write the eight," states the teacher; "and remember the two," setting the figure eight in its place.

"How many ones have I, Allen?"

"Seven."

"And seven ones are,—Kittie?"

"Seven and the two you were to remember make nine," goes on the interested Kittie, before the teacher can speak.

Accordingly she writes the last figure of her product (9) at the left hand, and interrogates,—*"Have we the same answer that Lucia had?"*

"Yes'm," agree the pupils.

"Read it!" which they do. "How many figures did I use, children?"

Chorus: "Five!"

"And Lucia had—"

"Sixteen," conclude the division.

"Then she had how many more than I?"

"Eleven," calculate the class.

"Which do you think is the better way, Lucia's or mine?"

"Yours!" comes in emphatic concord.

"I am looking for some one to put another problem on the board. Helen, come and write three sixteens."

This is the way the young woman places her numbers,—

16

16

16

"What shall she do now, Lena?"

"Draw a line and add the ones' column."

"Talk it, Helen," requires the teacher, as the child seems to be performing the addition silently.

"Six, twelve, eighteen," says Helen.

"Tell her what to do, Patrick."

"Set down the eight and remember the one," dictates that juvenile glibly. The girl obeys.

"Nellie, what next?"

"The tens column."

"You may add it "

"One, two, three, and the one she remembered make four," asserts Nellie.

"The next thing, Clarence."

"Write the four."

"And the answer is,—class?"

"Forty-eight!" comes the lusty chorus, as Helen passes to her place in the division.

"Now who would like to try to do a problem the new way, on the board?"

Everybody is eager, but Bennie is chosen, and told to write three sixteens. He does it thus:
$$\begin{array}{r} 16 \\ 16 \\ 16 \end{array}$$

"Very well," encourages the teacher, as the boy comes to a stand-still. "Now draw a line and begin. What first, Ned," she calls hastily, as Bennie hesitates; "can you help him?"

"Yes'm," assures Ned; "you do just the same as the long way; you get three sixes."

"Now I know!" exclaims Bennie. "Three sixes are eighteen, and I put it here," beginning to make the figure 1 of the 18, but the flutter of ascending hands behind him, causes him to turn as the teacher names Amy, who instructs the worker at the board,—

"You must remember the one, and set down only the eight."

This Bennie does, and having his cue, hastens to recite, — "Three ones are three, and the one I remembered make four. I write the four," which he does, at the left of the figure 8, and walks off to his seat, quite proud of his achievement

"Class, here is a column for you to add quickly. Let me see who will get it done first. When you have the answer, stand!"

So saying, the teacher writes rapidly upon the board in a vertical line, the following numbers: 37, 653, 297, 845, 734, 63, 856, 473, 45.

Having thus provided these pupils with employment, she passes across the schoolroom to her other Busy-Workers, and spells their unwritten words for them upon the board, meanwhile keeping a careful watch both of the clock and her adders in the second division. By the time there are a dozen standing, she has attended to the writers, a few of whom have nearly finished, and has taken her place beside the table at the front. Now follows this announcement. "When the first division have told—with their pencils—all that they can think of about islands, and have written their names very handsomely at the end, they may bring their slates to my table. Those of the second division, who have found the sum of the column of numbers I gave, may come to me by rows: the third row first, then the second, and so on."

Immediately the three who are standing, slates in hand, in the designated line step forward and surround the

each, who with an instant's glance, and a low "Right, you may go home;" or "Wrong, try it again," sends them back to their seats; the careful workers to lay their slates and pencils inside their desks, and pass noiselessly out of the room; the careless to sit down and search for the error in their calculation.

Meantime, members of the first division are bringing to the teacher's table their essays upon islands, which they lay in a pile upon the right-hand corner, and receiving a word or gesture of dismissal from the teacher, are passing—one by one—out through the open door, into the silent hall, where snatching from the nails their hats or caps, they skim softly, swiftly down the stairs, and are gone, though it yet lacks three minutes of twelve by the clock. At two minutes past, every young arithmetician has disappeared; and all the small geographers have vanished, leaving however, most substantial tokens of their presence in the pile of slates, which the teacher is now engaged in speedily, but scrupulously examining.

To her, abruptly enters a teacher from the floor below, having in hand two boys, whose faces are very red, and whose expression is that of conscious guilt.

"Miss E.," announces the new-comer; "I am sorry to say that I found these boys of yours marking the front steps with colored crayons. I thought I'd better bring them right to you."

"Thank you, Mrs. C.," responds the B Primary teacher wearily; "I will attend to the matter," and she is left alone with the young culprits.

Laying down the slate she is holding, the teacher—whose countenance has grown very grave in the last ten seconds, but who shows no sign of either anger or impatience—sits still and silent, looking steadily at these disturbers of her peace, as if studying what she should do; while they

stand with drooping heads and downcast eyes, very much ashamed and a little afraid.

Suddenly the teacher rises, and with a low-spoken "Come with me," leads the way to the scene of action. Pausing in the doorway, she turns toward the boys, and questions, "What have you been doing, Ernest?"

"I did that," confesses the boy slowly, pointing to a large patch of green defacing the clear, clean gray of the granite slab, that forms the upper step.

"And you, Willard?" catechises the teacher.

"I did the other one," is his straightforward acknowledgment, indicating a spot of dark brown the step below.

"How came you to do this?" is the next inquiry, addressed to both the boys, and delivered with a tone and manner that is perfectly unimpassioned.

"We thought we'd make some islands," explains Willard reluctantly.

"How came you to make them on the door-steps?" placidly persists the teacher.

"Because," continues Willard, who seems to be the spokesman; "we played they were the ocean."

"Well," queries the teacher still calmly judicial, "are you going to leave our front steps looking like that?"

This suggests a new view of the subject under consideration, for which the delinquents are evidently quite unprepared; accordingly no one speaks but the teacher, who coolly answers her own question by saying, "I think they had better come off, don't you?"

There is but one reply to be made, and that they give, though they are too good thinkers not to see the drift of the logic in this conversation, and therefore are—in a measure—prepared for the teacher's serenely spoken conclusion. "I will let you take it off."

Easier said than done, think the two island-makers, who stare at the blotches of green and brown with a sense of

dismay, as they remember how hard they rubbed the color in. How could they get it out? Presently Willard has an idea, and proceeds to put it into execution. He pulls out of his pocket a bit of a handkerchief, crumpled and soiled almost beyond recognition, and starts to rub the step with it. This suggests something to Ernest, who proposes with a glance of inquiry toward the teacher,—

“I’ll go get my slate-cloth.”

“Put that back in your pocket, Willard,” is her calm decree. “Wait, Ernest. If you go into the basement, you may find something that you can clean those off with.”

“What shall we get?” asks Willard instantly, glad of any appearance of aid or sympathy, from his usually kind and genial instructor.

But her chilly—“What do you wish?” throws him back upon himself, both emotionally and intellectually; and he has to stop a moment to recover his spirits and his wits, before he can think to say,—

“I guess I could do it with a broom.”

“You may go and get one,” permits the teacher; and as Ernest does not move, she adds,—“both of you.”

They hurry off; scamper down the long, dark stairway, and grope around in the twilight of the basement, trying to discover what they came for; talking all the while in low tones, speculating whether the teacher will whip them when they have cleaned off the steps. One broom is easily found, and after some search they come across another, then hasten back to the waiting impersonation of justice,—the teacher, standing silent and statue-like upon the threshold.

Then they begin to sweep or rather brush with the brooms, but they make little impression; only the loose dust comes off, the colors are as deep as ever. Perceiving this, they glance up at the teacher, but she makes no sign and they go on brushing.

Finally Willard has a happy thought, and speaks it out impulsively; "I wonder if it wouldn't come off better if it was wet?"

"It might," is their overseer's non-committal reply.

"May we try?" meekly petitions the small sweeper.

"Yes," consents the teacher, without a particle of either interest or friendliness in face, voice, or manner.

It is serious business for the two sorry little men, and the watching teacher can scarcely suppress a smile at the forlorn fashion in which they march off dragging their brooms behind them, to the pump, where one holds the broom while the other wields the pump-handle. Evidently they are getting slightly desperate, for all of this has taken time, and it is now fully a quarter past twelve; besides the day is warm, and there being only a narrow porch, the hot sun pours directly down upon their defenceless heads. So they set to scrubbing with all their small might and main, and under the combined influence of muscle and water, the brown and green begin to fade away.

"How did it happen that one of you made your island green, and one brown?" questions the teacher, curious to know.

The children detect the interest instantly, and begin eagerly to talk, both at once. This is confusing, but the teacher manages to make out that Ernest said that islands were green, because Long Island and Deer Island* were green. But Willard maintained that islands were made of land, and land was brown; besides, the islands they made on the moulding-board were brown

The steps are beginning to resume their original color, and the boy-scrubbers are slackening their efforts. But the Nemesis of the schoolroom is not satisfied; the punishment, she judges, has not yet balanced the offence; accordingly she mentions casually,—

* These are to be seen from several of the schoolrooms of Quincy.

"There is considerably more to come off yet; it shows very plainly from here."

The ruddy young faces upon which the perspiration stands in large drops, grow very long at this, in spite of their chubbiness, and the brooms are plied with redoubled energy till the short arms ache with the unaccustomed exercise. After about ten minutes of steady scrubbing, the boys stop and stand upright, to look at the result; whereupon the teacher states with great decision, but no irritation, —

"I must have them cleaned better than that; look closer, you can find more that has to come off."

Poor little fellows! hot, tired, and hungry, they begin to feel as if they had fallen into the clutches of a merciless, implacable monster, and will never get out. Completely discouraged, they stoop down to search anxiously for more brown and green to wash off, but finding their eyesight getting misty and dim and being too big and too proud to cry, they dash away the tell-tale drops and work on doggedly; while their task-master, unmindful apparently of time, forgetful seemingly of dinner, is to all intents and purposes, completely absorbed in searching for specks of color upon these two granite steps.

"There is a little spot I want rubbed more," she says to Ernest.

"Here's a place that isn't quite clean," she shows to Willard.

In an instant more—"There's a mark, Ernest, that you didn't get off."

"Close to the edge, Willard, I see a bit of brown," continuing, "your eyes are younger than mine, they ought to be sharper; you may try to find more spots to rub."

The two tired boys are ready to drop where they stand, when the teacher, at last acknowledges, "I think they must

be clean," concluding,—“you may put the brooms away and go home,” which they gladly and promptly do.

Regarding this case of discipline, there are two things which may quite safely be inferred—first,—that a lesson thus worked in and burned in, is not likely to be soon forgotten; and second, that,—as far as real enjoyment of a punishment is concerned,—these two children would much prefer an old-fashioned ferruling, to another skilful application of Herbert Spencer's theory of moral training.

Notes and Comments.

Said Confucius, “To know that you know what you know, and to know that you do not know, what you do not know, is true knowledge.” There is no easier or surer way for pupils to come into possession of this knowledge, than by means of just such teaching and training as this lesson shows. The teaching,—a deliberate, systematic presentation of new facts, that the children may take them in slowly and surely. The training,—a swift, insistent demand for old facts, that the children shall give them back accurately and rapidly. Thus, habits of intellectual certainty and readiness are formed, that will go far toward guarding these pupils against that conceit, which the teachers of the civilized Nineteenth Century have not outgrown; though a heathen instructor saw its evils and pointed out its origin, twenty-four hundred years ago.

CHAPTER VIII.

SOME SPELLING AND ITS EXAMINATION.

ALL the pupils' written work, implies thought and its expression; and any defect in either of these, is due generally to poor teaching and training. If lacking in thought, the teacher has either presented a subject which is beyond or below the grasp of the pupils, or she has not generated power in them to deal with a subject when grasped, *i.e.* to think. This means incompetent teaching. If on the contrary, the failure lies in expression; whether it be a faulty technic of language,—such as awkwardly constructed sentences, repetition of idioms, and ungrammatical use of words,—or poor technic of hand work;—the mechanics of writing, spelling, and punctuation,—it proves unskilful training.

It follows then, that the pupils' written work tests the teacher far more than the pupils, and that all examinations of such, reveal oftener what the teacher has [or has not] done, than what the pupils can do; and shows power, or the lack of it, in the teacher rather than in the pupils.

These facts, hitherto ignored, make the old manner of criticising compositions—involving the laborious search for, and the careful correction of every mistake by the teacher; together with the indifferent reception of the hacked, patched, and disfigured manuscripts, by the pupils to whom they belonged;—the very *reductio ad absurdum* of training in language. Had the teachers comprehended that these

papers were like open books, whereon they could read in every error, proofs of their own incompetency; the dreadful drudgery of such examinations would not have been altogether in vain. But as was, it did not benefit the teachers, because they had not sense to see what it implied, and as the pupils' critical powers could not grow through the teachers' exercise of theirs, it did the pupils no good but rather harm; since it served to make them hate still more, that horrible bugbear,—composition-writing.

Properly, all criticisms upon written papers, should be—as far as the pupils are concerned—made with reference to the *form* of the work only; to wit. spelling (including writing), capitals, and punctuation, for all faults of language must of necessity, be trained out,—i.e. corrected,—in oral speech.

As nearly every lesson in the third and fourth grades is made a lesson in language, and as the greater part of this language work is written, it goes without saying, that there is an ever increasing amount of slates and papers to be examined during this time. In the examination of these, certain points are observed. First: only *one* fault is ever found with a slate or paper. Second: an error is never pointed out; nothing but the fact that there is one, being told the pupil. Third: the teachers train themselves to see wrong forms on a paper or slate, with one glance. Fourth: the examinations are—when possible—immediate, being made either during the progress of the work, or directly afterward,—for the sake of the deeper impression upon the pupils.

In the beginning, the children have but a single vocabulary, and that a limited one, of the spoken words they use in their talk. As fast as they learn to read, they acquire a second vocabulary, consisting of script and printed words, which they are taught to make, as well as recognize.

The aim during the first year, is to have the pupils copy

all the words that they read; the first exercises consisting of single words, afterward of sentences. The second grade work is not confined to sentences comprising the words occurring in the reading lessons, but includes as much of the pupils' oral vocabulary as can be well taught. Dictation follows the copying in this grade, and "Talking with the Pencil" begins.

This (third) year's spelling completes the pupils' vocabulary of spoken words,—including the idioms used. Consequently, at the end of three years, the children should have so far mastered the spelling of all the words they use or read, that only an occasional review of such as are troublesome [aside from the regular, constant, written work], will be needed to keep all these word and sentence forms, well fixed in mind.

When pupils have reached this stage of advancement, spelling need no longer be taught alone, but can be merged into composition, for which it is but a preparation, and thus taught in connection with every other branch. Because of this, Spelling will have no place as a separate study, in the illustrations of the succeeding year's work.

All that now remains to be done in this branch [beyond the learning of new words, as fast as they are encountered by the pupils in the course of their reading and study], is to make the whole matter automatic;—to so train the hand, that it will move to express thought as readily and unconsciously, as do the vocal organs. There is but one way in which this can be done, and that is by persistent practice. In other words, as the thing desired is to have the pupils think the thought and write the sentence as an automatic expression of that thought; the thing to be done in all their training, is to put thought back of every sentence they write, and *allow nothing to come between*.

Such training would entirely prevent the struggle with the technic, that hinders and frets most writers of the

present generation; would do away with all consciousness of writing, spelling, capitals, and punctuation; and would leave the mind free for that which is higher,—for thought. The demand grows stronger, and the need more urgent every year, for power over this great means of expression,—written language; and the day is not far distant when the hand shall be trained to be as prompt and facile to express the thought in language, as the tongue.

Then, and not till then, the children of men shall have complete control over that which is mightier than the sword,—the pen.

*** PURPOSE OF THE LESSON** —To train the pupils to make automatically the word-forms of the sentences given, which are already fixed in the mind, and to teach them those not learned.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE TEACHER.—The selection of the words to be taught, and devising the manner of their presentation. Besides this the arrangement of half of them in sentences of moral purport, and the writing of these sentences on the board before school.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE PUPILS.—All the practice they had previously had in framing and writing sentences.

PLAN OF THE LESSON.—*First.* Gain from the children—by means of remarks or questions—the ten words of my list, and place them upon the blackboard.

Second. Have the class pronounce these in concert, and then call upon different pupils to give sentences containing these words.

Third. Select from the sentences as they are given, five which will include a declarative and an interrogative sentence, a quotation, and a title. [*Mem. Manage to get these.*] Have the children write these on their slates, and write them myself on the board.

Fourth. Let each division copy these twice over for

Busy-Work; the first, this morning, the second this afternoon.

Fifth. Dictate the sentences the last thing to-morrow morning, and examine the slates before the pupils go home.

Sixth. Put the other five words into sentences that will do the children good to think about, and have them for the next lesson.

GIVING OUT THE LESSON.

It is a sultry day in September. The dark heavy shades—drawn down to shut the hot sun out—hang motionless. Half an hour ago the teacher with the question,—“Would you like some fans?” and the mandate,—“Go to work and make them!” set the pupils all to drawing palm-leaf fans from memory. Now the sketches are completed, and the monitors are gathering up the papers.

While this is being done, the teacher says,—“Fan yourselves, children!” making as she speaks, a rapid waving motion with her right hand, presently changing to the left, then alternating the two. Her action is cheerfully imitated by the pupils, who are quite successful in this novel method of raising the wind.

“Stand!” They are up. “Make yourselves tall and stiff!” They are like a company of drum-majors. “Fill your lungs full of air, hold your breath and do as I do!” percussing her chest vigorously. “Let go the breath!” dropping her hands as she speaks, and the pupils doing the same. “Fill the lungs again; slap the chest! quicker! harder! hands at side! sit! People who cannot speak are what?”

“Dumb!” is the sudden chorus.

“I’ll write *dumb* here on the board,” informs the teacher, suiting the action to the word. “If all your mothers

should come together in this room, we should say that there were a great many—"

"Ladies!" supply the class.

„ Another word," requests the teacher.

"Women!" is the instantaneous response, and that is also deliberately written upon the board, by the teacher, who places *doubtful* directly under it, then turns toward her watching class and inquires,— "What is it?"

The pronunciation is clear, and emphatic.

The teacher then goes on to state,— "The other day, the cook was making cake, and just as I went into the kitchen, she was stirring in some nutmeg, cinnamon, and cloves; what shall I say that she was doing?"

"Putting in spice!" call out several voices.

Without a word of comment, the teacher writes underneath the others, the word *spicing*, which at a gesture from her the pupils pronounce.

"Yesterday was Thursday, and to-day is—"

"Friday," conclude the chorus.

"Yes; and when will play-day be?" asks the teacher.

"To-morrow," coincide the children.

Thus the teacher gets *to-morrow*, which she places in her column upon the board.

"Take out your slates!" They come out *instantly*.

"Make them clean on both sides." Sponges and cloths appear and disappear with great celerity. "What have you been doing to your slates?" is the quick query.

"Washing!" "Rubbing!" "Cleaning them!" are the varying answers.

"I am going to say that you were—" writing *cleaning*,—"them. You did something else to them, that some of you mentioned; just what I am doing to my hands," making a motion. "I am—"

"Rubbing them," agree the pupils promptly.

Seventh in her column, the teacher now places the word

just gained; then picking up two peaches from her table—offerings of affection—she demands, “How many have I here?”

“Two!” is the unanimous verdict.

“And two things are called what?”

“A pair!” thinks one.

“Twins!” suggests another.

“Yes, and sometimes we say a—” spelling slowly with her crayon,—*couple*. “What is this made of?” is her next interrogation, catching up her knife, opening it, and pointing to the blade.

“Iron!” “Steel!” is the mixed reply.

“Steel is right,” she decides as she places that also upon the board. Below it she writes the word *coward*, which the children repeat as soon as they recognize it, when turning toward the class, the teacher gravely observes, “I hope there are none of those in this school.”

This is the last word of the lesson, and the teacher now points to the first, and commands the class, “Pronounce!” which they do; and immediately raise their hands to signify that they are ready with a sentence, containing that word.

The first pupil called upon is Jennie, who inquires with a mischievous glance toward the most talkative child in the room, “Do you think that boy is dumb?”

“Not very,” responds the teacher demurely, as she indicates the middle word in the column, which the children pronounce in concert, and then put up their hands again.

Kittie is signalled to speak, and interrogates, “Is she cleaning her doll’s clothing?”

“We will all write Kitty’s sentence,” announces the teacher, returning to the board, as the pupils snatch their pencils, and begin on their slates. When all have finished and are sitting in order, the word which follows is repeated by the children, and Nannie is allowed opportunity to remark,—

"I saw a man rubbing the engine."

"Did you?" replies the teacher. "Who was it?"

"Mr. T."

"Suppose you give his name in your sentence."

"I saw Mr. T. rubbing the engine," amends Nannie.

"Put that down on your slates," dictates the teacher, writing it at the same time on the board.

"*Coward*!" call out the pupils, in obedience to the teacher's pointer, and Jimmie being given permission asserts,—

"The boy was such a coward that he wouldn't fight."

"I should hope that he was too brave to do so," is the teacher's earnest comment; which sets the children to thinking, while they watch to see which word they must talk about next.

It is the second, and after all have said *women*, Mike rises to explain that,— "Two women are called ladies "

Now comes the pronunciation of the eighth, and George's bit of information: "Knives and forks, and scissors are made out of steel."

Then the fifth. "*To-morrow!*" say the children, and Inez publishes the fact that,— "Papa, mamma, the baby, Jack, and I are going to Boston to-morrow."

After the pronunciation of *spicing*, the teacher notifies, — "I must have a question this time. Fred."

"How much spicing does your mother put in her pies?" catechises the roguish boy with mock anxiety.

"Enough to make them nice," retorts the teacher good-humoredly, adding amid the laughter of her frolicsome pupils; "and you may all write Fred's question."

"*Couple!*" call out the class as that word is indicated.

"Who has a fine, long sentence?" urges the teacher. "Mark."

"Those two girls," nodding his head toward the ones alluded to; "go together so much that they are called a couple," testifies the tease.

"Give me one sentence now, in which I shall need to put

these when I write it," specifies the teacher, making quotation marks on the board to illustrate. "Ezra."

"My mother said, 'There go a couple of girls down the street.'"

"Good!" praises the teacher. "Write it, everybody," which they do, pronouncing the last word, *doubtful*, as soon as the pencils are in place.

"We wish to have the best sentence of all to close with," reminds the teacher. "Mattie, tell us yours."

"It is doubtful," declares the speaker archly, "whether I shall have the spelling right."

"I am not so sure that it is," protests the pleased teacher; "but we will all write it now, and judge by and by if it be true."

When the slowest writer raises his head after finishing his last word, he finds the teacher at his side watching his work, and sees upon the blackboard, plain and clear, the five sentences he has just written upon his slate.

STUDYING THE LESSON.

"Now the first division," directs the teacher, "may write beautifully, each of these sentences twice more, and then put your names at the end. The second division face this blackboard," and a lesson in Number follows.

Near the close of the period, when the young mathematicians are performing a problem, the teacher seeing that a few of the Busy-Workers have finished their writing, calls their attention to the line "Blessed are the peace-makers," elegantly written in colored crayons near the top of the same blackboard where the spelling sentences are,* and says, "You may copy that twice too, all but Prissy; I'd

* The teacher places a new motto here every two or three days, which is intended both for use and for beauty, "to strike the eye and reach the heart;" serving also, as in this case for a bit of extra work for the rapid writers, and occasionally furnishing the text for a secular sermonette

like to have her go and help Fanny; she isn't as used to this sort of work as the rest of you are."

Then the teacher turns her attention again to her Number lesson; while the child instructor takes her seat at the right of the girl needing assistance [a pupil but lately transferred from another school], grasps her right hand as firmly as the size of the chubby fist will allow, and guides it patiently and untiringly, till the last letter is done.

"First division, leave your slates, written side up, on the left-hand corner of your desks; second division, face and clear your desks," dictates the teacher, as the signal sounds for dismissal; and in another moment the lines are filing out.

After all have gone, the teacher, taking a piece of crayon, commences to examine the copying. When the work is only fair, she marks it 1; when it is well done, she makes a figure 2; if extra fine, she adds to the 2 a cross thus,—2×; while any slate that indicates carelessness on the part of its owner is ignominiously turned with its face down, without any mark. This does not take over five minutes. It is noticeable that those who leave their slates for examination, are usually the first comers at the next session, so eager are they to know what is thought of their work.

In the afternoon, the second division are given their time to study the lesson, being set to copy the sentences during the first Busy-Work period; but the spelling lesson itself, does not take place till the very last of the session.

SPELLING THE LESSON.

Meantime, the teacher having copied the ten words and five sentences, has the front blackboard cleaned, and both sides of all the slates cleaned. Now when the time for the lesson arrives, the teacher says to her roomful of spellers,—

all sitting with slates in position, and pencils in hand, "Write your names, and do your very best."

The instant the eyes leave the slates, they are fixed upon the teacher, that the alert and expectant pupils may see, as well as hear the sentence, which they know from experience will come without a word of preliminary, and come but once.

As the last pair of eyes are lifted to her face, the teacher inquires, "Is she cleaning her doll's clothing?" in such a natural manner, that if the children did not know that this is dictation, they would certainly answer her. As it is, they look till she has uttered the last word, and then begin—all at once—to write; while the teacher, with her little slip of paper containing the five sentences gained from the children this morning, moves noiselessly around among the writers, giving her attention principally to position this time, because the pupils are supposed to know how to write the sentences.

Presently, pencils begin to be laid in the groove, and hands to be folded; seeing which the teacher betakes herself to the front and waits till all have finished, when she announces, "I saw Mr. T. rubbing the engine."

Directly the final word is spoken, the writers begin to write, and the reader to walk up and down the room once more, until all have set that sentence down.

Again the teacher, standing at her place in front, looks into the faces of her pupils, all sitting with folded hands before her, and asks the question, "How much spicing does your mother put in her pies?"

There is just the ghost of a smile upon the faces bent the next moment over the slates, while they write the sentence just dictated. This is so long, that the teacher has time to go the rounds of the room, before they are ready for the next.

When every pair of eyes and hands show that their

owners are waiting, the teacher from her station at the table declares, "My mother said, 'There go a couple of girls down the street.'"

Swiftly the pencils are caught up, and set travelling along the lines of the slates, and no sound save their scratching is heard in the room, for the teacher's tread is noiseless. It is evident that the quoted passage is somewhat troublesome to the small spellers, for several after sitting in the attitude of readiness a second or two, are seemingly struck with a sudden remembrance, pick up their pencils and put in the marks of quotation. In process of time however the class is all in position, and then the teacher,—watching patiently in her place, dictates the last sentence.

"It is doubtful whether I shall have the spelling right."

THE EXAMINATION.

After this, she does not walk the aisles, but instead, draws her chair up to the first row of desks and seats herself, to wait until the slates are ready for examination. As fast as the writers finish, they come up quietly, and give their slates to the teacher; or if she has her hands full—and generally she sits holding one in each hand—they lay their slates upon the desk just at her right, and return to their seats to stay until she calls their names. Then if the teacher adds, "Perfect!" the happy child goes smilingly to get his slate, tucks it in his desk in gentle fashion, and is off until to-morrow. But if instead, the teacher says, "Mistake!" the unhappy owner comes for his slate with sober face, and takes it to his seat, where he must search until he finds the error which the teacher saw. This he must correct, and carry back the slate for re-examination. For this teacher beginning her examination sometimes at the first sentence, often at the last, or it may be in the middle,—for a change,—reads like lightning till she meets an error,

then calling the name aloud, says, "Mistake!" and takes the next slate up.*

THE NEXT LESSON.

Thus are five words disposed of. The remaining number, those about which the children did not make good sentences for spelling, the teacher takes in hand herself; and thus gains a good opportunity to bring in her ever-present moral idea. This is how she does it.

(1) None but good girls and boys make noble *women* and men. (2) A brave child speaks the truth while a *coward* tells a lie. (3) Be tender and trusty and true as *steel*. (4) Always treat *dumb* animals with kindness. (5) Do not put off till *to-morrow* what should be done to-day.

This is the next spelling lesson. The pupils will find it all ready, written upon the board for them to copy the following Monday morning, and the lesson will come the same afternoon.

The pupils write these sentences upon paper, and if they are well done, the children are allowed to carry them home to show their parents.

ANOTHER LESSON IN SPELLING.

A different but equally excellent way of mixing morals and spelling, is one this teacher had, of occasionally writing upon the board some stanza worth thinking about and remembering; for instance:

"Guard, my child, thy tongue,
That it speak no wrong.
Let no evil word pass o'er it;
Set the watch of truth before it,
That it speak no wrong;
Guard, my child, thy tongue."

* It took her on the average, two seconds to examine a slate.

This was used first as an imitation exercise; that is, the teacher had the children repeat it after her, till they learned it; and finally, she made it serve some day, for a lesson in Spelling.

Notes and Comments.

The mistakes of pupils in such lessons as these, are the resultants of two causes,—ignorance and carelessness. To call the attention of children to errors they have committed through ignorance, does more harm than good, for thus they are led to observe wrong forms which they have no power to make right. But, as the surest way to break up a bad habit is to form the good one which is its opposite; so the quickest cure for carelessness, is to so manage, that careless doing shall *immediately and invariably* be followed by careful undoing. Thus the teacher did in the preceding lesson, when she set the pupils to searching for the error in their sentences which she had discovered, that they might correct it. She stopped—it is true—at the first mistake she found, but as they knew that she was liable to begin with any one of the five sentences, to read, they must perforce, go over and correct the entire work. Thus what the teacher saved of her time and strength, the pupils gained in the way of opportunity to use theirs; an admirable illustration of the law of the conservation of forces, which the average teacher—who never allows her pupils to do anything which she can do for them—could study with profit.

SECTION EIGHTH.

CHAPTER

- I. Preliminary.
- II. Arithmetic.-- Practice Work.
- III. Geography and History.—A Combination Lesson.
- IV. Conclusion.

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Section Eighth comprises all the illustrations of Fourth Year work which are presented.

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CHAPTER I.

PRELIMINARY.

THREE years of consecutive, consistent teaching and training, such as has been described, should show very marked results. First, the children having learned what they know of morality, just as they have learned everything else that they know,—practically instead of theoretically; and having been given, in the course of their school-life, many opportunities for the exercise of their moral power, it has developed accordingly. With a similar purpose on the part of the teacher, and in the same manner, each pupil's sense of personal responsibility has been consciously educated, and thus a commendable amount of self-control attained. Because the individuality of the children has been held sacred, their self activity in all right directions, has been guarded with zealous care. In consequence, these pupils have seen with their own eyes, and heard with their own ears; and the accumulated results of their own observations has formed the basis of their thoughts, which they have expressed in their own way. Thus the minds of these children have been filled with *real things* and not with words. Their bodies have been well cared for (while in the schoolroom), but, aside from the skilful, persistent training of the hand and finger power,—in the use of crayon, pencil, and pen,—and the insistent demand for healthful position and firm, self-respectful carriage; they have not been educated.

Now, having formed the habit of acquiring their facts at first hand, and having experienced the delight of discovery, the pupils may safely be sent to books for the information which they cannot gain in any other way; [for such unaccustomed readers, the living person is more stimulating to thought, than the dead page].

During this year, also, the unity of school-work becomes more obvious, and the connection between the branches, in teaching, closer. Indeed, as the grades advance, the studies gradually merge one into another, until it occasionally happens, as in Chapter Three of this Section, that a single lesson in Geography involves some teaching in every other branch.

ARITHMETIC.

The work in Number of the four grades here presented, will indicate the general plan pursued, and give an idea of the manner in which most of the important steps are taken. The lessons chosen to be photographed, are such as introduce, in addition to these points, a variety of devices to render the teaching and training more effective.

The first thing to be done in the teaching of Number, is to ascertain the amount of knowledge of this limitation which the children possess already, in order to know where to begin to teach. The process of testing the little ones upon this subject, is shown in the lesson found in the preparatory work included in Section II.

While there is no cast-iron course of study, to which the pupils of the Quincy schools are obliged to conform, there is a logical line of development of some branches, laid down, which the teachers are desired to follow. Take this matter of Number for instance. During the first year, the numbers from one to ten are to be presented as wholes, and taught,—one at a time, by means of objects of all sorts.

This is the work of the teacher, and this is expected to be so skilfully done, that the pupils will discover all the facts of these numbers, *i.e.*: their various separations and combinations,—for themselves. Besides this, the teachers are expected to fix these facts so firmly in the minds of their pupils, by continual and *diversified* repetitions, that the recollection, or recognition of these facts will be at all times instantaneous. The advance lesson and the review, described in Section V. illustrate fully these points.

The second year continues the oral work, and prepares for written—here begins the teaching of the written language of Number—figures. This advance affords the best of opportunities for a searching review of all the ground gone over. In the course of this, objects are dispensed with, as fast as facts and forms are so thoroughly learned that they can readily be recalled without the presence of the objects, *but not before*. From the first, the pupils in this grade are scrupulously trained to fine figure-writing, and the neat arrangement of work. When this has been accomplished, the making of tables—addition, subtraction, multiplication, division, etc., begins. It has been found that classes are usually able to do all this, and at the same time progress in their knowledge of numbers, from ten to twenty, during the year.

By the time the children reach the third grade, Number is gradually getting to be a distinct form of thought, and figures the expression of that thought. Hence it now becomes necessary that the pupils should be taught the elementary operations with figures, including notation and numeration, which form the foundation of these. All this time, the children are learning the idioms of the language of Number; both those found in the conventional use of words peculiar to arithmetic, and the forms of written, or figure work. When these have been thoroughly mastered they will signify no vague indefinable abstractions,

but instead the pupils, seeing these figures and forms, must think the thoughts which they represent.

The processes having been presented, the operations shown, and the language of Arithmetic imparted, nothing now remains to be taught. What the pupils need at this stage, is practice. This is gained during the fourth year, mainly by means of lessons similar to the one here photographed.

While the course of study just specified, has been the detailed work of the grades, there have been some points common to all; for example:—The constant, practical application at *every step*, of knowledge gained,—by means of easy and interesting problems invented by both teacher and pupils; and the frequent introduction of drawing to illustrate these. Again, the arrangement of lessons all the way through is similar. Instead of being a succession of disconnected leaps from one uncomprehended topic to another, at the behest of a book-maker, these lessons are so planned and carried out, that each step prepares the way for the next, and a new one is never taken until the pupils are ready for it. Thus the teachers teach and watch, and the children lead them. Finally, the aim from the first day to the last, is to make the teaching such as will lead to the development of logical thought and its exact expression; and the training, that which will make accurate and rapid calculation entirely automatic.

GEOGRAPHY.

Geography—as a regular branch of study—is not taken up in the schools of Quincy below the Grammar (Fifth Year) grade; and all teaching previous to that, is decidedly elementary in character. Still the little lessons (such as that upon hills in Section II.) given the babies of the First Year, are just as truly Geography, and just as important

in their places as the moulding and comparison of the continents, in the A Grammar. Few teachers realize the number of facts such young children can acquire [if properly led], to be used as a foundation for future study.

The three lessons in Structural Geography reported in the Second Grade work, will give a good idea of the manner of teaching the forms of land and water. First: through observation, only such forms being taught, as the pupils have seen and known all their lives; second: by means of reproduction in sand and clay, to show the formation or structure, and to fix it still more firmly in the mind; third: by constant comparisons between the real and the moulded forms, to bring about closer observation, and to prepare for more intelligent study. The elementary teaching in this branch, is mainly confined to Structural Geography; but now and then, a lesson like the building of the village, described in Section VI., is introduced, partly for its value in the way of ideas and partly for the sake of variety. Under the same category as the last named, comes the Robinson Crusoe lesson, delineated in Section VII., but it must not be forgotten that these are merely supplementary to the regular work, enlarging its boundaries, and deepening its meaning.

The combination lesson photographed in this Section, was selected for two reasons. First, because it demonstrates so remarkably well, Col. Parker's proposition to make Geography the basis for the study of all the other Physical Sciences. Second, because it illustrates very clearly, the most radically new idea of the New Education; viz.: the unity of work in the different branches. For instance; starting with Structural Geography,—a general knowledge of that particular portion of the earth with which the children were most familiar,—for their study; they next learned of the inhabitants, which led inevitably to History. Considering the needs of these people, brought the small students

back to Botany and Zoology, and would have involved Mineralogy and Geology, had their knowledge been sufficient. In the course of all this work, the pupils obtained their historical information mainly through Reading, and gave back what they had gained by Writing [which included Spelling and Language], by Drawing, Moulding, and Modelling. Thus this single lesson (and its preparation) included every branch but Number.

This too is an occasional lesson, brought in as a beginning in History, and planned to kindle a fervent desire in the pupils to know more than they are told, and thus lead them to Literature.

The regular work of the Fourth Year differs from that which has gone before, in three particulars. First: it takes up more difficult topics, such as soil, climate, etc. Second: it treats of cause and effect,—the why and wherefore of natural phenomena. Third: books are brought in as sources of information, for the first time, not to study, but to read. Primary Geographies, articles in children's magazines or papers, and elementary Histories are used as Reading books; and the matter is discussed and illustrated, paragraph by paragraph as they proceed. The day following the reading, the pupils are called upon to reproduce in writing, all that they remember of the lesson read; but no set definitions are given or required.

Thus directly and indirectly, a firm foundation of facts has been laid in the minds of these children, before the study of this science is usually begun.

But the best of this work is that it has been happy work, because it was done in early youth, in what Wordsworth calls, the time of,—

"Questionings of sense and outward things, —

* * * * *

The hour of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower."

CHAPTER II.

ARITHMETIC.—PRACTICE WORK.

PURPOSE OF THE LESSON.—(1) To generate power in the pupils.

(2) To train the children in close and correct reasoning, and to accurate and automatic calculation.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE TEACHER.—Inventing or selecting the problems, and placing them upon the blackboard.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE PUPILS.—Their ability to apply themselves to the work given, and their power to attend to the subject presented.

PLAN OF THE LESSON.—First,—examine the answers to the examples,* each child holding his own slate. Call upon different ones to read their answers, and the rest to indicate whether they have the same. Then state if right or wrong.

Second,—analyze the problems. Now have the pupils exchange slates, across the room from right to left. When this has been done, call upon some child to read the first problem from the board; another to give the answer; and a third to go to the board and perform the problem. [*Mem.* For the last, select such as are not likely to make mistakes, for fear of placing wrong forms before the pupils.] Deal with the other three problems in the same way. Next, have slates returned, and ask those children who had errors,

* These form the regular daily drill in abstract numbers.

to stand. Follow this with some of the oral analysis, for their especial benefit, calling in turn upon each of those who failed, to trace one or more steps in the operation. Request the class to look over the remainder of the work on the board, and vouch for its correctness. Finally, if there be time, appoint pupil teachers for such as need help.

PREPARATORY TO THE LESSON.

The schoolroom of the A Primary grade in which this exercise occurs, is neither large nor handsome, nor are its furnishings fine. It is, in fact, quite ordinary in most respects, and the pupils belong evidently to the poorer class. But the few inexpensive pictures and ornaments, the curtained windows with their hanging baskets of trailing green, the book-case at the back of the room containing the "Supplementary Reading," and the blossoming plants on the teacher's desk, make the place seem homelike, in spite of the very black blackboards that line every wall in the room; while the cheery intelligent faces and wide-awake yet respectful manner of these children of poverty, are sufficiently attractive to render almost any surroundings unnoticeable.

Upon the front edge of the teacher's desk there stands a stuffed duck—evidently mounted by an amateur at that art—and every pupil in the room is set to work to describe it with his pencil. Some are writing away as fast as they can form the words; some are standing silently in front of the fowl, looking it over with two keen curious eyes that see everything that is visible to the unscientific vision; and a few are behind the desk, carefully measuring every part of the duck, by laying on their foot-long wooden rulers; while one boy is busily engaged in counting the tiny teeth he has discovered.

Every one seems entirely absorbed, and every one looks eager and happy.

The queen-bee of this busy hive—the teacher—is busy too, passing quietly around among her workers, instructing,—“Children, if you call the duck *it* at first, call it so all the way through your description.” Or—“If you speak of the duck as *he*, don’t change to *it* as you go on. The color of his wings *is* black and white, Anna.” Counselling,—“I wouldn’t begin all my sentences with *it*. I should say web-footed;” this to a child who had written “webbed-footed.” Admonishing,—“Take care not to leave out any of your words;” and again,—“Put things together that belong together, and don’t make so many short sentences, class.” Once in a while, a broad hint is given like the following: “Some of my pupils seem to have forgotten the way to describe a bird. Mary, you may tell them.”

“Begin at the head,” directs the girl; “and follow along down the back, then you take the under side the same way and go to its feet.”

In about twenty minutes from the time they began, several of the writers have completed their descriptions, which they carry—together with their long lead-pencils—to the teacher’s desk, laying the papers all together on the top, and putting the pencils in the drawer beneath. Then each returns to his seat, and without a look or a word from the teacher, or an instant’s pause, takes out slate and pencil, and begins to copy and perform the problems, placed upon the right-hand blackboard.

As fast as they finish, the other children follow suit, until the time allowed for the language lesson having expired, the teacher, taking her place at the front, calls for the papers not yet handed in, and has copies of a child’s Geography distributed to the first division to read from, and a lesson in that begins; while the second division are left to their Busy-Work,—the setting down and solving of the examples

just referred to. These they found, elegantly written, and lined off with colored crayons, when they first entered the schoolroom this morning; and were told just previous to the language lesson, that at half-past eleven they were expected to have the problems all performed. Here is a copy of them as they stood.

FRAC.

$$\frac{1}{3} + \frac{2}{6} + \frac{7}{12} + \frac{5}{12}$$

$$\frac{8}{9} - \frac{4}{9}$$

$$\frac{1}{3} + \frac{1}{3} + \frac{1}{3} + \frac{1}{3} + \frac{1}{3} + \frac{1}{3}$$

ADD.

891	1000	\$1.96	\$150.05
217	218	1.76	.02½
580	400	.03	1.00
146	49	1.05	75.75
300	7218	50.00	400 00
			1.68
			11.11
			1.05½
			.37
			370.07
			10 10
			1 89
			16.16
			3 75
			18.00
			9.50

SUB.

218	500	159	4000	105	1015
197	489	148	376	87	908

MUL.

208	510	715	517	195	300
56	94	60	203	48	404

DIV.

95) 12976	150) 2000	36) 786
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1

A man worked for a mason 5 days at \$2.25 per day. He received 3 casks of lime worth \$1.80 per cask. How much was then due him?

2.

Susan had a dollar to spend for eggs. She paid $\frac{1}{3}$ of her money for $\frac{1}{3}$ of a dozen, how many dozen could she buy?

3

How many bu. of potatoes at 72c. a bu will pay for 12 lbs. of butter @ 36c a pound?

4.

In one cask there are 3 gals 2 qts of water, in another 9 gals 1 pint How many pints of water in all?

The opportunity for the first division to work out the examples, occurs when the second are having (in their turn) the Geography Reading lesson.

THE LESSON.

Then recess comes and passes, the time slips by, and just as the minute-hand indicates the half hour before twelve, the teacher—from her position by the desk—without so much as a preliminary “Ready!” to the roomful, many of whom are still ciphering, begins her examination of the Busy-Work by saying quietly, “Lucy, read the answer to the first example in fractions.”

Rising,—slate in hand, Lucy gives her shoulders a slight shake into position, looks at the figures before her, lifts her head, and announces clearly and distinctly,—“One, and ten twelfths.”

“How many have the same?” All the hands are raised. “That is right,” is the teacher’s decision. “Daniel, the second.”

“Four forty-fifths,” reads the lad, taking,—as does each child called upon, the proper position before he speaks.

Instantly, without waiting for the teacher to call for them, the hands go up all over the room. With a single swift glance to see if all are raised, she pronounces tersely “Right!” and specifies the next reader. Thus she proceeds without pause, until they come to the last example in subtraction.

Marion reading the answer gives, "One hundred and seven!" for remainder.

"Right!" declares the teacher, but one hand does not rise with the rest, for all that. John,—the owner, is called upon to name his result.

"I have one hundred and seventeen," reports the boy.

"Show us how you got it," is the teacher's demand.

John steps briskly to the nearest blackboard and writes—while all the others watch—1015 for his minuend, and 908 for his subtrahend, draws a line beneath and begins to subtract.

"I can't take eight from five, so I call it fifteen. Eight from fifteen leaves seven. Nothing from one leaves one." Here he stops, colors slightly, and turning toward the teacher explains,—“I forgot I took that one and put it with the five to make fifteen; that would make this”—pointing to the first figure one—“a cipher.”

"Then what would your answer be?" queries the teacher.

"One hundred and seven," admits John.

Two other mistakes are discovered, and rectified in the same manner, during the examination of the examples. When these have all been gone over, the teacher notifies,—“Now we will take the problems,” adding her preliminary mandate,—“Exchange slates across the room, beginning with the right!”

Speedily, the girl sitting at the teacher's extreme right in the front row, passes her slate to her right-hand neighbor, and then goes back to receive the slate of the last child in the room. Meantime the front row having sent their slates to the right, the end boy hands his to the one sitting behind him, and that row passes theirs to the left; and the next row back to the right. Thus the slates zigzag across the room swiftly, till all the children are supplied, and the head girl with the foot boy's slate, returns to her seat.

The moment the teacher sees the bodies of her pupils once

more stationary, she starts their minds to moving, with the proposal, "Ben may read the first problem from the blackboard."

Standing by his seat, the boy states the conditions of the question in so easy and natural a manner, that it seems like talking.

"Blanche may tell me the answer."

"Five dollars and eighty-five cents are due him now," responds that maiden.

"Ida, you may go to the board and do it for us Frances read the second;" which she does in good style. "Hosmer, give the answer.—Helen, you may put the work upon the board."

Thus rapidly the teacher,—like a good general, deploys her forces and covers her ground.

"Return slates!" is her next order, issued when the last problem has been read, the answer given, and a child sent to the board to work it out. "All those who have mistakes may rise!" Several stand. "Look at the blackboard, and we will help you," is the comforting assurance of the teacher as she turns toward the board, and says to the pupil to whom was given the first problem, and who has remained at the board all the time,— "Ida, let us hear about your question. What is it?"

Ida reads the problem.

"Alonzo," addressing one of the standing children; "tell me what it tells you."

"It says that a man worked five days at two dollars and twenty-five cents a day."

"Anna," turning toward another of the mistaken ones; "are we told anything else?"

"Yes'm; that he received three casks of lime at one dollar and eighty cents a cask."

"Then what, Grace?" inquires the teacher, still intent upon her slow pupils.

"I want to find out how much more he ought to have, to pay him for his work."

"That is right. What shall we find first, Frank?"

"How much money he ought to have for five days' work," replies the boy, who failed in one of his problems.

"And how much does Ida say it is?" pursues the teacher, still talking to Frank, who looks at the work referred to, and reads,—

"Eleven dollars and twenty-five cents."

"Class, did Ida do the work right?"

"Yes'm," agree they all together.

"Henry [another of the standing], what next shall we find?"

"How much the lime was worth that he received."

"Margaret, did that pay him for his work?"

"No'm," asserts Margaret, who has been listening and watching, all eyes and ears, to see where her blunder was

"What shall we do to find out how much more he ought to have, Margaret?"

"Take that out of eleven dollars and twenty-five cents, and see what there is left?"

"You may look at Ida's work and tell me what is left, Frank."

This brings the boy,—whose attention had wandered for a moment, back to the work in hand, and after an instant's pause he reads,—"Five dollars and eighty-five cents."

"How many of those standing had that wrong?"

Two out of the six erring ones, raise their hands,—Margaret and Frank.

"I wish you would notice carefully how that is done, and do it again before you go home. Did any of you have the second wrong?"

Three of the remaining standers-up, signify that they had.

"Children," talking to the class; "is Helen's work (the second problem) on the board all right?"

After a short but keen scrutiny the chorus concludes, "Yes'm!"

"How many of you did it the same way?" All except the three who were wrong.

The two other problems are disposed of in similar fashion to the second; then the teacher announces,—“Emilie, Lillian, Lelia and Ellen may be teachers. Lillian, you shall teach Anna; Emilie take Grace; Ellen, Henry, and Lelia, Alonzo.—The rest of the class, except Margaret and Frank who are to work on the first problem, may spend the five minutes before it is time to go home, in copying our proverb for the week, into their scrap-books.”

This is evidently a welcome permission, and the aforesaid scrap-books (made of ruled manilla paper tied together with narrow red ribbon) are brought forth with pleased alacrity, and pens are investigated with much solicitude. Then with one long steady stare at the saying,—“By the Street of Bye-and-Bye, one arrives at the house of Never,” which is exquisitely written on the blackboard back of the teacher's desk, they go to work.

In the meantime, the young instructors have taken their places side by side with their pupils, with whom they are whispering earnestly as they work out the troublesome problems; while Margaret and Frank with an occasional glance at the blackboard, correct their mistakes by themselves.

Notes and Comments.

“Education is the generation of power.” From day to day; from hour to hour; even from minute to minute for nearly four years, a force has been brought to bear upon these children while in the schoolroom, impelling them to *do*. This force, which at its best, is as imperceptible and as irresistible as the force of gravitation, has been felt in a

thousand ways; but it has had one constant characteristic;—it has always been accompanied by an emotion of pleasure. That is, the work given these pupils, has been so well adapted to satisfy the demands of their natures for activity in various ways, that to do, has been a delight; and the right thing has been made so attractive, that there has been no temptation to do the wrong. Thus little by little these children have been led on—lured if the disciples of the painful school of teaching prefer—to form the habit of doing with all their small might whatsoever their hands or their heads find to do. In brief, they have learned to work. But this is not the ultimatum either of aim or accomplishment. Through work—the proper exercise of their faculties—they have gained power; power to think, power to do, and every lesson presented, every task assigned has had, back of the acquisition of knowledge, beyond the attainment of skill, this motive and end,—the generation of power. So in this exercise; the solution of the simple problems presented, is a matter of small moment, except so far as the exercise of reason involved, shall increase the strength of the pupils to grapple with other and more difficult questions, which they must inevitably meet in the great world outside.

CHAPTER III.

GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.—A COMBINATION LESSON.

PURPOSE OF THE LESSON —(1) To build character.

(2) To do this through the teaching of the common school branches.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE TEACHER —Much study of ways and means, backed by strong convictions and a persistent will.

PREPARATION MADE BY THE PUPILS —An infinitesimal amount of reading, a similar quantity of hearsay evidence, a few inherited prejudices, and the common weaknesses of human nature on the one side; balanced on the other, by four years of moral training in the schoolroom.

PLAN OF THE LESSON. — *First.* Place upon the board at noon, the Golden Rule in verse, and have the children read it together, before school begins.

Second. After the Drawing lesson, let them sing the "Geography Song" from Liliput Lectures.

Third. Have an exercise in Gymnastics, to put the pupils in good condition for the work which is to follow.

Fourth. Review the Reading of the week, by having several different pupils stand, to be questioned by the rest.

Fifth. Call upon a couple of children, to read to the class two pages more about the Puritans, closing with the account of the kindness of the Indians to them. Thus introduce the subject to be discussed.

Sixth. Draw from the pupils, all the points possible, relative to the food, shelter, clothing, weapons, and implements, of the Indians.

Seventh. Let the class illustrate the conversation, by drawing or modelling the plants, animals, and implements mentioned, as far as they are able; and send two pupils to the sand-table to mould a headland, and the land as it looks at Plymouth.

Eighth. Try to lead the children to recognize the wrong done to the Indians, by the white man.

Ninth. Emphasize the point, by telling about Ellen and her little sister, and thus punish Ellen for her selfishness.

Tenth. Close, by giving the class the "Speech of Black Hawk."

BEFORE THE LESSON.

"When doubtful which is right, which wrong,
This you can safely do,
Do unto others as you would
That they should do to you "

It is the pupils of the A Primary in the Dickinson School, who are reading these lines, and their fresh young voices—softly modulated, yet clear—ring out in perfect unison.

"That is our next stanza to learn," announces the teacher, as the last word is spoken, and the readers drop their eyes from the couplet, which is written in the place of honor, high on the front blackboard.

"Now children," as the gong strikes for the afternoon session to begin; "let us see how well we can close up the week. Just think! we have only one more before vacation, after to-day, and we must get all the good we can, from the time that is left. Naomi and Preston, Persis and Ira, please distribute these roses to the class as quickly as you can; a rose and a spray of leaves to each one." Then as the pupils

named, come for the four bunches of wild roses and leaves that lie upon her desk, she adds,—“Nancy and Orion, will you please pass the drawing paper, pencils, and erasers?”

As the young artists are given their roses, each one groups the flower and its leaves, according to his idea of artistic effect; and the moment he receives his small sheet of drawing paper, well sharpened pencil, and pointed piece of rubber, goes to work.

“Write your names the first thing,” directs the teacher, as she starts upon her rounds among the busy drawers.

For three quarters of an hour the silence is unbroken, except by the teacher's quiet footfall, and an occasional sentence of suggestion given in an undertone, addressed only to the ear of the absorbed sketcher who needed it; or now and then, a half-whispered word of praise, bestowed on some especially painstaking pupil.

Prompt to the appointed second, the drawings and implements are speedily collected, when, without a word of warning, the teacher seating herself at the piano, strikes a strong swift chord. With one impulse, the children—stirring languidly in their seats after their long sitting—spring to their places in the aisles, and stand tense and tall in fine military position. The doors and windows are already open, and the blossom-scented breeze of June, sways with a soft rustling sound the leaves of a tree near by. Then comes another chord. Every pair of hands in the room, double into the firmest of fists and come to the chest, as if moved by electricity. Now the teacher strikes up a lively tune, and as her fingers dance over the keys, the small gymnasts, moving in time to every beat, begin to brighten and glow with the vigorous exercise.

When, in five minutes from the first, the closing chords are struck, soft and low, and the pupils drop their hands at their sides and sit, the room is full of children all alive from top to toe.

But the teacher does not rise or speak; she only runs her hands carelessly over the keys for a moment, till her chorus get their breath, and then breaks out into song.

"Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,"

she warbles, and all the children chime in sweetly, clearly, —

"With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast,
World, you are beautifully dressed "

So they sing on, through the remaining stanzas, winding up with those loveliest lines of all;

"You are more than the earth, though you are such a dot,
You can love and think, and the world cannot,"

A most charming prelude to that which is to follow.

THE LESSON.

"Now I think," observes the teacher, rising from her seat at the piano and coming forward; "that we will have a review of all we have been reading this week. Who is ready to tell me what it was about? Harriet."

"About our country."

"Mention one thing that you remember, Maria."

"When people first began to live in this country, they lived on a narrow strip of land all along the sea-coast."

"Well, Olive."

"I think the people who lived here first, lived all over the country; they were the Indians."

"What have you to say to that, Maria?"

"I meant the first white people."

"Do you agree now, Olive?"

"Yes'm," responds the objector.

"What else did you read about?" urges the teacher.
"Louisa."

"The first settlers."

"What of them? Jane."

"They were not used to sailing across the ocean, and they didn't know the way, nor where they were going to land; so

they happened to come up here where the shore was rough and rocky and covered with ice and snow."

"Of whom is Jane speaking, class?"

"The Puritans!" declare the chorus.

"You should talk well, about these people, children," continues the teacher; "for I found some very good papers among those that you wrote upon the Puritans, yesterday. Who is willing to stand up and let the others question him? Emory. Think what you are going to say, before you speak, children, and don't ask him anything that he can answer by yes or no."

Thus exhorted, the class put up their hands a little slowly.

"Caroline, you may give the first question."

"What made the Puritans come across the ocean to this country?"

"Because," answers Emory; "they wanted to worship God in their own way, and they wouldn't let them in England. Then the Puritans went to Holland, but they didn't like to live there, so they came over here."

"Eliza."

"What kind of people were the Puritans?"

"They were brave and good."

"Ora."

"What did they find when they reached here?"

"Bleak headlands, and rocky shores covered with ice and snow."

"Who can remember how the headland looked, that we moulded the other day?" All the hands go up. "How was it made, Ellen?"

"First, we moulded a flat cape, and then we put more sand on, and made it high."

"Yes. Emory seems to know the answers to all our questions, who would like to take his place? Eugene."

The boy rises, and Henry inquires, "How did the Puritans get here?"

"They sailed over in a vessel called the *Mayflower*," replies Eugene.

"Where did they land?" questions Helen.

"On the coast of New England."

But Helen, like many another questioner, has but one idea of an answer, and that is her own, which the respondent did not happen to give; therefore she still stands waiting.

"Can you tell her anything else, Eugene?" says the teacher.

"The place was named Plymouth."

This is accepted by Helen, who sits as Amelia—at a signal from the teacher—rises to inquire precisely,—“What time of the year did this happen?”

"In the winter; in December."

"That's very well, Eugene. Who else wishes to be questioned? Charley."

"What kind of a place was it where they lived?" catechises Emily.

"Very rocky; and the one they first stepped on is called Plymouth Rock," informs Charley.

"Was there anything else to be seen," interrogates Eva, "besides rocks?"

"Rocks," repeats Charley; "and snow and ice,"—slowly, as if reviewing the scene with his mind's eye: "O yes! and pine woods."

"What kind of animals lived here then?" is what Frank desires to know.

"Bears, deer, wolves,"—so far glibly, but now Charley hesitates, and after—"woodchucks,"—comes to a complete stand-still.

"Who can think of any others?" asks the teacher, while Charley retires to private life again, and Irus takes the floor to add,—

"Rabbits, squirrels, and skunks."

"Now some questions for Irus," demands the teacher.

"Ida, yours?"

"What was the first thing the Puritans did?"

"They had to build log-houses to keep from freezing."

Inez raises her hand to put the question,— "What kind of clothes did the Puritans wear?"

"Very plain clothes," is all Irus has to say, accordingly the teacher works for details, thus:

"How many can think just how the people looked, in that picture of the Puritans going to church, that I brought to school to show you?" Most of the class apparently. "Fred, shut your eyes, and describe the dress of the men."

"They had short pants, that came down just over their knees, and were tied with ribbons," begins the boy, naming naturally, the thing first which was the strangest in his sight; "and low shoes," he continues; "and short coats, with belts around their waists, and tall peaked hats, and every one carried a gun."

"Hattie, what have you to add?"

"Fred didn't speak about their collars; they were very large and white."

"Well, Eda."

"Some of them had cloaks that looked like capes hung on behind."

"Yes. Eda, see if you can give us as good an idea of what the women wore."

"They didn't have any overskirts," the young woman affirms with a negative; "and they had towels tied on their heads, and large, white handkerchiefs over their shoulders, and cloaks that came clear down to the bottoms of their dresses."

"One of them had a great big white apron on," supplements George; and Willie adds further,—

"The little girl had a long dress just like her mother's," while Hurd says the last word, which is,—

"The little boys wear the same kind of clothes that the men do, all except the hat, and that's a cap."

"You have done very well," commends the teacher; "both in questioning and answering. I think you have told pretty much all that you know about the Puritans. Would you like to learn something more?"

The response is a full and emphatic affirmative.

"Grace, you may read a page to us from this little book."

When this paragraph of history—containing a simple, brief account of that terrible first winter, with its sickness and death, and its suffering worse than death—which is read with expression, and listened to with the most absorbed attention, is concluded; the book is transferred to Will, who goes on with the tale, telling how Samoset came with his cheery "Welcome English!" to visit the Puritans, and the friendly Massasoit brought them corn and beans to plant.

At this point the book is laid aside, and the teacher takes the floor.

"Now children, sit up beautifully straight, and we will have a talk together. Wasn't it a little strange that these Indians, who were so kind in other ways, didn't take the women and children right home to live with them, till the Puritans got their log-cabins ready? Nellie."

"The Indians couldn't; they didn't have any houses themselves."

"Then what did they live in? Thaddeus."

"A sort of a tent called a wigwam, I've seen pictures of them."

"Lill."

"I saw a real one, once."

"Can you tell us how it looked?"

"There were some sticks stuck around in the ground, and they seemed to be fastened together at the top, and there was something put all over to cover them, and it looked a good deal like a tent."

"Does any one know what the Indians used to make their wigwams of? Truman."

"I read in a book that they covered them with bark."

"I thought," maintains William; "that they used skins."

"So they did," assures the teacher; "and sometimes branches of trees."

"Maybe," assumes Matilda; "they made their wigwams of skins in the winter, and branches of trees in the summer."

"Quite likely. What kinds of skins could they get, Alex?"

"Bear-skins would be the largest, but they might get a whole lot of little skins like wolf-skins, or woodchuck-skins, if they didn't happen to find any bears."

"The Puritans shot these animals when they wanted to kill them, but the Indians had no guns; do you know what they used? Agnes."

"Bows and arrows."

"Have any of you ever seen an Indian's bow and arrow? Mary has, tell us how they are made."

"The bow was large and strong, and the arrow had a sharp head made of stone."

"Was the stone, granite, Mary?"

"No'm; I don't know what it was."

"Would you like to see a stone arrow-head, children?"

"Yes'm!" is the ready response.

"I have two or three at home. I'll bring them some day next week. The Indians fastened these to their arrows, with the sinews of the deer, which they also used to string their bows with. They had still another way of obtaining animals, just as people sometimes get rabbits nowadays."

"Trap them!" call out the boys with one consent.

"The Indians wanted these animals for two things: first, for—"

"Their skins!" recite the class in concert.

"And these they used for what, Thomas?"

"To cover their tents."

"What else did they need skins for? the same purpose that Robinson Crusoe did,—Annie."

"For clothing."

"Yes, but the Indians caught and killed animals, for something besides their skins; Pierce."

"To eat."

"Right, for food. Can you think of anything else they could get to eat, class?"

"Corn!" "Pumpkins!" "Berries!"

"Well?" prompts the teacher.

"Clams!" declares a voice, which suggests to several,—
"Fish!"

"To catch the fish," continues the teacher; "the Indians must have had some sort of a boat; who can tell us about it? Ames."

"It was called a canoe."

"Yes. Do you know what it was made of, Ames?"

"In a story I read, it told about an Indian who went down the river in his birch-bark canoe."

"We know then, one kind of a tree that grew in this country years ago, and that was the—"

"Birch-tree," specify the children altogether.

"It grows here now, and so does—"

At this invitation from the teacher, every pupil in the room commences to talk, and out of the confusion of tongues, can be distinguished the following names.

"Pine!" "Hemlock!" "Maple!" "Oak!" "Ash!"
"Basswood!" "Beech!" "Elm!" "Gedar!" "Chestnut!"

"I thought, children," pursues the teacher placidly, as the "Babel" subsides, each pupil having given the name of every tree he could think of; "that for our reading next week, we would take the Indians. We have learned a little about them now, and we would like to learn more." This with a half interrogation, to which the class respond by a

murmur of assent. "Suppose you show me by drawings, what you know already. How many would like to?"

The indications of a desire to follow the teacher's suggestion, are universal and energetic, even to the verge of enthusiasm.

"What will you do, Frank?"

"I'll draw a bow and arrow."

"That's just what I want; go to the board and begin. Who was it that saw the arrow?"

"Mary!" call out the children, as the girl puts up her hand.

"I'd like to have you make me an arrow-head out of clay, just the size and shape of those stone ones you saw. You will find some clay all ready in the closet, with a wet cloth over it. Who can draw animals? I wish that I could have some of the animals sketched that they kill for food, clothing, and shelter. Mortimer."

"I can draw a rabbit."

"You may do so. What other kind of living things did we speak of that the Indians killed for food?"

"Fish!" is the class chorus.

"Andrew shall draw a fish for me. What else did they have for food, Austin?"

"Indian corn."

"Yes, and you may try to make me a picture of the corn as it grows in the fields. Let us have some drawings of the leaves of the different kinds of trees we mentioned as growing here. Naomi, which will you draw?"

"The elm leaf."

"Eliza, what is yours?"

"The basswood."

"Yours, Ira?"

"The ash."

"Caroline?"

"I want to draw the oak."

"Lisa?"

"The maple is the one I know the best."

"Persis, can you draw a pine tree?"

"I'll try."

"Good! go—all those whom I have asked to draw—to the board and begin. When we were reading about the Puritans a few days ago, who was it that said he had been down to Plymouth? Eugene. Do you think you could show us on the moulding-board how the country looked around there, by Plymouth Rock?"

"Yes'm, I guess I could."

"Take the farther side of the moulding-board, and see what you can do. Sarah, build a headland on the side of the board this way. Those who are left in their seats, may take out their slates and pencils, and draw whatever they choose, of the different things we've talked about this afternoon. Don't be slow, children; everything must be finished within five minutes," admonishes the teacher, starting as she speaks, upon her tour of inspection.

"Time's up!" she notifies, as she picks up Mary's clay model of an arrow-head, to lay it away to dry. "I am generally, very much pleased with your work, though one or two, were in rather too much of a hurry, and so failed to do their best. We have still a few minutes left, let us talk a little more about these people whom we are going to study. Who are they, Henrietta?"

"The Indians!"

"How long had they been in this country when the Puritans came? Marion?"

"I don't know; I guess they always lived here."

"Perhaps they did. No one knows certainly. When these white men landed in the Indians' country, how did the Indians treat them?"

"Kindly. They were good to them," is the unanimous opinion.

"The children of the Puritans live here now; where are the children of the Indians?"

"They've gone west!" "They've moved away!" are the majority answers; but the omnipresent slow boy, who sometimes says the right thing at the right time, takes his turn now, and remarks in the most moderate, and matter-of-fact fashion,—“Those that they didn't kill, the white men drove away.”

"To whom did all this land belong, before the white men came?"

"To the Indians," assent the entire class unhesitatingly.

"How did the Indians get their living?"

"By hunting and fishing!" is the general belief.

"Yes. Where did they hunt?"

"In the woods," is the ready reply.

"Children, the white men came here to the Indian's country, settled on his land, without paying him anything for it, or even asking if they might have it. Cut down his forests to build their houses and keep their fires; shot the wild animals that lived in these woods, and often killed the Indians themselves; what do you think of that?"

This is such a sudden sally, coming from within their own gates too, that the young women and men look, for a moment, as if they were indeed evolving thought. But presently Douglas finds an excuse, and puts it thus:—

"Well, the Indians killed the white men;" concluding triumphantly, "and took their scalps too."

"That is true," grants the teacher; "but was it strange, when the white men took everything away from the Indians, and left them not even their land?"

"But this was a beautiful country, and the white men wanted to come here to live," reasons a small sophist eagerly.

"So because they did, and because they knew more, and because there were more of them, and because

they had guns, it was right for them to do it, was it? That makes me think of what I saw the day the menagerie went through the town. A little girl was standing upon a high door-step, where she could have a good view of the procession when it passed. Her sister,—several years older, and nearly twice as tall,—who was standing on the step below, wanted the small sister's place, because it was better than hers. So she never said a word, but got first one foot on the upper step, then both, and pushed and pushed, until—I am almost ashamed to tell you," declares the teacher, pausing in the midst of her narrative, to cast a keen, penetrating glance across her indignant audience, at Ellen.

The girl, who was nervously fidgeting in her seat, before, becomes—all at once—very much absorbed in the contemplation of one of the sketches on the blackboard close by, while shame sends the crimson color flying into her face, and consciousness of guilt weighs on her lids like lead.

"Finally," continues the teacher, "she crowded her sister off into the street. You think she had a right to, I suppose."

"No, we don't!" burst out the children half-resentfully; and then go on muttering something about its being "A mean shame!" and "Don't see what that has to do with the Indians!"

Into the midst of these murmurs drops the teacher's voice, mellow and tranquil, saying sweetly,—*"So you think it was wrong for one sister to push another sister off her step into the street, but right for the white men to crowd their brothers—the Indians—off their own land into the poorest places in the country."*

Here she turns an abrupt, seemingly inadvertent glance back at the board behind her, and after a second's pause, during which every pair of eyes in the room is scanning the stanza written there, she resumes:

"But the Indians didn't agree with you; they thought it

cruel and wrong. I'll recite to you, what an Indian chief once said about it, and that will show you how they felt, far better than anything else. It is the 'Speech of Black Hawk.'"

Then leaning a little forward, her gaze taking in every child in the room, as if to gather them within her magnetic grasp, the teacher,—in the words of the dead and gone warrior,—makes, with all the power she possesses, her appeal for his countrymen, to these future citizens.

Into the silence that follows her closing words, strikes,—sudden and sharp, the sound of the gong for dismissal.

"Good-by, children," is her parting word, spoken with half a smile and half a sigh.

"Good-night, Miss F.," comes cordially in response; and then one by one, each with a rose, they pass.

"Is that all that they carry away?" questions the teacher, as she watches them go, and she waits still for her answer.

Notes and Comments.

Side by side with the generation of power, all these four years, and its use in right ways, has gone the evolution of moral ideas,—the training of the conscience. The clear seeing has not been confined to the outward observation of things. These children have had some education in that which leads to clear insight regarding principles and motives. The careful doing has meant not merely fine figures, handsome hand-writing and skilful drawing; but helpfulness, obedience, and unselfishness, as well. Good habits, even partially fixed, result in right tendencies,—a great gain; and the trained attention involves a will under discipline,—the beginning of self-control. More than this while the children have been taught to read, to write, and to cipher, they have also, and *by means of this teaching* been trained "to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk

humbly." Thus all these things which are required, have been done, and the other and infinitely more important have not been left undone. Such teaching follows the thought of the Great Teacher,—to know the will, and to do it;—such work is in truth, character-building.

CHAPTER IV.

CONCLUSION.

UNDER the old plan of education, the pupils began with one study—Reading—and increased the number of branches as they progressed through the grades. The New Education works upon an exactly contrary idea. Now the children commence with everything, and gradually merge the many lines of work into a few, as they advance. The first is like laying only one foundation-stone, and enlarging the edifice as it goes up; the other builds broad the base, that the superstructure may be firm and massive.

Something of this thought has entered into the plan of the present work. While it is the beginning of teaching that is most difficult, it is the beginning that makes or mars all that follows; consequently, reforms in teaching, to be effective, must commence with the First Primary Year. Again, all teachers,—from the lowest primary teacher, who holds the post of honor (which is here as elsewhere the post of danger, and therefore needs the most assistance), on down to those of the highest grammar grades, as well as Principals, Supervisors and Superintendents,—need to know the work which precedes and underlies every particle of theirs and which is necessarily the most important of any. Besides, notwithstanding these uncontrovertible facts, and the still more vital one,—that the minds of little children are too plastic and too precious to be ignorantly dealt with; it is nevertheless true, that most primary teaching merits

Shakespeare's comment,—“Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.” Because of all these things, the lion's share of these pages has been given to the illustration of First Year teaching.

But there must be a limit, even to the largest book, hence the work of every branch could not be shown in all the grades, and the thought has been, to use to the best advantage the remaining space. Accordingly, as soon as a branch has been fully illustrated upon the two points considered, viz.: the development of the study, and the manner of its presentation; it has been dropped directly, without regard to the grade.

For instance;—Singing, the one purely æsthetic branch included in the common-school curriculum, is represented only in the First Year, while Writing (Penmanship), Drawing, and Clay Modelling, the branches involving technical training, are not introduced (except incidentally) beyond the Second Year. Reading, Spelling, and Writing (Composition), do not appear after the Third Year, because, beyond that time, these need not be taught as *separate studies*. Botany, and Zoology are omitted later, partly from the fact that they have already been given sufficient space, and partly in order to emphasize the idea of making the Natural Sciences spring from the study of Geography, of which they are really an outgrowth. Thus, there are but two branches, Number and Geography, whose teaching remains to be described in the Fourth Year. The result is, that this arrangement fulfills still another purpose, besides the one that has been mentioned: it serves to demonstrate the connection of studies, and to illustrate the unity of the work. For, in the two lessons given in the Section devoted to the Fourth Year's work, every branch is really represented. To wit: In the exercise which precedes the Arithmetic lesson, are found the following: Zoology, Writing, Spelling, and Language; while the chapter entitled “Geography

and History," comprises Drawing and Botany, which come before the lesson; Gymnastics and Singing which prepare for it; Reading, Drawing, Modelling, and Moulding, which are used to aid in the giving of it; besides the lesson itself in Geography, which involves History, Zoology and Botany.

The motive, during the Four Years whose teaching has been delineated in this book, has been growth,—all-sided, symmetrical growth. Mentally, this has been accomplished mainly by two means. First: through the training of the senses, in order that the sense products—the material for thought—might be accurate and abundant. Second: by the teaching of language, that the expression of all thought should be correct and clear. These have resulted in the evolution of thought, and the development of expression.

Morally, the aim has been to cultivate the conscience and educate the will. The first was done, by a prompt condemnation of the wrong and steady upholding of the right, by appealing to the best and highest in child nature at all times, by illustration, by precept, and last and most important of all,—by example. The education of the will has been carried on, by unceasing endeavor to make self-control habitual, as well as by persistent training in all good habits,—the most prominent of which is the habit of attention.

The purpose of these years of training, physically, has been to force into automatic action, all the technic of the work. So far as this has been brought about, it has been effected first: through the introduction of the element of play; and later on: by the stimulus of the thought to be expressed through the doing. Aside from the matter of position and carriage, the outcome has been skill,—as shown in Drawing, Writing, Spelling, etc.

Thus these children have been taught to see and to say, to know and to do. By means of work,—absorbing, over-

lapping, happy work, with head and hand, they have generated power. Led by desire, that mighty stimulus, they have begun to love the true, the beautiful, and the good; the corner-stones of character are already set, the foundations, broad and firm, are fully laid. The temple waits for its walls to rise,—polished and beautiful, worthy of the immortal spirit, whose outward manifestation it shall be.

Upon the Primary teachers depends the future of the Republic. It is time that the people of this country realized the fact. Little children, in schoolhouses all over the land, are in the hands of the ignorant and inexperienced, the unapt and the weak, the careless and the conceited. If this great army of incompetents, needs must be provided for, let them superintend the railroads or oversee the iron foundries, make them the heads of large commercial or mercantile enterprises, elect them Presidents of colleges or rulers of "the people," place them in command of armies or navies, encourage them to doctor the sick, to plead at the bar, to mount the rostrum, even to enter the pulpit; but leave them no longer where they are; holding that position, the most potential for either good or evil, of any public one the world affords. There is no spot on earth so "big with fate," as that within the four walls of the Primary schoolroom. Only women and men of educated brains, skilful hands, and large and loving hearts, should dare aspire to reign in that kingdom; but such as these,—when they have proved themselves pure in life, noble in deed, steadfast in will, and high of purpose,—may safely be trusted to watch, to guide, to train, the men and women of the future. To such, it is the grandest service under the sun.

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